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"SUCH FUN GETTING INTO BERTIE'S OLD CLOTHES!"

BERTIE'S BOX.

A Christmas Story.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

I.

"HERE'S a letter for you, mamma, and, please, I want the red picture on it," said little Bertie, as he came trotting into the room where his mother and aunt sat

busily putting the last touches to their generous store of Christmas gifts.

"Do read it, Jane; my hands are too sticky," said Mrs. Field, who was filling pretty horns and boxes with bonbons.

"Whom do you know in Iowa?" asked Aunt Jane, looking at the postmark.

"No one. It is probably a begging letter. As secre-

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tary of our great charitable society, I often get them. Let us see what it is;" and Mrs. Field popped a broken barley-sugar dog into Bertie's mouth to cheer him during the long process of picking off the stamp.

"Well, I never! What will folks ask for next? Just hear this!" exclaimed Aunt Jane, after running her eye over the neatly written page:

"Mrs. Field:

"DEAR MADAME,—Knowing your kind heart, I venture to hope that you may be willing to help me from your abundant stores. I will state my request as briefly as possible. I am so poor that I have nothing for my two little boys on Christmas. I have seen better days, but my husband is dead, my money is gone; I am sick, alone, and in need of everything. But I only ask some small presents for the children, that they may not feel forgotten at this season of universal pleasure and plenty. Your mother's heart will feel how hard it will be for me to see their disappointment when for the first time in their little lives Santa Claus brings nothing.

"Hopefully yours, ELLEN ADAMS."

"Isn't that queer?" said Aunt Jane.

"It is pathetic," answered Mrs. Field, looking from the loaded table before her to the curly head at her knee.

"It's only a new and sentimental way of begging. She says she needs everything, and of course expects you will send money. I hope you won't be foolish, Anna."

"I shall not send money; but surely out of all this plenty we can spare something for the poor babies, and let them keep their faith in Santa Claus. It won't take long to make up a little bundle, and will be no great loss if this woman has deceived us. My blessed mother used to say it was better to be deceived now and then than to turn away one honest and needy person. I only hope I may not forget all about it in my hurry;" and having finished her sweet job, Mrs. Field went away to wash her hands before beginning another.

As they talked, neither of the ladies observed that a pair of large blue eyes were fixed upon their faces, while a pair of sharp little ears took in the story, and a busy little mind thought about it after both had put the subject aside.

Bertie sat thinking for several minutes, while Aunt Jane forgot him in her anxiety over the new cap she was making. At last he got up and walked slowly into the nursery, saying to himself, with a thoughtful face:

"Mamma won't remember, and aunty don't care, and those poor little boys won't have any Twismuss if I don't 'tend to it. I've got lots of nice things, and going to have more, so I guess I'll give 'em some of the bestest ones."

Full of good-will, but uncertain how to begin, Bertie stood with his hands behind his back, looking about the pleasant room, strewn with all manner of half-used-up and broken playthings. A good-sized wooden box in which a little horse had come still stood where he had left it, with two chairs harnessed to it, and whip and reins lying near.

"That will do," said Bertie; and fell to work so busily that Aunt Jane heard nothing of him until a loud bang made her jump and call out, sharply, "What are you doing, child?"

"Playing Santy Claus, aunty, and packing my sleigh. Don't you hear the bells ring?" answered Bertie, shaking the reins and cracking the whip, with a sly twinkle in his eye; for he didn't want to be disturbed yet.

"Well, don't get into mischief;" and Aunt Jane went on with her cap, just ready for the pink bows.

More bangs followed, and nails were evidently being driven; but Bertie often played carpenter, so no notice was taken, and soon he was busy pasting bits of paper on the box with his own particular "muscilack" pot.

"Now it's all ready, and mamma will be so pleased,

'cause I saved her lots of trouble," he said to himself, surveying the bedaubed box with great satisfaction. "I guess I better put it under the bed till I come back; aunty might see it, and say it was clutter," he added, and tugged and shoved until it was safely hidden.

Then he went out for his walk, and forgot all about it until the next day.

II.

"Where is Bertie's best hat? I want to put a new elastic on it, and can not find it anywhere. What ever does the child do with his things?" said Mary, the nurse, fussing about to get her odd jobs done that she might get off early to her Christmas shopping. There was a great hunt, but no hat appeared, until Mary spied a bit of the feather sticking out of a crack in the badly fastened cover of the box under the bed.

"My patience! what a fine mess it will be in, crammed up in that way," scolded Mary, pulling it out and looking round for the hammer.

Aunt Jane was sewing at the window, and Mrs. Field had just come in with a little parcel in her hand. Both looked on with interest while the lid came off the queer box, stuck full of nails and gay with red and blue labels that would have puzzled the wisest expressman.

Out came the hat crushed flat, Bertie's best coat, several of his most costly books, a collection of toys, pictures, and sticky rolls of candy, while on the top of all appeared the piece of gingerbread given for lunch the day before.

"What has the dear child been at, I wonder?"

"He said he was playing Santa Claus yesterday when I heard him pounding those nails," answered Aunt Jane, adding severely, "He ought to be whipped for spoiling good things in that way."

"Here he comes. We'll see what his little idea was before we scold him," said mamma, as the familiar little trot was heard coming through the hall.

The moment Bertie's eye fell on the box the music stopped, and he looked distressed.

"Why, that's mine! What made you spoil it, Mary?"

"Tell me about it, dear;" and mamma turned the troubled face up to her own.

"It's for the poor little boys you read about. I was afraid you'd forget them, so I packed it all myself, and I thought you'd be so pleased," cried the boy, eagerly.

"So I am; but why put in your nice things, dear, and not ask me about it?"

"You told me always to give the best pieces away, and I thought they ought to be my very bestest, 'cause the little boys were so poor. Can't it go, mamma?"

Mrs. Field stood silent for a moment, looking from the small parcel in her hand to the overflowing box, then she kissed her little son, saying, with something like tears in her eyes,

"My blessed little Christian, you rebuke your mother, and show her what she ought to do—give generously and gladly, and trust her fellow-creatures as you do. See the difference between our boxes! Mine so small and mean, his full of all his dearest treasures, even the bread out of his mouth. Bertie, I'll fill *your* box with comforts, and send it in your name. You shall play Santa Claus in sweet earnest, and have all the thanks."

Why mamma hugged him, and Aunt Jane sniffed without another word of blame, Bertie did not know or care; but hopping gayly round his box, he cried with a beaming face,

"Yes, fill it cram-full, and let me help. Mamma, have lots to eat in it. I know the boys will like that best."

"We will! Get your little wagon, and we will go round picking up all sorts of things for this remarkable box," said mamma, as she led the way to the great closet where her charity stores were kept.

It was a pretty sight, the packing of that box, for mamma kept finding something more to put in, and Bertie

played expressman to his heart's content as he dragged the creaking yellow cart to and fro full of half-worn clothes, toys he was tired of, and things to eat, all for "the poor little boys who hadn't any Twismuss."

"Now a few odds and ends to fill the corners, and it will be ready for papa to nail up when he comes in to dinner," said mamma, as the last pair of little hose and her own warm wrapper went in.

"I'll send my purple shawl. It makes me look like a lemon, and it will be comfortable for the woman if she really does need clothing," said Aunt Jane, who had watched the packing, and melted in spite of herself.

"Another bit of Christmas work, my little Santa Claus. Warm the cold hearts, open the closed hands, and make us all love and help one another," whispered Mrs. Field, as old aunty went away to get the shawl.

"I like this play," cried Bertie, patting down the bundles, and rejoicing over the goodies he had seen put in.

"It is better to give than to receive, so play away, dear, and fill a bigger box each year," answered mamma, with a hand on the yellow head as if she blessed it. Here papa came in, and having read the letter, and had a good laugh over Bertie's first box, he was very ready to nail up the second and send it off. He also pulled out his full pocket-book, and after hesitating a moment over a five and a ten dollar bill, hastily slipped the latter into an envelope, and hid it in the pocket of the wrapper that lay on the top.

"Foolish, I dare say, but I must follow my boy's good example, and hope it is all right," he said, and then went to look up the hammer.

The cover was tightly fastened on, with a plainly written address, and papa promised to have it sent off at once.

"I wonder what will come of it?" said mamma, as they stood looking at the heavy box.

"I predict that you'll never get a word of thanks," answered Aunt Jane, as if to atone for her generosity.

"You will probably get a letter asking for more," added Mr. Field, half regretting his ten dollars, now that it was too late to change it for a five.

"I know the dear little boys will be awfully glad to get it, and I shall like my goodies better because they have got some too," cried Bertie, untroubled by a doubt, and full of happy satisfaction at having shared his comforts with those poorer than himself.

III.

It was Christmas-eve, and far off in Iowa people were making merry all through the great city. Even down among the shabby streets some small festivity was going on, and the little shops were full of working people buying something for to-morrow. But up in one room of an old house sat a woman rocking a sick baby to sleep, and trying to sing while tears rolled down her cheeks.

It was a very poor room, with little in it but a table piled with work, a cold stove, one lamp, and an almost empty closet. In the bed were two black heads just visible under the shawl spread over them, and the regular breathing told that Jimmy and Johnny were sleeping soundly, in spite of cold and hunger, and the prospect of no Christmas presents to-morrow.

As she rocked, poor Mrs. Adams glanced at the unfinished work on her table, and wondered how she should get on without the money she hoped to have earned if baby had not fallen ill.

Then her eye wandered from two small socks hung up on either side of the fire-place to the two little red apples on the mantel overhead. They were all she could get for Jimmy and Johnny, and even these poor gifts could not go into the stockings until the holes were mended, for neither had any toes left.

"As soon as baby drops off I'll mend them, and maybe I can finish a couple of vests, if my oil holds out; then I can get a bit of candy for the poor little lads. Christmas

isn't Christmas to children without a taste of sweets," said the poor mother, looking tenderly at the black heads under the shawl she was shivering without.

As if anxious to help all she could baby did "drop off," and being tucked up on the foot of the bed, slept nicely for an hour, while mother's fingers worked as fast as cold and weariness would let them.

"No answer to my letter. Well, I hardly expected it, being a stranger, and every one so busy at this time of year. But it would have been such a comfort just to get a trifle for the poor dears," thought Mrs. Adams, as she sat alone, while the bells rang Christmas chimes, and a cheery murmur came up from the wintry streets below.

Just then a bumping was heard on the stairs, a loud rap came at her door, a rough voice said suddenly, "Something for you, ma'am—all paid," and a hurried expressman dumped a big box just inside her door, and was gone before she got her breath.

For a minute she thought she must be dreaming, it was all so sudden; then she was sure that it was some mistake; but there was her name on the muddy lid, and she clasped her hands in speechless delight, feeling that it *must* be the answer to her letter.

Down went the work, and catching up the poker and a flat-iron, she had that cover off in about three minutes, and, astonishing to relate, not one of those dear children woke up in spite of the noise.

If the Fields, Aunt Jane, and Bertie could have seen what went on for the next hour they would have had no doubts about the success of their present, for Mrs. Adams laughed and cried, hugged the bundles, and kissed the kind note mamma had slipped in. She put on the warm wrapper and purple shawl at once, and felt as if comfortable arms were around her. But when she put her hand in the pocket of the gown, where something rustled, and found the money, she broke down entirely, and dropping on the floor, fairly hugged the box, sobbing:

"God bless the dear people, and keep them safe and happy all their lives!"

Many presents were given that night, and many thanks returned, but none was a greater surprise than this one, and none more gratefully received. Its coming was like the magic of the fairy tales, for everything seemed changed in a minute, and poor Mrs. Adams felt warm, rich, and happy, with comfortable clothes on her back, ten dollars in her pocket, and in her bosom the kind letter that proved even better than the box that she had generous friends to trust and help her. That cheered her most of all, and when her lamp went out after an hour of real Christmas work and a touching letter to Mrs. Field, she crept to bed with baby cuddled close to a glad and grateful heart.

IV.

"What's that?" said Jimmy, as he woke next morning, and heard a roaring in the stove, where usually no fire was kindled until a late hour, to save fuel.

Popping up his head, he gave one astonished stare round the room, and then dived to the bottom of the bed, where they usually burrowed to keep warm.

"I say, Johnny, it isn't our room at all. Something's happened, and it's just splendid," he whispered, pulling his brother's hair in his excitement.

"Go 'way! I ain't coming up yet," was the sleepy answer, as the elder boy curled himself up for another nap.

"There's a big fire, and something smells real nice, and there's new clothes all round, and baby's sitting up in a red gown, and mother's gone, and our stockings are crammed full—really, truly!"

The last piece of news roused Johnny, and sent both scrambling up to sit staring in speechless wonder for several moments.

It was as Jimmy said. A good fire made the air comfortable, something nice sizzled on the stove, a big loaf,



"PLAYING SANTA CLAUS."

a piece of butter, and six eggs appeared upon the table, where mush and molasses were usually seen day after day. On the curtains were pinned little coats and trousers, hats hung on the bed-posts, and a row of half-worn boots seemed ready to prance off the window-seat. Baby sat bolt-upright, as gay as a parrot, in a red flannel night-gown and a blue sacque, with an orange in one hand and a rubber horse in the other. But, most joyful sight of all, two long gray stockings dangled from the mantel-piece, brimful of delightful things that bulged mysteriously and came peeping out at the top.

"Is it heaven?" whispered Jimmy, awe-stricken at such richness.

"No; it's Santa Claus. Mother said he wouldn't come, but I knew he *would*, and he has. Isn't it tip-top?" and Johnny gave a long sigh of pleasure, with one eager eye on his stocking and the other on a certain pair of blue knickerbockers with steel buttons.

"Let's get up and grab our presents," proposed Jimmy, and up it was, for out both went like two monkeys, giving baby a glimpse of their funny night-gowns, made out of an old plaid shawl, gay but warm.

Each seized a stocking and a handful of toys, and flew back again to rejoice over the new treasures until mother appeared with her arms full of bundles. She too was changed, for she wore a gray gown, with a purple shawl and red hood—so comfortable! Her face shone and her lips smiled as if all her troubles had flown away. The sad old mother was gone, and a pretty, happy one ran to hug them, saying, all in one breath:

"Merry Christmas, my darlings! See all the good things that dear lady sent us; and the blessed little boy helped, and gave the clothes off his back, and played be Santa Claus, and all thought of us. Oh, thank 'em! thank 'em! and kiss me quick, for my heart is full."

Then a grand cuddling went on, with baby in the midst of it, and no one thought of breakfast till the kettle boiled over, and reminded Mrs. Adams that her flock must have something more substantial than sugar-plums to eat.

Such fun getting into Bertie's old clothes! They just fitted eight-year-old Johnny, and Jimmy didn't mind if the trousers bagged, and the jackets lapped on him. They were new and beautiful to the shabby little fellows, tired of darns and patches, and when both were dressed they strolled about as proud as two small peacocks.

The poor mother had no fears about dinner, for in the

magic box was a pie, a cake, tea, oranges, figs, and nuts, and her morning purchases had laid in a bit of meat, with potatoes, so the Christmas feast was safe, and for one happy day all should have enough.

When breakfast was over, and the excited family was about to return to their treasures, Mrs. Adams said, with what the children called her "Sunday look," "Boys, come here and put your hands in mine and say with me, 'God bless our dear little Santa Claus, and send him many Christmases as happy as the one he has made for us!'"

Johnny and Jimmy said it very soberly, and then, as if the bottled-up rapture of their boyish hearts must find a vent in noise, they burst out with a shrill shout, to which Baby added a squeal of delight,

"Hurrah for Bertie Field, and the jolly box he sent us!"

MRS. SANTA CLAUS ASSERTS HERSELF.

BY SARAH J. BURKE.

OH, it's all very fine for that husband of mine
To be courted and praised and invited to dine;
Though late in the day, I'll take while I may
My woman's one privilege of "saying her say."

It's "Santa Claus, dear"—"ah, no, Santa Claus *here*"
(Pray pardon this poor little tricklesome tear);
Complimentary strife is the breath of his life,
But who ever mentions his desolate wife?

Now I've nothing to say in a slanderous way
Of the man I have promised to love and obey:
He's a jolly old soul, he acts up to his rôle,
And as husbands go, he may pass, on the whole.

Oh, I'd never have spoken—my heart might have broken,
I'd have died without leaving one remnant of token—
Did a gossip not say in my hearing one day,
"Santa Claus is a bachelor, tieless and gay."

"You mistake," was my cry, with a flash of the eye;
"I'm his patient and hard-working wife, by-the-by;
And the world I will stun, when the gamut I run
Of all that I've suffered and all that I've done."

My sufferings first. With a heart nigh to burst,
Each Christmas-eve brings me the sharpest and worst;
When equipped for a start, I see him depart,
While my tremulous hands seek my quivering heart.

"Be careful," I say; "you grow stouter each day"
(We women must smile though our heart-strings give way);
"Tight-fit chimneys, you know, you must surely forego,
Or be roasted alive by the fire below."

"And, darling," I add, "remember the bad
Attack of bronchitis you recently had;
And button your coat high up in the throat,
And don't cross the streams when the ice is afloat."

"And keep a tight rein on My Lady Disdain—
Look, dear! she is kicking the dash-board again."
But away he has sped, heeding naught I have said,
While visions of widowhood dance in my head.

Is it nothing, I ask, that my husband should bask
In the popular smile, like a belle at a masque,
While I, poor old crone, sit and cower alone,
Tight clasping the fingers I've worked to the bone?

With a nod and a blink he would lead you to think
He had dressed all the dolls ere a weasel could wink;
No; while he's in bed—to his shame be it said—
It is *I* who am plying the needle and thread.

He goes shopping so grand through the length of the land,
But all matters of tastefulness fall to my hand.
Could he crochet and tat, or trim a doll's hat?
Take his clumsy thumb-measure—now answer me that.

Oh, women, whose days are made radiant with praise,
Whose trumpets are blown on the high and by ways,
Pray stifle your scorn for a woman forlorn,
Who is driven to sounding her own little horn.

CRABS.

BY SARAH COOPER.

CRABS are curious creatures. At the first glance we can scarcely tell which is the head. Notice the position of the eyes (Fig. 1), and that will settle the question. Walking, as they do, forward, backward, and even sideways with equal ease, it seems as if they too might be slightly puzzled about their formation, and so, not stopping to decide which part is intended to go foremost, they dart off on a venture, and in the oddest manner possible.

They are so abundant on all our sea-shores that we rarely lift a bunch of sea-weed or poke among the rubbish there without disturbing their haunts, yet they scramble off and hide in the sand so quickly that we are not much wiser for their discovery. Let us pick up some cast-off shell, and make a closer examination.

The bodies of higher animals contain three principal cavities—the head, thorax, and abdomen. In crabs, on the contrary, the head and thorax are so closely united that we can not distinguish them, and they are covered by the same shell. The proper name for a head and thorax thus united is “ceph-a-lo-thorax.”

A crab, consequently, has two principal parts—the cephalo-

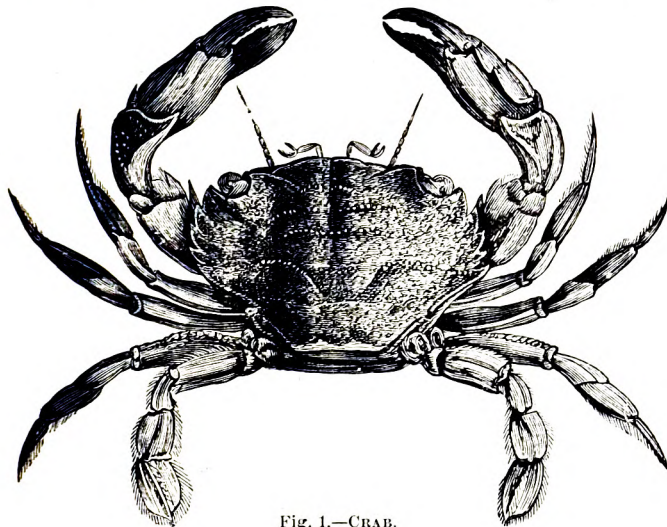


Fig. 1.—CRAB.

alo-thorax and the abdomen—each containing a number of parts of its own. To the cephalo-thorax are attached five pairs of jointed legs. The front pair are much larger than the others, and form the claws. The abdomen consists of six parts; but it is small and inconspicuous, being folded under the cephalo-thorax.

The compound eyes of crabs are on long stalks, and they may be turned in different directions or folded back into little grooves in the shell.

Crabs breathe by gills and by branchia. Gills are leaf-like plates so situated as to be readily bathed with water. They contain a great many blood-vessels, and the oxygen in the water, finding its way through their delicate walls, mixes with the blood to purify it. The crab's heart consists of a single contractile sac.

Crabs are often spoken of as crustaceans. The name, I think, will at once suggest to you animals having a hard crust. As this crust contains a number of pieces exactly fitted to each other, it has been compared to

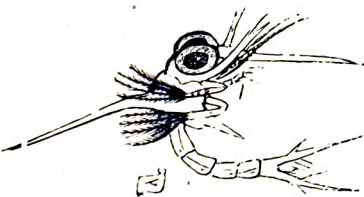


Fig. 2.—EARLY FORM OF CRAB.

the armor worn by soldiers in olden times. The manner in which it is shed during the growth of the crab is curious and interesting. This hard shell never increases in size; therefore as the crab grows its shell becomes too small, and it is cast off, looking like the perfect animal, with eyes and legs attached. When the proper time for this change arrives, the body shrinks away from the shell, separating from it at all points, and the animal works its way out. The exhausted creature now remains quietly in some secluded place, increasing rapidly in size, until the soft skin again hardens into a new shell.

This is a painful and perilous experience for the poor crabs. Occurring as it does several times in the summer, their weak and unprotected bodies fall an easy prey to their enemies, and they are devoured even by other crabs which happen to be in better plight. Now it is that they are known as “soft-shelled” crabs.

Crustaceans, when fully coated with mail, are strong and destructive, fighting among themselves as well as with other animals. They eat any small creatures that come in their way, whether living or dead. On the other hand, they themselves are destroyed by larger animals, and crustaceans form a large part of the food of star-fish, sea-urchins, mollusks, and many kinds of fish and birds, consequently great quantities of them are killed before reaching their full size. To protect the race from destruction by this loss of life, all crustaceans produce immense quantities of eggs.

Young crabs (Fig. 2) are so unlike the full-grown ones that naturalists formerly thought they belonged to a different class of animals. As soon as they are born they rise to the surface of the water, and swim about freely. After passing through several changes the body becomes large and heavy toward the head, and the young crabs, losing the power of swimming, sink to the bottom, where they hide for a while. As they gain in size and strength, and are ready to begin their new manner of living, they creep toward the shore, and most of them pass the rest of their days in shallow water among the sea-weed. In the tropics some species live in the fresh-water of brooks and rivers. Others live in the shades of damp forests; still, when breeding-time arrives, they visit the sea-shore to deposit their eggs.

The land-crabs of Jamaica even live on the mountaintops, yet every year they yield to a longing for their old home, and come down to the shores of the Caribbean Sea

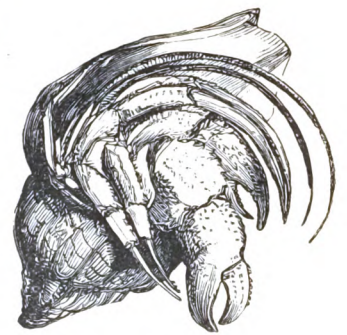


Fig. 3.—HERMIT-CRAB.



Fig. 4.—FIDDLER-CRAB.

to lay their eggs. This duty performed, they return again to the mountains.

The hermit-crab (Fig. 3) is always an object of interest. Unlike other crustaceans, it has no shell to protect the soft body, and a tempting morsel is thus exposed. The hermit, conscious of its weak point, seeks shelter by taking possession of some spiral shell in which to place its soft abdomen. The hard claws and the first two pairs of feet generally hang out over the edge of the shell, which henceforth moves about upon the crab's back as if the two belonged together. The shorter hind-feet are roughened, enabling the crab to hold on to the inside of the shell, and it clings so tightly that it will sometimes allow itself to be torn in pieces rather than quit its hold.

As the hermit grows it needs to hunt up a larger home, and it may be seen creeping along the shore, examining and turning over shells to select one, often trying on several before it is suited—much as a boy might try on several pairs of boots before he is fitted exactly. Should a hermit fancy the shell of some living snail, it would not hesitate, I am sorry to say, to kill and eat the owner, and then coolly take possession of the shell. Two hermits are sometimes found fighting for the same shell.

Fiddler-crabs (Fig. 4) have one claw much larger than the other, and as they walk sideways they hold up the large claw in a threatening manner. They dig holes in the mud to live in, and they enter these homes with extreme caution. Running quickly to the entrance, they pause awhile, turn their stalked eyes in every direction, and then dart suddenly in. They are not easily caught, for they dart into their holes quickly when alarmed.

The fiddler-crab is a striking illustration of the effect of use upon any one organ. The large claw so peculiar to this group belongs only to the males, who are great fighters. They use the large claw in their combats, which fact accounts for its increased size, and also for the absence of a large claw in the more peaceable females.

Many of you have seen the little round crabs that live in oyster shells. These pea-crabs, or oyster-crabs, as they are called, are considered a great delicacy, and they are sometimes collected and sold by the dozen. Having no hard covering, they always take up their abode within the shell of the oyster or some other bivalve. They are not prisoners within the shell, as they venture out into the water sometimes, and return again when they wish to.

They are said not to annoy the oyster in the least, or to deprive it of any of its food, since they eat certain small animals which float into the shell, but which the oyster never feeds upon. Strange to say, it is only the female that shuts herself up within an oyster shell. The male is much smaller, and frolics about on the surface of the sea.

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER III.

FITTING OUT THE "RED ERIK."

THE first thing was to settle upon their preparations.

"What will you want to take, Tug?"

"Precious little, I guess. Besides my clothing, which won't make much of a bundle, I don't own much except my shot-gun, and my weasel trap, and my odds-and-ends chest, and some hooks and lines. I'm going to sell all the rest of my duds."

"Who'll buy 'em?" asked Jim, doubtfully.

"Never you mind who, Infant. 'This stock must be closed out below cost,' as the old-clo' men say. I can put all my baggage in a nail keg."

"Then that's fixed," Aleck remarked. "Now for you, Katy?"

"I think the little trunk that was mamma's, and my hand-bag for brush and comb and such things, will hold all that belongs to me—that is, of my own *own*," she replied, laughing. "Of course the cooking things, and so on, belong to all of us."

"Well, Jim, your traps and mine will go into the other little chest, I think—at any rate they must. Now for the general list."

The general outfit was then talked over for more than an hour, when, looking at his watch, Aleck said:

"Now this plan all depends on what luck I have in renting the house. I heard yesterday that Mr. Porter (the owner of the burned factory) would have to leave the hotel, and wanted to find a small furnished house. I am going to see if I can't rent ours to him."

So Aleck went off, and Tug and Jim started down to examine the boat, study how much she would hold, and see what would be the best way of mounting her upon the bobs, which they spoke of as "the sledge." They were not back until afternoon, and found that Aleck had just come in full of success. Mr. Porter would rent the house, and would allow them a closet in which to store all the small goods they wished to leave behind.

"Now what about the boat?" he asked, as he concluded the story.

"She'll do beautifully. Jim and I think we'd better deck her over from the mast forward, and cover it with painted canvas, so as to make a water-tight place to stow the provisions."

"That's a good idea."

"We thought you'd say so, and so we took exact measurements, and can make a deck here, and fasten it on down there."

"All right; now how do you think we'd better fasten the boat to the sledge?"

"That's where we want you to help us decide. I don't believe its weight is great enough to hold it firm."

"It's the first thing to be arranged," said Aleck, "and after dinner I guess we'll have to go down to the wharf."

An hour later the three boys were standing beside the boat, gazing first at it and then at the pair of strong heavy bobs they had brought along.

"We must take that coasting-board off the bobs and put in a heavy reach-pole pretty near as long as the boat, that's certain," said Tug.

"And," spoke up Jimmy, "we've got to prop her up on the sledge so she'll stand even, and won't tip."

"Yes, you're both right," said Aleck, "and the best way is to saw chairs out of two-inch plank which will just fit her bottom, and in which she will sit solidly."

"But," Tug broke in, "that won't hold her firm in the racket she has to go through. She's got to be fastened to those sledges, and I reckon the best way is to draw bands of stout canvas—big straps would cost too much—over the boat, from one side of the sledge to the other."

They examined and re-examined, and could none of them see any better plan; so they measured, and on their way home bought enough of the heaviest duck to make four bands, each three inches wide.

This transaction brought out a bit of Tug's loyalty. As Aleck took out his purse to pay for the canvas, Tug pushed his hand away and laid a dollar bill on the counter.

"You can just put up your cash," he cried. "This is my affair. If you fellows furnish the boat and sledge and all the rest, I'm going to pay for what new stuff we have to buy myself. It's little enough I can do, anyhow."

With this view there was no use of arguing, and Tug had his way that day and during all the rest of the preparation, spending the whole of his savings and the money he got by the sale of his books and "contraptions."

While Tug sawed out the chairs, and screwed and spiked

* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

them firmly to the sledge that evening, the other two boys worked at the bands, and Katy sewed. They all sat in the kitchen, so as to be where Aleck could work, and before they went to bed both tasks were nearly done. The next day was Sunday.

On Monday the sledge was finished, and the boat was set upon it. Tacking tightly over it the canvas bands, two in front and one toward the stern, the whole affair proved almost as stiff and firm as though formed of one piece.

"What was the boat's name?" you may feel like interrupting me to ask.

It had not been christened yet, but when, as they sat by the fire on Sunday evening, Katy read aloud the story of "Red Erik," they all agreed that was the name they wanted.

Now the *Red Erik* was fitted to carry one mast, which passed through a hole in the forward thwart, and was stepped into a block underneath. The sail carried by this mast was a square of pretty good size, supported by a gaff at the top and a boom at the bottom. When it was not in use it was rolled around the mast, the gaff and boom being laid lengthwise along with it; and by wrapping the sheet around, the whole was lashed into a bundle, which lay very snugly upon the thwarts under one gunwale, where a couple of leather gaskets were buckled about it to keep it from sliding. There was also a jib-sail.

While they were arranging this matter the question of what they were to do for a tent came up, and Katy asked whether the sails could not be made useful.

Certainly the mainsail was large enough to make a very decent shelter when stretched over a low ridge-pole, but it needed loops of rope at the ends in order to be pegged to the ground if it were to be made useful.

"But there ain't any ground, and you can't drive pegs into ice," objected Katy at this point of the planning.

"Then," said Aleck, "we shall have to get half a dozen iron pegs, and I have some railway spikes that will be just the thing."

"That's so," said Tug. "Take 'em along. Now the next thing is poles. The gaff will do for one, but the other one we'll have to make, because we want to use the boom for a ridge-pole."

"Then I'll tell you how we'll fix it," Aleck explained. "We'll put an eye-bolt in the far end of the boom, and call that the front end of the tent. We'll make a front upright post out of hickory, and have the lower end of it shod with iron, so as to stick in the ice—"

"Hold up! I've got a better idea than that," Tug exclaimed. "I suppose you want to save carrying any more timber than you can help. Well, let's cut off the handle of the boat-hook—that's hickory—until it is the right length, and its iron point will stick in the ice, or the ground (if we set her up ashore) first-rate. Then we'll go to the blacksmith, and have a cap made with a spike in it to go through the eye in the end of the boom. When we want to use the boat-hook we can take the cap off."

"That's a good way; but how about the gaff?"

"Set a short spike in the far end to stick in the ice, and let the ridge-pole rest in the jaws of the gaff; the canvas will hold her steady."

"Yes, I suppose so. You're an inventor, Tug. Go down to-morrow and get the irons made."

Meanwhile, as I said, loops were sewed on the sail, and it was thus arranged to serve as tent. It made a queer shape when it was set up in the yard on trial, for the sail was broader at one end than the other, but it did very well indeed. An end piece was lacking; but this was supplied by putting on tapes so as to tie the broad foot of the jib to one edge of the rear end of the tent, while the sharp end was folded around on the outside and tied to one of the side pegs. For the front they could do no better than hang up a shawl or something, if it was needed, since they

decided that a few yards square of spare canvas which they had must be kept for a carpet upon the ice floor.

This done, there remained to screw into the forward end of the sledge two eye-bolts, to which the ropes were to be attached for dragging the boat. Each of these ropes was about twelve feet long, and had at one end an iron hook, so as to be put on and taken off very quickly. They could easily be hooked together into one long line, and two of them would serve as end-stays when the tent was set up.

All these arrangements, by hard work, were finished on Tuesday evening, the very last task being the making of a box with double-hinged covers, which should fit snugly under the stern thwart. This was to be the kitchen chest or mess kit, holding the cooking utensils and dishes. When its two covers were spread out and propped up, it formed a low table.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING A START.

KATY meanwhile had been looking after clothing and provisions. On Tuesday evening, when Tug came in after tea, she was ready to read to him a full list, as follows:

BOAT OUTFIT.—Sailing and rowing gear complete; one piece of spare canvas three yards square; one oil lantern and a gallon of oil; one compass; a locker, under the stroke thwart, containing calking-iron, oakum, putty, copper nails, gimlet, screw-driver, screws, sail needle, thread, wax, etc.

CAMP OUTFIT.—Tent (made out of the sails, pegs, poles, etc.); one axe; one hatchet; one small handsaw; one shovel; one clothes-line; one mess chest, containing the fewest possible dishes, tin cups, knives, forks, etc., also a skillet, a stew-pan, a coffee-pot, etc.; one iron pot; one covered copper pail.

PERSONAL BAGGAGE.—One trunk for Aleck's and Jim's clothing; one trunk for Katy's clothing; Tug's box (clothing and what he says are "contraptions"); small valise for Katy's little things.

BEDDING (*tied up in close rolls*).—For Aleck, three blankets and a thick quilt.

For Jim, the same.

For Tug, three blankets and a piece of old sail-cloth.

For Katy, a buffalo-robe trimmed square, two flannel sheets, three blankets, and a heavy shawl.

Thick woollen night-caps or hoods for all.

FOOD (*enough to last two weeks, it is supposed, and consisting chiefly of the first seven articles named*).—Corn-meal, coffee, sugar, crackers, dried beef, bacon and ham; also small quantities of potatoes, beans, dried corn, tea, chocolate, maple sugar, buckwheat flour, and condiments. (Katy did not count the luxuries of the first day's evening meal.)

All these supplies, as far as possible, were put into bags made of strong cloth or of heavy paper, or into wooden boxes, and then were stowed under the forward deck. To carry them (and the rest of the luggage) down to the wharf a box was fastened upon Jim's hand-sled, and several trips were made.

At last Wednesday afternoon came, and the preparations for the adventurous journey were complete. All the morning had been spent by Tug and Jim in packing away goods at the boat, while Aleck and Kate finished the home-leaving, bringing down a final sled-load with them about two o'clock. Besides this, Katy's arms were full of "suspicious-looking" bundles, as Tug noticed, the contents of which she refused to let any one know before night.

The boat lay hidden underneath the warehouse wharf, and of the few who knew of their intentions nobody seemed to have let out the secret; moreover, the day was unusually cold and somewhat windy, so that few skaters were out, at least so far down the river. Thus they were



"A MOMENT LATER THEY WERE OFF."

not annoyed by inquisitive visitors. Ten minutes after Aleck and Kate arrived the final package had been stowed, the mantle of canvas spread over, the oars and rolled-up tent laid on top, and Tug announced everything ready.

"Then let's be off," said Aleck, as he buckled the last strap of his left skate, and stood up.

"Not till you give the word of command, Captain."

"Captain!" echoed Jim, standing very straight.

"Captain!" Kate caught up the word, and made a funny girlish imitation of an officer's salute. "Not till you give the order, sir!"

"Oho!" laughed Aleck. "That's election by acclamation, I should say! All right; only if I'm to be Captain, remember you must do as I say at once, and save any arguing about it until afterward. When you get tired you can vote me out as you voted me in. Will you agree?"

"Yes—agreed!" cried all three.

"Then my first order is 'Forward!'" and so saying

he seized a drag-rope and sent the sledge-boat spinning out upon the smooth ice far from under the shadow of the wharf, showing how easily it could be run in spite of its weight, which was not less than five hundred pounds.

A moment later they were off on the first strokes of a trip that proved far more eventful than any of them anticipated—Aleck with the drag-rope, Tug by his side, Jim pulling his sled, Rex leaping and barking, and Kate bringing up the rear with her hands on the stern rail of the boat. Two or three boys and men called after them, and one followed a little way, but he was sent back with short answers, and in a few moments the church spires, the big bell-crowned cupola of the High School, and the lofty spans of the railway bridge had been left far behind. Not much was said, for even heedless Jim felt that this was a serious undertaking, and the pleasant scenes they had known so long might never be revisited.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"A GIFT FROM HEAVEN."—SEE PAGE 138.

A GIFT FROM HEAVEN.

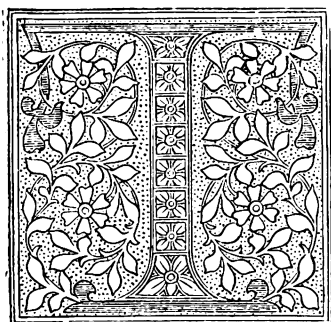
This night before the Christmas dawn;
The fields are clad in spotless white;
There's not a cloud nor breath of wind,
And all the stars are shining bright;
While downward through the silent air
An angel floats on noiseless wings,
And in his arms a little child
To bless an earthly home he brings.

Oh, gift of Heaven, fair little babe,
When thou shalt quit the angel's arms
May Heaven's grace be with thee still
To shield thee from all earthly harms!
Thou dreamest not, and none can tell,
What joys or sorrows may be thine;
But He who sent thee into life
Has said, The little ones are mine.

Welcome, sweet babe! The Lord of Life
Was once a little Child like thee;
And He has said, "Forbid them not,
But let the children come to me."
Their angels stand before the throne
And look upon His Father's face;
The love He gave them here on earth,
He gives from His high dwelling-place. S. S. C.

FIRE-SCREENS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

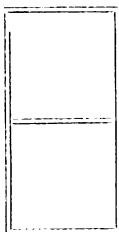
BY C. W. FISHER.



HERE is no prettier household ornament, nor is there any more serviceable article of household furniture, than a well-made fire-screen.

Screens of every variety are to be found in the shops, and at prices ranging from a few dollars for the simple designs, to many hundreds for others more elaborate.

Young folk who have leisure can as well make as purchase them, and often the results of home work compare most favorably with the best specimens of shop manufacture. The foundation framework is easily made by a boy who has any skill in carpentering, and the girls can have that part of the task done for them at a trifling expense. The most useful screen is made in three panels, each four feet and a half high, by one and a half wide. The frames should be made of white pine, thoroughly seasoned, to avoid warping, mitred at the corners, and braced in the middle, as shown in the diagram. Strips of inch pine, two inches wide, will secure the proper lightness and strength.



The frames are to be covered with brown sheeting or unbleached muslin, the coarser the better, which is to be stretched as tight as possible, and held by very small tacks driven in the edges, *not* on the faces of the frames. Having done this, carefully cut away all the surplus material; then prepare a sizing of thin flour paste, and with it wet thoroughly every portion of the muslin. In stretching, the cloth will pull unequally, and along the tacked edges there will be slight unevennesses, which can be smoothed down while wet, and which will be held in place as the paste dries. The drying takes but a little time, and when it is accomplished there will result a working surface as tight as a drum-head.

In the paper covering individual taste may be exercised without limit, and the beautiful varieties of paper-hangings render it almost impossible to make a poor selection. A sketch of three different designs which we have finished during the year may perhaps suggest ideas to our young friends, if they don't care to reproduce them exactly. The little ones are most interested in the nursery screen, which was our first venture. Its bright colors and quaint figures are an unending delight to them, and many an hour is spent in studying their curious antics.

The background of this screen is a very dark—almost black—cheap wall-paper of very indefinite pattern, slightly flecked with gilt. In cutting the paper for the front of a panel an inch and a half margin on all sides should be allowed, while the back piece is to be the exact size of the frame. The paste should contain a little starch, be free from lumps, and not thick. It is to be applied as evenly as possible, and care is needed to see that every part of the paper is covered by it. Place the paper upon the frame, beginning at the top, and allowing the surplus inch margin to lap over. Put a piece of wrapping-paper under the hand, and slowly smooth the pasted part for about six inches down from the upper edge, thus pressing out all air bubbles and wrinkles. When this is successfully done, continue the same process, always smoothing downward.

Should any creases or other irregularities fail to disappear under the slow rubbing, take the paper by the two lower corners and lift it from the muslin until past the roughness, and then press again. In this way you are certain to remove the imperfection, and get a perfectly plain surface. The margin is next to be pasted, and will lap perhaps a quarter of an inch on the back. This will, however, be covered by the paper for the back of the panel, which is to be applied in the same way as the front piece.

The really hard part of the work is now over, and the most interesting stage at hand. Get from a book or toy store several illustrated books of nursery rhymes and children's stories. Those by Walter Crane are the best in design and coloring, but many others are very good. Cut out every figure in the book, large and small alike. Select three of the largest and handsomest for the centre pieces, and about these arrange the others as fancy suggests, without regarding the stories which they illustrate. The result, in the case of our screen, was charming, and is daily admired. The back may be ornamented in like manner or left plain. Four brass hinges fastening the frame together, a line of brass-headed nails all around the edges, both for the protection of the paper and as a finish, two small brass handles on the top of the outer panels to lift by and avoid soiling, will complete one of the prettiest decorations of the house.

The second attempt was made with a background of cardinal red felt paper, on which were pasted cuttings from old HARPER'S MAGAZINES, one panel being given up to flowers, one to birds, and one to animals, and this also is the children's delight.

Our last venture was the simplest of all in its manufacture, but is very effective. It is made of small-figured wall-paper, with a great deal of gilt in the design. On this are mounted three Japanese panels, such as are to be found on those hanging banners with which our Celestial friends love to deck their walls. All three are black, with sprays of flowers and birds painted upon them in the brightest colors, and the effect of the gold, the black, and the gorgeous reds and delicate blues in combination is lovely.

Of course there are as many methods and patterns in making screens as there are minds to design and hands to do the work. The plan suggested above is simple, and has proved successful. May our young readers enjoy working it out as well as they did.

THE LOST CITY;*

OR, THE BOY EXPLORERS IN CENTRAL ASIA.

BY DAVID KER.

CHAPTER XII.

A BAD FIX.

"**B**EHOLD our *caravanserai*!" (resting-place) cried a big, hook-nosed fellow, with a coarse, uninviting face, who seemed to be the leader of the gang. "Here will we take our ease until they come."

"It is well spoken, Issa," answered one of the others; "and *when* they come, rich will be our booty. Assuredly this is a fortunate day!"

Tom Hilton with difficulty repressed a start that would have betrayed him at once. Although these unexpected visitors wore the dress of the country, their language and accent showed them to be Persians; and our hero's thoughts flew at once to his Persian enemy, Kara-Goorg, whose presence in these northern mountains he had already learned from Sikander Beg. That Kara-Goorg was not himself among the band Tom saw with considerable relief; but, under the circumstances, it was only natural to conclude that he must have become aware of their presence in like manner, and have sent these ruffians to track them down and kidnap them again.

"It just serves me right!" groaned Tom, repenting of his rashness when it was too late. "If I hadn't been fool enough to come out on this hunt, we'd have been off to Cabool to-morrow with Sikander. Now here we are in a pretty bad fix, and I can't see any way out of it."

The "bad fix" soon became worse, for the Persians now kindled a fire, and the smoke well-nigh stifled our unfortunate heroes, who could barely keep down the violent bursts of sneezing which threatened them. Even as it was, Tom's blood ran cold as he heard the smothered coughs which Ernest let off from time to time; but happily the robbers were too busy with their dinner to notice them.

"Is this Oorooss [Russian] for whom we are waiting, in very deed a great magician?" asked one.

"What words are these, Ali?" cried another. "Must he not be a greater magician than Lokman, to come safely out of the den of that lion-killer, Saadut Khan of Mahmood Tepe [Mohammed's Mound], and then to venture hither with but a single guide?"

Tom breathed freely again for a moment, for the last words showed him that he and Ernest were *not* the game which these human blood-hounds were tracking down. But he instantly bethought himself that the only Russian whom they could be expecting amid the ruins of the Lost City was Makaroff himself; and he resolved to save the poor old Professor, cost what it might.

But how was this to be done?

"Our chief has said that his ransom will be as the ransom of a king," cried Ali. "Who is he, then, that his life should be so precious?"

"Know you not, then, brother," rejoined his comrade Abdullah, "that the Faringhi [European] magicians have the power of finding hidden treasures? Wherefore should this Russian be in such haste to reach this place if not to discover treasures buried here by Sikander Rumi [Alexander the Great], the mighty Sultan of the Faringhis?"

"But how escaped he those blood-drinkers at Mahmood Tepe?" asked another. "Tell us, Issa, for thou wert there."

"Hear, then," replied Issa. "When they led him before the Khan, Saadut wondered greatly to see him so small and feeble, for he had been a very Rustam† in the fight, and had killed five of the warriors before they bore him down. But the Russian looked at him as haughtily as if

he were but a mender of carpets, and said, 'Afghan, thou hast done ill to fall thus upon a stranger who came to thy tents in peace. I seek no harm to thee or thine; I seek but the Lost City of the Greek Sultans; and if thou wilt free me, and send thy warriors to carry me thither in safety, all shall be well, but if not, know that within three days there shall come to pass that which will make thee and all thy tribe tremble.'"

Here the speaker paused impressively, while a murmur of astonishment broke from his hearers.

"Then," resumed he, "came a silence deep as that of the desert at midnight, for till then no man had ever dared to speak thus to such a slayer of men as Saadut Khan. At last the Khan said: 'Let thy words be proved. If thou hast spoken truth thou shalt be set free with honor; if thou hast lied, on the third day thou shalt die.'"

"'Good!' exclaimed the listeners.

"The third day came," pursued Issa, "and still all was well, and the Khan asked, scornfully, 'Where are thy threats now?' But the Russian pointed upward, and answered, solemnly, 'Even now is the time come.' And, lo! even as he spoke the noonday sun hid his face, and all was dark as if Azraël, the Angel of Death, had spread his wings over the sky; and all the warriors fell on their faces, and the Khan himself tore his beard in dismay, and offered the magician whatever he might ask if he would but bring back the light once more.

"Then the magician spoke again, and the light came back, and the warriors kissed his feet, and the Khan sent him forth the next day with rich presents, guarded by swordsmen, who bowed before him as if he had been our holy Prophet himself. Brothers, my tale is ended."

Tom was bursting with laughter at the awe-stricken faces of the listeners; for he saw at once how the wily Russian had turned to account a total eclipse of the sun announced for that day by the scientific journals. The next words, however, made him serious enough.

"Tell me, Issa, if this Russian is so great a magician, how did he not perceive that our chief was setting a trap for him in offering to guide him instead of the guide who was slain?"

"In what ox stall wert *thou* born?" retorted Issa. "Knowest thou not, son of a witless father, that when any magician has done a mighty deed he is exhausted of his magic for a season, as a serpent of its venom when it has struck, and for a time he hath no more power than another man? In a fortunate hour did our chief meet with him, for when he brings him hither *alone* he is ours."

"Alone?" echoed Ali. "And the Khan's warriors?"

"They will await the Russian's return in the valley below; they dare not enter these unsainted ruins."

This last remark was unlucky, as reminding the Persians (already excited by Issa's startling tale) of the unearthly terrors ascribed to the dismal place they were in.

"True," cried Abdullah; "this spot must indeed have an evil name if Afghan robbers fear to enter it."

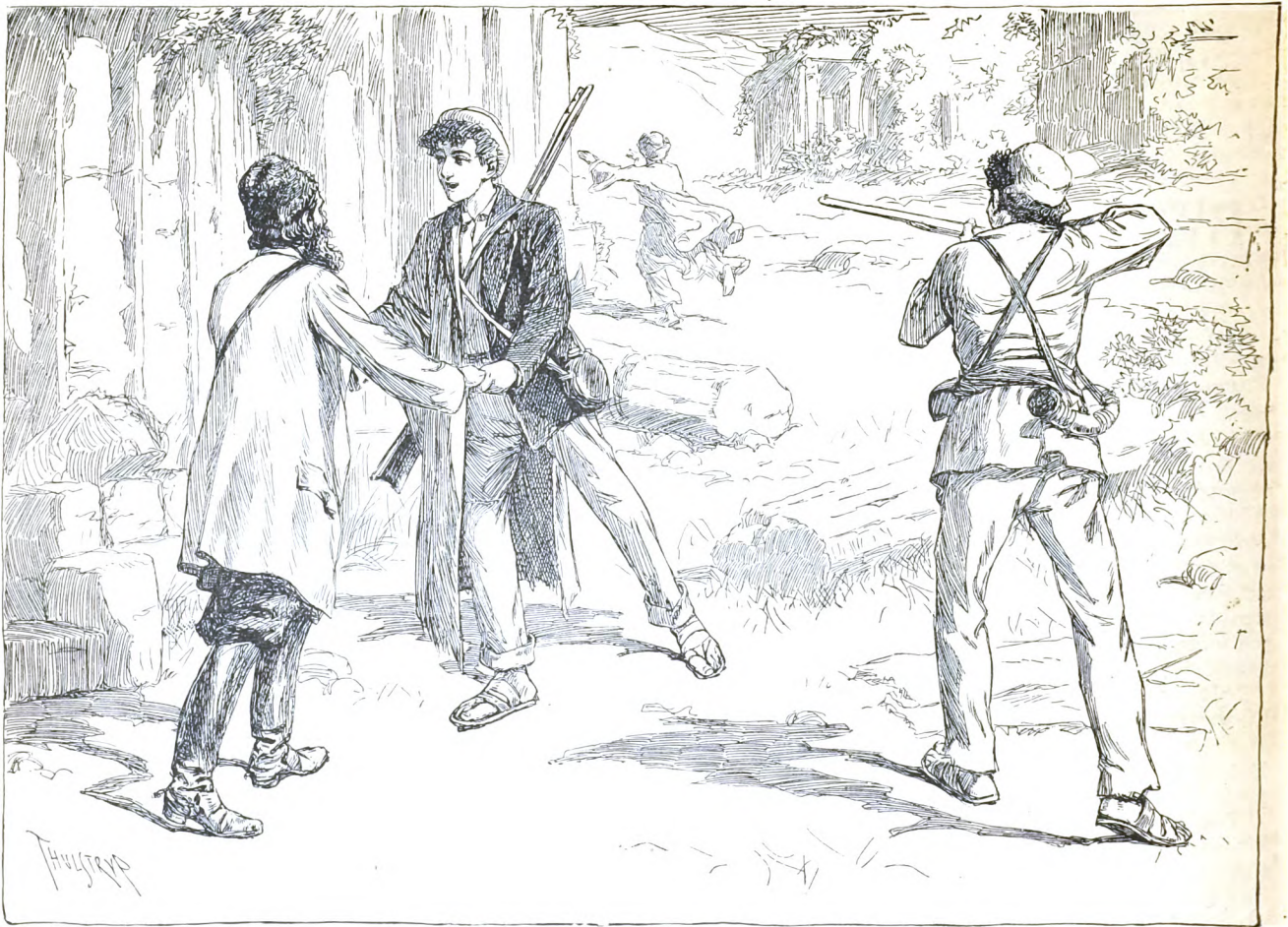
"And we are laying wait *here* for a magician!" added Ali, gloomily. "What if he have power to call forth the spirits to seize us!"

"Let us shift our camp lower down," said a third, tremulously. "Once, in Khorassan, some Koords camped in an old ruin despite all warning, and at midnight came a fearful thunder-clap, and the earth opened, and—"

Just then Tom, suddenly inspired with a brilliant idea, flung his large powder-horn with sure aim right into the fire. An explosion, sharp and stunning as any thunder-clap, scattered the burning brands on every side, and sent sprawling the whole band of terrified robbers, who sprang up instantly, despite their burns and bruises, and fled down the pass with yells of terror. And then our heroes descended from their perch, and laughed till all the mountain echoes had in chorus.

* Begun in No. 207, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

† The national hero of Persia, famed for his strength.



"GOOD-MORNING, MR. PROFESSOR; GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!"

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT WAS WRITTEN ON THE PILLAR.

"WELL done, Tom!" cried Ernest, ceasing at last from sheer exhaustion; "you scared 'em finely that time! Fancy the poor old Professor coming innocently into such a horrid trap! But we've saved *him*, anyhow!"

"Twelve guns," counted the practical Tom, reckoning up the spoils left on the field, "five provision bags, three scarfs, seven daggers, and any amount of ammunition. Well, I think I've invested that powder-horn rather well, and got very good interest on it."

"Won't it be fun to see how foolish that rogue of a guide will look when he gives the signal for his chums to jump out and collar the Professor, and *we* jump out and collar *him* instead! We'll give it him, won't we, Tom?"

"We *will*! And now let's look about us a bit, for one don't see a place like this every day."

"Wait a minute," cried Ernest: "I've got a grand idea. Let's cut our names on this pillar in *Greek* letters, like an old inscription; and then, when the Professor comes up and goes to read it, he'll be rather startled, I fancy."

The names were soon carved, and smeared with earth to give them an antiquated look, after which they set out to explore the ruins. It was certainly a wonderful sight to behold all these marvels of civilization in the depths of this savage wilderness, now peopled only by fierce beasts and men fiercer still. Although the marble fountains had long run dry, the group of flower-crowned nymphs carved around them were beautiful as ever, and the graceful figures painted along the walls seemed as if the artist had only just completed them. In one house which had been almost destroyed by a falling boulder Ernest found a

tiny bust of a child uninjured amid the surrounding wreck, while Tom picked up several coins, for each of which a collector would gladly have given fifty dollars.

But everywhere reigned a dreary and awful silence, beneath which even the buoyant spirits of our young adventurers were weighed down as if by a nightmare. The ghostly impression haunted their evening camp fire, and interwove itself with their dreams; and when Tom, awaking with a start from his first sleep, saw the cold moon playing fitfully on the gapped walls and broken columns of this city of the dead, he felt something as nearly akin to fear as his stout American heart could feel.

Toward morning the fire burned out, and our heroes awoke, very cold, very stiff, and (if it must be owned) rather cross. But they soon fell asleep again, and the sun had risen before they were aroused by a familiar voice beside them, saying in Russian:

"This is undoubtedly the Lost City, and an extremely fine specimen of later Greek architecture. How Barânoff and Tchelovitski will envy my good fortune in being the actual discoverer of this magnificent relic! And here, I declare, is a Greek inscription, doubtless of considerable antiquarian value."

Tom nudged Ernest, who bit his lips to keep down his laughter, as the Professor began to decipher the "inscription" which their knives had left on the pillar a few hours before. Meanwhile, the guide (who was a tall sallow man in the rough sheep-skin cloak and high shapeless felt cap of a Kashgarin) gave a sudden shrill cry like the scream of a vulture, and looked so blank at finding it unanswered that the boys could hardly keep from laughing aloud.

"Thomas Hilton, Ernest Clairmont," cried Professor

Makaroff, rubbing his eyes with an air of bewilderment. "What *can* this mean? there are no such words in Greek!"

The guide, thinking that his accomplices might not have heard the call, repeated it, and this time with a result which he little expected. The boys at once issued from their hiding-place, crying,

"Good-morning, Mr. Professor; glad to see you again!"

The Professor looked startled, as well he might; but the guide seemed actually turned to stone. His dark face grew livid with terror, while his quivering lips hissed rather than spoke the words:

"Ali! it is they!"

"Kara-Goorg!" roared Tom, for whom the Persian exclamation and the voice that uttered it were quite enough. "You villain! this shall be your last treachery!"

He extended his arm to seize the Persian, but Kara-Goorg dashed it aside, and darted down the pass like an arrow. Seizing his gun, Tom sent a bullet after him to hasten his steps. In his blind terror the Persian did not see that right in his path lay a deep pit half filled with crumbling masonry. Stumbling over its edge, he fell headlong into it, while the huge stones dislodged by his fall came thundering after, crushing the wretched traitor out of all semblance of life.

Little remains to be told. By the time our three explorers reached Cabool Colonel Hilton was almost well again, and they left for Tashkent just in time to escape the desperate battles that preceded the blockade of the British army in its camp at Shirpur. It afterward appeared that Kara-Goorg, in the course of his mission among the northern chiefs, reached Mahmoud Tepe just as its Khan was about to free Makaroff in deference to his supposed powers as a magician, and instantly formed the plan of acting as his guide (which his own perfect disguise and the Professor's ignorance of his person made easy), and then, by betraying him into the hands of his confederates, to share whatever ransom the Russian government might give for its ablest scientist.

The discovery of the Lost City made considerable stir in the learned circles of St. Petersburg, and was described at length by more than one scientific journal. Professor Makaroff in-

sisted upon giving up to Tom and Ernest, despite their protest, the reward promised to the finder of these famous remains, contenting himself with the honor of being the first to describe and explain them. It is said that he has never quite forgiven the Lost City for being found two hundred miles south of the spot where he had located it; but the Order of St. Vladimir from the Czar's own hand has somewhat consoled him.

Bill Barlow's health has begun to give way in consequence of his wounds, and he is about to be sent for a holiday to Northern India, where he will probably be visited shortly by Ernest Clairmont, who is to join his regiment in the Punjab next spring. He will be escorted as far as the British frontier by his friend Sikander Beg, who is now more powerful than ever, the tribe of Ahmed Khan having been almost annihilated in the attack upon General Roberts, and Selim himself having fallen at their head. As for Tom Hilton (who has been the "lion" of Tashkent ever since his return from Cabool), we may perhaps meet him again, amid scenes even more exciting.

THE END.





JANUARY.

FEBRUARY.

MARCH.

APRIL.

MAY.

JUNE.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year to my gay-hearted crew,
To children with brown eyes, with gray, or with blue,
To children with frizzes, and children with curls,
To the bonny brave boys, and the sweet laughing girls.

A Happy New Year to the children at school,
So puzzled with trying to mind every rule.
A Happy New Year to the teachers, who try
To make the school pleasant as fast the days fly.

A Happy New Year to the fathers and mothers,
To dear elder sisters and kind elder brothers.
A Happy New Year to the child who is ill,
But who soon shall be well, if it be the Lord's will.

A Happy New Year to our Post-office Box.
Hark! a scamper of feet and a flutter of knocks.
"Dear Postmistress, pray is the mail in to-day?"

Happy New Year to all: I must hurry away.

SANTA SEE, LINE KEY, GULF OF MEXICO.

I have given this waif to a kind lady who leaves our island to-morrow for the great city of New York, the throbs of whose busy heart reach out even to this solitary hermitage.

There is so little room in your paper, and so many clamor for place, how can I hope to find a corner?

Removed from all mainland, no exit or entrance save by a tiny boat, we four live here afar from all the world. Kind Mrs. G. came to explore our little kingdom, and brought several copies of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. "Write something of your life here, and I will send it in to the Post-office Box for you," she said. How wonderful it would seem to see this very letter coming back to me *printed*!—an event in the life that is only stirred by winds and waves as they wash our little home.

Our island is one mile long and a half-mile wide, and besides a few good-natured bears, that eat our cabbages, and occasional wild-cats, that steal our chickens, we four are sole possessors of this tract of land—my father, my brother Sandy, who is sixteen years old, a strange lady who fell into our lonely home in a very strange way, and myself. I am Emily, and fourteen years old. But my letter grows too long before I have said anything. If any young people would like to know of our life here, I will tell them many interesting things—how we came here, how we live, how we came in possession of our "strange lady," and, finally, what we hope in the future. With delight in the anticipation of another visitor in the shape of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I am truly your friend,
EMILY M.

You have told us just enough to make us very anxious to hear more. So, when HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with this letter in its clear type shall reach your island home, please consider yourself invited to write and tell us just what you think will most entertain some of those whose homes are different from yours. One of the advantages of the Post-office Box is that it affords a constant opportunity to its readers and writers to describe whatever is most fresh, new, and interesting in their every-day lives, whether these are spent in town or country, in a busy city or on a remote islet of the ocean. Be sure and relate the story of the strange lady.

MIDDLEBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE,—Many of you have had exchanges and letters from a little girl who used her pet name, "Wee Tot," and you must have wondered that they suddenly ceased. As she was greatly troubled lest the children "might even think she wasn't honest," I should have written long before this to tell you that she went home to the Good Father, who makes all wonderful and beautiful things, more than a year ago.

If any of you still remember that she owed any exchanges, if you will write and tell me about it, I will try and pay my girlie's debts. She left a very beautiful cabinet, and her correspondents were so many that she had 500 postal cards printed, as neither of us could attend to all the notes sent. With a mother's love for children, believe me affectionately yours.

ELIZABETH H. W. BRAINARD.

I had missed the letters of dear Wee Tot, and no doubt the children have, and I am sure they will be sorry that her mother no longer has her sweet little companion. But what a pleasant thought it is that the darling child is safe at home, where there is neither pain nor sorrow, nor anything to trouble or grieve her!

FORT HAYARD, NEW MEXICO.

I will write and tell you about this lovely place. There are here two companies of cavalry, two of infantry, and a good band. We have the loveliest weather here that I ever saw. It is neither too cold nor too warm, and the nights are lovely. We have been here two years last October. This is the longest time we have been at any post except one. There are a great many mines, smelters, and mills around here, but they are not worked now. The last time that we were out riding we went to the Ivanhoe Mine, and they were working it, but they have stopped now.

MAUD I.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have been going to school since the first of October, and study reading, writing, and spelling. I did not know my A B C's when I went. I have a little brother, whose name is Ronie, and I sometimes take him to school with me. We had a lovely pure white cat, not a spot of any color on her, and some one was unkind enough to steal or shoot her. We left her in the country where we go for the summer, and when we went up there Mr. R., who spends the winters there, told us it was gone. I have a German baby from Paris, with coach and cradle, and I am making some very pretty dresses for it. Ronie and I had two turtles, but they are lost. I can not write very well yet, so my sister is writing this for me. My sister says I want to say so much that it would fill the whole Post-office Box. I could not go to school to-day, because I had the toothache all night, and it is raining so hard.

NANNIE M. M.

Dear me! I am sorry to hear that you had the toothache, for that is very poor company indeed. A German baby from Paris must be quite a treasure.

PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a little girl nine years old. I take YOUNG PEOPLE, and like it very much. I have one sister and two brothers, also a pet parrot. He talks and whistles, and I let him out of his cage, and he will come and sit on my finger. He bites me sometimes, but not very often. We live on a farm. My father is a retired army officer. My mother gives me lessons on the piano. I hope you will print this letter soon. MAUD V. P. W.

NEW YORK CITY.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for nearly a year. I saw a letter in the Post-office Box

from Nannie T. B., who is my cousin, and as I have been disappointed in not seeing my letters published, I thought I would try again. I have no pets yet, though my papa has promised me a pug-dog. My mamma has been away in Baltimore, and I have been taking care of the house and of my papa. A friend named Edith M. has been staying with me all the time of mamma's absence. I am twelve years old, and am in the fifth grade grammar in the Normal School.

LELIA S. M.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

I am a little eight-year-old boy. I go to a little private school. We have recess half an hour, from half-past ten to eleven o'clock. There are nine of us boys and girls, and we have nice times playing out-doors when it is pleasant, but when it is rainy we play in the wood-shed. We have a real nice teacher, named Mrs. S. We do not have any school in the afternoon.

Marion W., who wrote a letter in YOUNG PEOPLE not long ago, lives in the same place where my brother Harry is now. He goes to Harvard College.

I am reading the "Rollo" books now; I have read three of them. I have no little pets, but I have a great many nice playmates, and if it were not for them I should be very lonesome, for I have no sisters, and Harry is my only brother.

CHESTER J. H.

I am pleased to hear that you like the "Rollo" books. How I wish I could present them to every eight-year-old boy among my young friends! Indeed, they are delightfully interesting to boys who are much older than yourself.

Speaking of recess, I am reminded to tell the children that next week I will let them see a number of letters on the subject. Yours, Master Chester, of a whole half-hour, is splendid, isn't it? Your teacher knows what is good for her pupils.

BROOKVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little boy almost six years old. I have been taking YOUNG PEOPLE for two years, and like it very much. I can't write to you myself; my mother writes for me: I learned to print letters, and I find it very hard to learn to write nicely. I can read nicely in the Bible and in other books, and enjoy reading the letters in YOUNG PEOPLE more than the stories. I have no pets now except my dear little brother, fourteen months old; he can run about and play with me, but does not talk. I had a beautiful shepherd dog, but he was poisoned; my father gave him to me when he was only four weeks old. I had another dog, and she was stolen. You see I have had luck with dogs. I hope you will print this letter as a birthday gift.

Your little friend,

I. D. B.

Is it in time for the birthday, dear?

Here is a fairy story told by one of our young contributors:

ONCE UPON A TIME.

Once upon a time, many years ago, as almost every story runs, there lived a great King, who had a most beautiful daughter called Princess Alice. She was very lovely, and was so charming in her manner that she won the affection of every one. Her beauty was proclaimed everywhere, and many a Prince sought to win her hand; but she said that she had not the least desire to marry; so at last twelve of them became very much enraged, and vowed to have their revenge. So they went to a wicked old witch and offered her a large sum of money if she would go up to the palace and transform the Princess. The old witch, one very dark night, went into the palace in the form of a fly, and flew up into Princess Alice's chamber, and at midnight she changed the Princess into a little gray kitten. In the morning, when the maid, as usual, came

to dress her mistress, she found a little kitten, and Princess Alice was not there. The maid was much frightened, and ran crying and screaming to the King and Queen, and told them what she had seen. They did not believe it, and so went to look for themselves, and, to their great horror, found it to be true. They had it proclaimed all over their realms that whoever could break the enchantment should have the Princess for his wife, and afterward be King and inherit the throne. Many Princes came, but after they entered the room were never heard of. At last it was proclaimed that rich or poor, high or low might come if they could only break the enchantment.

One day a young man left his home, a little country town, to learn a trade. He was an only son, and of course was thought a great deal of; all hated to have him leave, because every one who knew him loved him. He was very handsome, and very, very learned. He had never heard of the enchanted Princess. He had been travelling a month, and now, as he came in at the city gates, one of the guards at the gate asked him if he had come to break the spell that bound the Princess, and told him all about her; and so he went and bowed before the King, and said that he would like to try. Then he asked for some rope and glue, and he went up to the room, and sat petting the kitten until midnight, when a hoarse voice said, "So you think you can do it, fine young man?" He jumped up, caught the old witch, tied her hand and foot, glued her mouth fast, and then took her to the King. When he came back, a beautiful lady stood there, and a week after that they were married.

KATIE A. S. (13 years old).

St. Louis, Missouri.

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

I am eleven years old, and have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for more than a year, and like it very much. Will you please tell me if Jimmy Brown is a little boy? I have two pets—a little dog (rat-terrier) named Stump, because he has such a funny little stumpy tail, and a kitten named George Gray. Our washer-woman has a little colored baby, and mamma gave her a sweet-potato for dinner the other day. Now Stump is very fond of sweet-potatoes, and he waited until mamma went out, then walked up to the baby, and deliberately took it out of her hand, and ran off to the wood-shed to eat it. We all thought it very funny but the baby; she cried. SUE L. F.

I am surprised that you are in any doubt about Jimmy Brown. No large boy could possibly get into mischief so often. Poor baby! Stump should learn to behave better.

NAHANT, MASSACHUSETTS.

Thinking for some time that we should like to send a letter to the Post-office Box, it is with great delight we watch mother write one for us, as neither of us is old enough to write one for herself. We are two sisters, seven years and five and a half. We live on the sea-shore all the year round. It is a very rocky coast, and we have a beautiful view of the sea and rocks. We have for our pets two dolls named Sally and Rosa, and two cats named Tiny and Minnie, also two kittens named Floss and Jennie. We have been to the cat exhibition held in Boston last month, and we enjoyed seeing so large a number of cats of every description, and some of them very peculiar. We did have a very fine black dog named Nelson; but he became sick, and one Sunday morning Jack found him dead in the barn, and we were so sorry; we miss him very much, for he was very faithful. We have not been to the Foreign Exhibition yet, but we are going one day soon. We have a nice organ that we play, and enjoy singing the songs we know. We do not attend school this winter, as we live a good distance from the school-house; but mother teaches us at home. We have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* thirteen months, and look forward with great pleasure every Tuesday for the mail. We must draw our

letter to a close, trusting, dear Postmistress, you will not think it too long to print.

IDA and ALICE.

Thanks for charming letters are due to May H., Lucy W. B., Herbert J., Helen S. (thank you, dear, for puzzle and receipt), Mary E. S. (your dog is very smart), Juliet R. (your verses are pretty), G. Kirk S., Annie V., M. Ella B., Lola and Lula B., Willis S. R., Louie S. B. (I am sorry not to have room to insert the pretty story about the cats), Abel M., Jun., Charlie M., Lella M. H., Lotta F., Jimmie B., Gerty E. B., Daisy D., Artie H., Lillian R. F., Maggie E. G. F., Stella B., Anna S., Georgiana F. G.—Dee R., Palisade Ranch: Write again, and let me know whether Santa Claus received the little note sent by way of the Post-office Box.—Annie K.: I am glad you like the paper, and hope you will write again.—Daisy J. M.: I am glad you have six birds left, though one is dead.

RECEIPTS FOR LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

This is for tea on Sunday night:

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one and a quarter cups of flour, half a cup of sweet milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and half a cake of Baker's chocolate. Beat the butter and sugar until light, then add the yolks of the eggs, then the milk, and the flour in which the baking-powder has been mixed; then the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and last of all the grated chocolate. Mix all thoroughly, bake in two pans, and put the cakes together with frosting made as follows: whip the white of one egg to a stiff froth, and stir in powdered sugar until very stiff; flavor with vanilla. Put the cakes together while warm.

L. M. S.

This is for breakfast on Monday morning:

POTATO PUFF.—Stir two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two table-spoonfuls of melted butter, and some salt to a fine, light, and creamy condition; then add two eggs well beaten separately, and six table-spoonfuls of cream; beat it all well and lightly together; pile it in rocky form on a dish; bake it in a quick oven until nicely colored. It will become quite light.

This is for dessert on Tuesday:

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Pare and core (with a tube) six or seven apples; lay them in a buttered dish. Pour over a cupful of tapioca or sago one quart of boiling water; let it stand an hour; add two tea-cupfuls of sugar, a little lemon or vanilla; pour this over the apples, and bake an hour. Peaches (fresh or canned) may be used instead of apples.

This is for any time:

BUTTER SCOTCH.—Two cups of granulated sugar; a third of a cup of water; a third of a cup of vinegar; butter the size of a hickory nut; vanilla to taste. Boil until it will harden in cold water. This candy may be made in fifteen minutes.

EVA MCK.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

ENIGMA.

My first is in man, but not in boy.
My second is in plaything, but not in toy.
My third is in lance, but not in spear.
My fourth is in listen, but not in hear.
My fifth is in pullet, but not in hen.
My sixth is in Richard, but not in Ben.
My seventh is in peck, but not in scratch.
My eighth is in sew, but not in patch.
My ninth is in tool, but not in file.
My whole is a Massachusetts isle.

HERBERT B. FOSTER.

No. 2.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. A sign of mourning.
4. An animal. 5. A letter. E. T. POLLOCK.

2.—1. A letter. 2. An elf. 3. Celebrated. 4. A tree. 5. A letter. NIMBLE DICK.

No. 3.

TWO WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. The top of the head. 2. Space. 3. To try. 4. Easy. GAZETTA.
2.—1. To increase. 2. Uncommon. 3. Spoken. 4. To mend. CARRIE and MARY B.

No. 4.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

I am a little girl named Rilla, and I have a brother named Ernest. We live in a town, and one day we moved to a new house. Ernest and I thought it great fun. As soon as it was light on that day we were up, anxious to help. Mamma said we might. We were to go at eight o'clock, and each of us carry something. We did not want any breakfast, so mamma gave me a pear and Ernest an apple. I carried a pot of oxalis, and Ernest had a small trunk with my doll's clothes. There were so many clothes, I had to pack it ten times over to make them go in. We met some boys, Bradford Sims, Eph Lord, and Hugh Leslie, and they stopped to talk to us. Brad snatched Ernest's apple, and Ernest said, "Run, Hugh, or send somebody to the police station for an officer to haze Brad," but Brad threw the apple down and ran away. Ernest said, "Now, I will be a razor man," and he held up the little trunk, and called, "Razors to sell!" "Oh," he said, "we forgot the terrapin," a pet of ours, but he came later with somebody else.

We found the house, but some strange creature had got in before us, and I was afraid. I said, "Scat!" Then I begged it, "Do go away!" but it did not stir. Then we poked it, but it would grab, bite, and scratch the stick, and not budge an inch. Directly we found it had wings, and it flew out at the door and away. "Now," said Ernest, "if you will be a very good girl, I will show you something nice. Then he said, "Go, Rilla, and shut the gate," but I did not want to go, so he would not show me what he said. Just then our oldest brother, Jack, came in. Jack always takes my part, so he scolded Ernest, and said I might go to the fields with him and pick greens for dinner. So we took a basket, and we found some coltsfoot and dandelions. I made Ernest a chain of the stems, and he was ashamed that he had plagued me. A man named Samuel King brought the rest of our things in a cart, and Ernest and Co. were very busy settling them. He was carrying a bottle to the closet, when the top got broken off, and he called to me for "That pan there—quick." Here a boy looked in the door, and I said, "I feel, Eph, anti-temperance, saying that elder," and he answered, "Let it run, for we belong to the Band of Hope."

E. F. CROWELL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 214.

No. 1.—C i v i C
H u s H
A c u t E
R o C
I n K
O n e E
T u t o R
No. 2.—John Adams.
No. 3.—D O R A
O M E N
R E S T
A N T E

Correct answers to Puzzles have been received from Susie, Emma Dayton, John Cross, Ida Emma Hequemboing, Budge, Jessie B. Brown, George Williams, Susan Garnett, Ruth and Amy, M. F. To Plitz, Lula Van Norden, Horace Arrow, James Remsen, S. P. G., Dart, Elsie C., T. O. Rossier, Fay, Hedwig Reineman, S. M. Woodward, Julia Painter, Emma White, Max G.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



JULY.

AUGUST.

SEPTEMBER.

OCTOBER.

NOVEMBER.

DECEMBER.



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"AND WITH ARMS ROUND HER NECK, GAVE THE STRANGER A KISS."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 146.

JEANIE'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



LITTLE Jeanie's bright eyes have a look of the morn,
And her sunny hair shines like the gloss of the corn.
When the eyes shall be dim and the locks shall be gray,
I think she'll remember a strange Christmas-day
She had in her life when her birthdays were few,
And little of danger or sorrow she knew.

With Father and Mother away at the West,
The child was as lone as a bird in the nest,
Uncared for, untended, though Auntie was there—
An Auntie whose kisses were frosty and rare,
Who had meetings to go to and people to see,
And to all Jeanie's questions would answer, "Dear me!
Just do as you please, pet, and keep out of harm";
Then, over the work or the letters whose charm
Enchanted her heart, would forget the poor child,
Who was left very much like a weed to run wild.

It was late in December, and Christmas was near,
When home should be bubbling with mirth and good cheer;
But no one seemed thinking of Christmas a bit,
And much Jeanie marvelled and puzzled, till it
Grew plain to her mind that no Christmas could come
To a child without father and mother at home,
And a dear brother Tom—oh, she couldn't tell where.
Every night she asked God to keep Tom in His care,
And to let him be found soon; for Auntie had said
That he had been naughty, and so he had fled.
Had Jeanie been naughty, she'd never have staid
Away from dear Mother, ashamed and afraid.
So, "Jesus, forgive him, and make him be good,"
Prayed Jeanie, the darling, and did what she could.

The day before Christmas nor cedar, nor pine,
Nor red-berried holly had Jeanie to twine.
"You may hang up your stocking," her Auntie had said.
But not of herself mused the fair drooping head.
Her swift little fingers were aching to sew
On something for Mother; but hours would go,
While Auntie thought nothing of presents to make,
And the fond little heart felt as though it would break.

"At least," she concluded, "I'll do what I can:
My Father would say 'twas a beautiful plan:
I'll give my best things to some child who has none,
And I'll not even save the prettiest one.
I'll go out with my gifts now, and make some one glad,
And then perhaps Jesus will see that I'm sad,
And show me the way to my Father and Mother,
And help them to find, where he's hidden, my brother."

In her warm Mother Hubbard and cunning gray poke,
A mite of a thing in the hat and the cloak,
With a doll in her arm, and a basket quite full,
She tripped in to Auntie, just home from a school
Where poor little children were brought from the street,
And fed, and taught verses, and given a treat
On the bright Christmas-eve. Now Auntie was tired;
The day had not gone as she planned and desired.
So, scarcely attending to what Jeanie asked,
In the glow of the grate as she cozily basked,
"Yes, run away, little one," quickly she said,
"But be back before tea," and away Jeanie sped.

She knew where, far up on a steep winding stair,
A poor crippled Hetty no pleasures could share,
Save what from her window she caught as they passed—
Procession or pageant moving too fast.
"I never," mused Jeanie, with face growing grave,
And brown eyes with look burning earnest and brave—
"I never had 'sperience' of trouble before,
And here's Hetty can not step out of the door;
I'll give her my dolly, my own precious child."
At the stair foot she kissed it, then cried, and then smiled,
Climbed up to the attic—she knew it, you see;
For Mother had been there in days that were free
From the "sperience" of trouble; flashed in like a beam
Of gay winter sunshine; flashed out like a dream;
And Hetty with rapture was clasping a doll
That could walk and could laugh and a ditty could troll.

'Twas gathering dusk, and beginning to snow,
And the small Mother Hubbard skipped quick to and fro—
Slipped over the sidewalk, and tried a blithe race—
Such fun!—with the white floating feathers to chase.
Her basket was heavy, so, one at a time,
She dropped little gifts, caring not for the grime
Of the poor beggar's hand, thinking only to please
These children who looked as if ready to freeze.

There was left in her basket one treasure most dear:
To make it had taken her more than a year.
And now it was dark, but the streets were ablaze,
And crowded with shoppers, and scarce through the maze,
In the fast-growing gloom, could Jeanie proceed.
She *must* give the bright scrap-book to some one in need
Of pictures and stories and verses so sweet.
The gay dancing measure went out of her feet,
For Jeanie was weary, and deep was the snow.
Alas! tea was over, oh, long, long ago.
And Auntie, now frightened, sent this way and that
For a wee Mother Hubbard and Greenaway hat.
And neighbors were searching, and soon the police
Would be hunting a child with a soft golden fleece
And eager brown eyes, through the cold and the storm.
Oh! where could be loitering the dear little form?

Meanwhile little Jeanie had come to a place
Where the yellow lamps flared on full many a face
With homesickness written in every hard line.
There were women with brows that were patient and fine,
And rosy-cheeked girls, cheery, honest, and true,
Who would shrink from no labor their hands found to do;
There were old men, with beards that hung low on the
breast,
And lads looking forth to the green ample West;
There were flaxen-haired babies and children blue-eyed,
In shawls and odd kerchiefs that primly were tied,
And Jeanie looked round for the one who should fold
To her bosom the book that was better than gold.

Such a tiny, quaint woman she picked from the throng,
A child with a face that was gleeful and strong.
"Merry Christmas!" cried Jeanie, and gave her the book.
Then right in her eyes saw so happy a look
That she pressed through the crowd, lest the chance she should
miss,
And with arms round her neck, gave the stranger a kiss.

"All aboard!" rang the order. With hurry and rout
Were the travellers marshalled, spectators sent out.
"All aboard!" rang the shout, then were whistles amain,
And steamed from the station the emigrant train.
And somehow, hand clasped in the dear Norway girl's,
The pretty hat crushed o'er the cloud of her curls,
Little Jeanie went too, with a heart throbbing fast,
And a passionate feeling of freedom at last,
Quite sure it was Jesus had led her along,
And made her a place in this strange-speaking throng.
"Dear Saviour!" she whispered, with lowly bent head—
There was no place to kneel, nor the sign of a bed—
"Please keep me all safe, like a lamb of Thy fold;
Please think of my name when the names are all told,
And take me, I pray, to my father and mother
To-morrow, and help us find Tom, my dear brother!"

Then, softly and safely—for Jesus would keep
The dear trustful child—she fell soundly asleep;
And Gretchen's mamma, seeing some great mistake,
Such care as she could then decided to take;
And covered her snugly till night wore its way
To the dawn of the Christmas—earth's holiest day.
I think, on this night the bright angels above
Recall in their music that errand of love
When the hills of Judea were kindled to flame,
And heaven taught earth to repeat the blest Name
Of the mighty Redeemer, the conquering One,
Divine and eternal, yet Mary's fair Son.

Little Jean slept all night, and when morning had broke,
By signs to a uniformed man Gretchen spoke,
And Gretchen's mamma; and with angry surprise
He fastened on Jeanie a keen pair of eyes.
The dress, the distinction, the bright little face
In this rabble of peasants he knew had no place.
Yet tenderly, too (he'd a child of his own),
He lifted her up, and with arm round her thrown,
Said: "Where did you come from? Who are you, my
dear?

I see you are lost, but pray who brought you here?"

"I think it was Jesus," the little one said.
 "I am going out West"—with a nod of her head.
 "It's Christmas, you know, and I'm going to Mother
 And Father, and maybe to Tom, my big brother."

"Well! well!" said the man, very crusty and cross,
 But he carried her high on his shoulder; "a loss
 Like this was enough just to drive her folks wild,"
 He muttered. "They should have looked after the child."

The train slackened speed, and went slowly, and stopped,
 And here little Jean at a station was dropped.
 Her friend said "Good-by," and a telegram sent,
 Which ere long gave Auntie a moment's content.
 Then people came round, as the train whirled away,
 And Jeanie stood sobbing, the morn was so gray,
 And she was so lonesome and hungry and cold,
 Her hair was so tangled; the bitter tears rolled
 Down her cheeks one by one, a forlorn little waif.
 And still the dear Saviour was keeping her safe.

For suddenly, swift from an incoming car
 Rushed a lady whose face was as pure as a star,
 And caught little Jean, Mother Hubbard and all,
 And kissed her, and wondered, and wrapped a great shawl
 Round the shivering figure. "My daughter, you here?
 Where's Auntie, and where did you come from, my dear?"
 And Father was there, oh, so strong and so tall!
 And straightway the child forgot terror, and all
 Her sadness and trouble, and laughed out in cheer:
 "Merry Christmas has come. I'm so glad you are here.
 I was going to look for you, Father and Mother,
 I thought I could help you to search for my brother."

Ah! how they had chafed at the weary delay,
 Which had kept them *en route* until dawned Christmas-day!
 And now they thanked God that their steps had been led
 To Jeanie, unhurt in a hair of her head.

'Twas a change to be whisked to a drawing-room car,
 Through great sunny windows to gaze out afar,
 Over white fields of snow, over bridges and streams,
 While people and houses rushed past her like dreams;
 And Father found somewhere a sweet Paris doll
 That was almost as lovely as Hetty's; and all
 That she said, Mother answered with gentle caress,
 Or a look that made up for a month of distress.
 And just as the twilight fell murky and gray,
 They came to the end of this wonderful day.
 And reaching home, Auntie, as pale as a ghost,
 Cried: "Jean, of all children, you've worried me most.
 I told you, I'm certain, to stay by the door;
 And here you've been flying the country half o'er."

Many days onward passed, and from Tom came no word;
 But Jeanie felt sure that her prayers would be heard,
 And that Christ, when He saw that such answer was best,
 Would bring home the fugitive lost in the West.

In a little log house on a prairie's green rim
 Death struggled with life for a youth in whose dim
 Sunken eyes a fierce fever to ashes had burned,
 And life turned the scale; and, oh, wildly he yearned
 For a look, for a thought, of the far-away home,
 Neglected and scorned, he had fled from to roam
 With the vile and the wicked, in sin and in shame,
 Insulting the Saviour, forgetting His name.

A kind hand had tended him; motherly care
 Had given him nursing. A child, grave and fair,
 With patience had sat by his side for long hours,
 And sometimes she brought him sweet grasses and flowers;
 And one day, from folds of soft linen, she took
 Her treasure of treasures, a wonderful book.
 "You may see it," she said, in her soft broken speech.
 "Be careful; don't hurt it.—Ach! why!" for a screech,
 Shrill, frightened—a scream in a sob that was lost—
 Came quick from the bed, and the wan hands were crossed,
 As over a relic of saint at a shrine,
 On a name written bold o'er a faint pencilled line.
 It was, "Jeanie, Tom's sister." Beneath it were these
 Simple words—how they hurt him!—"Dear Lord, if you please,
 Make Tom to be good; bring him home to our Mother;
 And, oh, for Christ's sake, let us love one another!"

This Christmas, if you at our Jeanie should peep,
 You would see in her hands, at her side, a bright heap
 Of playthings for Hetty, of games and of toys
 For her pensioners cheery, the small ragged boys.

A remote cabin home has received a great box,
 Which the key in dear Gretchen's long letter unlocks.
 There's a cap for mamma, there are mittens and hood,
 And a wonderful book from the "little one good
 Who travelled that eve on the emigrant train,
 Whom the Christ-child took care of, as all might see plain."

With hundreds of gay-colored tapers ablaze,
 Jean's Christmas tree shines, while they carol their praise,
 Tom, Father and Mother, and dear little girl,
 To Him whose white banner 'tis bliss to unfurl—
 To Jesus, who came when the Bethlehem star
 Sent silvery beams to the nations afar;
 To Jesus, whom Mary, the mother so sweet,
 Held close while the Wise Men were bowed at His feet;
 To Jesus, the mighty, the conquering One,
 Divine and eternal, yet Mary's fair Son.

THE CRUST OF THE CHRISTMAS PIE.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

I.

ONLY to look at the Butternut-hill Farm-house one
 would know that the merriest of Christmases were
 to be found under its broad roof. The chimney was built
 on the outside of the house, as if by way of special invita-
 tion to Santa Claus, and it was a huge one, so his portly
 little person could not be squeezed and nipped, as it must
 too often be in the narrow chimneys built nowadays.

Of course there were children there: a house could not
 be expected to look Christmas-like without children. The
 four who lived there were orphans, the children of Grand-
 ma Wetherell's only daughter; they were all boys—John-
 ny and Dave, Thanny and little Peter. They made things
 lively all the year round, but when Christmas came, and
 with it Uncle John's three boys and three girls, Uncle
 Roger's four boys, and Uncle Peter's one girl—when they
 all came, although Grandma declared that she liked it, she
 kept bits of cotton to stuff into her ears. As for Grand-
 pa, he didn't mind the noise in the least; in fact, Grandma
 said he made as much as the boys.

There was something about *this* Christmas that Johnny
 and Dave and Thanny and little Peter didn't understand;
 that was why Grandpa and Grandma seemed to think so
 much about them. Usually they were somewhat cast
 into the shade by the grandchildren whom Grandpa and
 Grandma saw only once or twice in the year, but now
 Grandpa must have one of them always on his knee, and
 Thanny had been awakened in the night by Grandma,
 who kissed little Peter and him as if she could never let
 them go, and dropped a tear on Thanny's nose.

Another mysterious thing was that Uncle Peter was al-
 ways having private talks with Grandpa and Grandma,
 which made Grandma look as if she had been crying, and
 Grandpa blow his nose very hard. Once, when the door
 was accidentally opened, Thanny heard Uncle Peter say,
 "Now that you have promised to let me have one, it only
 remains to decide which it shall be."

"The sorrel colts, probably," thought Thanny. He had
 heard Uncle Peter say he would like to have one, but he
 could not see why that should make Grandpa and Grand-
 ma feel so badly.

However, Santa Claus was coming, and he would set
 everything to rights. Thanny had unbounded faith in
 Santa Claus. And there was not long to wait now; it
 was the very day before Christmas.

Cynthy, the maid-of-all-work, was making the Christ-
 mas pudding. She always made it the day before Christ-
 mas, and warmed it over in the oven. Grandma was busy
 with the Christmas pie. She always made the pie herself;
 she was not willing to trust it to anybody else. The
 plumpest chickens and the flakiest crust went to the mak-
 ing of that pie. Uncle Peter had followed Grandma into
 the kitchen.

"You must decide which one it shall be, Mother," said



"OH, ANDY, IT IS TOO FAR AWAY."

Uncle Peter, laying down the rolling-pin, with which he had been playing. "I must go home the day after tomorrow, and want to take him with me, whoever it is. Consider the advantage to him."

"We are able to do for them all," said Grandma, holding her head very straight, although her voice trembled.

"But the one you give me will be an only son. My means are abundant, and having only Polly to care for—"

"Any one of them would be heart-broken to leave the farm," said Grandma.

"Oh, he would soon get over that. I have a farm now to take him to in summer, you know. And I think you ought to consider Polly; the poor girl is so lonesome. On her account, I would rather have Johnny; he is nearest her age."

"Oh, my Johnny!" gasped Grandma—"my frank, brave, handsome Johnny! His mother was so fond of him! I can't let him go."

"Oh, well, say Dave, then: I want you to suit yourself," said Uncle Peter.

"Dave! Oh, Peter, he is so serious and practical and manly. Your father and I depend on him even now. You mustn't ask us to spare Dave!" Although Grandma's voice was appealing, it had a ring of decision.

"We will say Thanny, then," said Uncle Peter. "He is a little rogue, but, on the whole, I am as fond of him as of any one of them."

"He is full of mischief, Peter. Your father and I feel as if we must keep him with us, because other people might not have so much patience with him, and—and he's so lovable. He's the most tender-hearted and affectionate of them all. I couldn't, Peter"—Grandma was weeping now—"I couldn't let Thanny go."

"Well, the baby is a little fellow, but he is named for me, and I will take him if you can't spare any of the others."

"Little Peter! My son, what are you thinking of?

His mother left him to my especial care when she was dying. Why, he is only a baby now. Nobody shall take little Peter from me."

Uncle Peter walked across the room impatiently.

"I don't like to distress you. I am not hard-hearted, Mother," he said, "but you and Father both agreed that it was better that I should take one of the boys, and adopt him as my own. You are growing old, and four boys are too many for you to take care of, and I want a son."

"I didn't think it would be so hard," said Grandma, wiping her eyes. "But I suppose it must be so."

"Perhaps the best way to decide which it shall be would be to leave it to chance—to draw lots, or something of that kind," said Uncle Peter.

"That's what Cynthia calls tempting Providence," said Grandma.

"It seems to be the only way to decide the matter," said Uncle Peter. "Here is a gold piece that I will drop into the pie crust. Make a small pie, only for the four boys, and the one who gets the gold piece I will adopt as my son."

Grandma choked a little, and said it was too much like a lottery;

she didn't approve of it; but when Uncle Peter pressed her again to decide which it should be, she concluded to leave it to chance, as he proposed. Poor Grandma! it was at least putting off the evil day.

Uncle Peter dropped the gold piece into the dough, and the pie was made, and Cynthia put it into the oven, with a lump in her throat that made her feel, as she said, as if she had swallowed the rolling-pin. And that pie bubbled and baked and browned along with the other pies in the most matter-of-fact way, just as if a boy's fate were not hidden in its crust. And it wasn't, either, as Grandma said to herself, consolingly. The great merciful Providence was watching over all, and nothing could come by chance.

II.

Christmas was coming in the city as well as at Butter-nut-hill Farm. Hurriman & Bustell's great dry-goods shop was filled with Christmas shoppers, a hurrying, jostling throng, all in league with Santa Claus. Cash 43 heard himself called for in so many different directions that he fairly lost his head, and spun round and round like a top, trying to answer all the calls at once; and then the floor-walker, a very pompous man, whose frown made all the clerks and cashes quake, took him by the collar and shook him roughly, and threatened to discharge him.

Poor Cash 43! He was a very little fellow for his age, but he had a big head, made to look bigger by a shock of red hair that *would* stand upright, and very big hands and feet, and a gruff voice like a man's, and his name was Andrew Jackson.

He was a country boy, born and bred on a farm. His father and mother had died within a month of each other, and the farm had been sold for taxes. He had tried to find work in the village, but he was told that "nobody in the country wanted to hire a boy who wasn't bigger than a pint of cider, and he had better go to the city." So he and his little sister Phemie had come to the city.

But, alas! Andy found that there too it was expected of boys to be large and strong. They had nobody to help them; the only relatives they had lived away out West, and although they wrote sympathizing letters, and each one expressed the opinion that some other one ought to take care of the children, nobody offered to do it. Andy and Phemie had to go hungry before Andy obtained the situation in Hurriman & Bustell's shop; and so he was trying his very best to be a good cash boy. But it did seem as if the harder he tried, the more awkward and confused he became.

Christmas meant but little to Andy and Phemie this year, only an added sense of homelessness and want, and recollections of merry Christmas-times at Swallow Farm, the dear home they might never see again, and such crowds and confusion in the store, that, try as he might, Andy could not help becoming bewildered.

It was the day before Christmas. All day long the impatient crowd of buyers had surged and jostled through the store, and more than once had Andy spun round like a top, hearing "Cash 43!" shouted impatiently and angrily from a dozen different directions. But he had done better than usual, and was thinking gladly that night would come soon, and he should have his week's pay, and besides paying the woman who boarded them—giving them a share of the little attic room where her four children slept—he should still have enough left to buy an orange, or an apple, or some candy—a little bit of Christmas—for Phemie.

Poor Andy! he was thinking of that, when he stumbled, and trod upon the foot of a lady, who uttered a piercing shriek, and in his fright he fell against the counter and knocked a costly vase, with other Christmas knickknacks which stood there, on to the floor, where they were dashed to pieces.

"Get out of the store!" shouted the floor-walker, in a rage. "You have done more mischief than you are worth. Never show yourself here again."

In a moment more Andy found himself in the street. He dared not ask for his week's wages, for he knew that the vase he had broken was worth much more than that, and he must go home to Phemie, and to the woman whom he owed for board, and who was almost as poor as they, without a penny!

"Put your things on, Phemie; we must go away," he said, as Phemie came running to meet him.

"Oh, Andy, are we going to Christmas?" cried Phemie, who thought that, since it was Christmas, something good must happen to them, and in the midst of cold and hunger had had dreams of Santa Claus and Christmas trees.

Andy choked down the great ball in his throat, and reminded himself that he was a man, and must comfort and cheer Phemie, who was "only a girl," and he answered, as cheerfully as he could, "Perhaps so."

Phemie had implicit faith in Andy, and she danced eagerly along before him, filled with sudden hope. After all, it was going to be Christmas, just as it used to be at Swallow Farm.

Their few possessions Andy left behind for the landlady; they would do something toward paying her what they owed; and out into the cold, snowy Christmas world he and Phemie went, homeless, friendless, penniless.

At first Phemie stopped at all the shop

windows, decked with Christmas greenery, and displaying small Santa Clauses laden with tempting gifts; but it was not long before they began to get beyond the region of shops. There was a chilly wind, and snow was beginning to fall. Andy still walked steadily onward, but Phemie's feet began to lag.

"Where are we going, Andy?" she asked over and over again.

"I thought if we went out into the country we might be more likely to find Santa Claus," said Andy at last, as they came to a region where the houses were far apart, and snowy fields stretched away on either hand. "I think people are kinder than they are in the city, and if we should find a farm-house, they might let us stay over Christmas. Perhaps we may come to Swallow Farm."

"Oh, Andy, it is too far away, and strangers are there now! I am so cold and tired and hungry! Do let us go back! It is growing dark."

Andy's heart was full of despair, and his brain was in a whirl. His overstrained nerves were beginning to give way. He felt as if he should like to sink down in the snow and die, and so find his mother and Swallow Farm. But, for Phemie's sake, he must not give up.

"Only a little ways farther, Phemie. Do you see that big house with the lights in the windows? It looks as if they had Christmas there, and Santa Claus, and everything nice. See what a big chimney!"

"But they wouldn't let us stay; we shouldn't dare to ask them," said Phemie, who had tears frozen on her cheeks—a sight which cut Andy to the heart.

He thought he should dare to ask them for Phemie's sake; but when he tried to take hold of the brass knocker,



"WHO'S LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?"

which had a dragon's head upon it, looking very fierce and forbidding, his hands and his heart failed him.

"Perhaps we can get into the barn without anybody knowing it," said Phemie, whose courage seemed also to be affected by the dragon. "There would be hay, and it would be warm."

They tried the barn door, and found it unfastened. There was nobody inside, and they stowed themselves away in the hay, and it was warm—warmer at least than it was out-of-doors. Phemie soon fell asleep, and Andy took his coat off and covered her with it. He lay awake a long time, thinking of Christmas at Swallow Farm, and of the story his mother used to tell him of the Blessed Babe that God sent to the world on the first Christmas night. But he felt as if that did not mean anything to Phemie and him, now God seemed to have forgotten them. Even Christmas, which the Christ-child had brought, was for boys and girls who had parents and homes! At last he forgot his troubles in sleep.

Something awakened Phemie. It was either a mistaken rooster that thought it was Christmas morning, and uttered a spirited cock-a-doodle-doo very near her ear, or else a sound of Christmas merriment from the house. She sat up and listened. The barn was connected with the house by some out-buildings, and there seemed to be doors open. She could hear bursts of laughter, and the sound of music and dancing. It was Christmas! Probably Santa Claus had come, and there might be a Christmas tree.

It was too tantalizing to be out there in the loneliness and darkness without so much as one little peep at the Christmas fun. Through a chink in some door far down the passageway, Phemie could see light. She stole softly out, and peeped through the chink.

After a while she slipped into the kitchen: the sounds were so attractive that she could not help it; she thought she could easily escape if she heard anybody coming.

Once in the kitchen, she could catch a glimpse, through the long hall and the parlor's open door, of the green boughs of the Christmas tree, all alight with tapers and gay with beautiful gifts. It was no wonder that, having ventured so far, Phemie stole on tiptoe through the hall, and peeped slyly in at the parlor door. Nobody saw her. Everybody was intent upon the gifts which Santa Claus was taking from the tree. Santa Claus himself! it really must be, thought Phemie; the jolliest-looking little fellow imaginable, with red cheeks, a frosty-looking nose, a big pack on his back, and smudges of soot, which he must have got on in coming down the chimney!

Phemie forgot herself, and uttered a low cry of delight and admiration! Everybody saw her then—a very queer-looking little figure, with Andy's old coat around her, and her hair full of wisps of hay. There was a chorus of exclamations then, and Phemie shrank back affrighted.

But Santa Claus approached her with such a kindly, beaming face, that she was re-assured, and he gave her a big horn filled with candy.

"Whose little girl are you?" he asked.

"I am yours, if you are Santa Claus. I don't belong to anybody else," said Phemie, remembering that she had heard that all children were in Santa Claus's care.

"Where did you come from, child?" asked Grandma Wetherell, putting her hand kindly on Phemie's head.

"We came to find Christmas. We didn't have any," explained Phemie. "We thought it looked here as if you had, but we didn't dare to come in, so we went into the barn to get out of the cold and snow. Andy is asleep there now."

"Poor children! poor children!" said Grandpa; and sent Lysander to bring Andy in from the barn.

"We used to have Christmases when we lived at home, at Swallow Farm," said Phemie.

"Swallow Farm, in Bloomfield? I know that place!" said Santa Claus.

"Yes, sir," said Phemie, "you used to come there. We never saw you, but we used to find the things you brought."

Santa Claus threw back his head, and laughed, as if he were very much pleased.

Andy had been suddenly awakened, and he looked frightened at first, but everybody was so kind and so merry, and Santa Claus found so many gifts for Phemie and him on the Christmas tree, that he began to feel as if he were really at home, and almost forgot that to-morrow might find them homeless and friendless again.

When the time came that the clock struck a great many strokes, and the children's heads began to nod, Grandma Wetherell tucked Andy and Phemie into cozy little beds, and kissed them, just as she did her own grandchildren. It was, oh, so much better than the barn!

But there was one thing that was confusing and a little disappointing to Phemie. Thanny, who had become very confidential with Andy, told him that he had discovered that Santa Claus was only Uncle Peter dressed up.

"I wonder what he meant about Swallow Farm, then?" said Phemie, when Andy told her.

"He has bought Swallow Farm. It belongs to him. But he is only going to live there in summer; so we shouldn't have found Christmas if we had got there."

"Oh, Andy, aren't you glad we came here?"

"Yes, I am," said Andy; but still there was a sore spot in his heart as he thought of Swallow Farm, which he might never see again.

III.

They woke to as bright a Christmas morning as one could wish to see, and everybody treated them just as if they belonged there, and Grandpa found sleds and skates for them, and sent them out-of-doors with the others, and not one of the children was happier than Phemie. But Andy could not help wondering where in the wide world they should go to-morrow!

In the mean time Grandma and Cynthy were getting the dinner ready—poor Grandma, who never in her life had prepared a Christmas dinner with so sore a heart!

"Grandma, if it's about the thorrel colts that you feel tho badly, Uncle Peter tha'n't have either of them, tho he tha'n't!" whispered Thanny in her ear, giving her a hug, as he ran off with his skates.

"Dear child! he would be heart-broken if he knew how much more than the sorrel colts Uncle Peter wants to carry away," said Grandma, wiping away a tear.

She had more tears to wipe away as she set the Christmas pie—the fateful pie with Uncle Peter's gold coin baked in its crust—on the end of the table where her four little boys were to sit.

"Thanny doesn't love his crusts," she said to herself. "Cynthy must never scold again because Thanny doesn't eat his crusts. And little Peter knows I don't like to have him eat rich pie crust like this. Johnny has so good an appetite he will eat his; and Dave—I never knew Dave to leave his crusts! But God will choose rightly. There is no such thing as chance in His providence, and whoever Peter has will be well taken care of—not like these poor little wanderers that God sent to us on Christmas-eve."

The children came from their play to dinner, and Andy sat beside Thanny, and Phemie beside Polly, and did not feel themselves strangers.

Grandma tried to look cheerful, but her eyes would wander to her four boys, merrily eating their Christmas pie.

They all seemed to have good appetites. Little Peter had forgotten that his grandmother didn't like to have him eat pie crust; Johnny and Dave certainly did not scorn it; Thanny—but Thanny was behind a tall dish, and Grandma could not see whether he ate his crust. Neither did she hear him say to Andy: "Do you like pie crutht? I dethpithe it, but they thold me for leaving it."

"I'll eat it for you," said Andy, out of pure good fel-

lowship, for, if the truth were told, he was not very fond of crust.

Everybody heard the exclamation that Andy uttered a moment after that. He arose from his seat, pale with amazement, holding up the gold coin. "I found it in my mouth; it must have been in the pie crust," he said.

"Thath what you get by being tho good ath to eat another fellow'th crutht for him!" exclaimed Thanny.

"Peter!" said Grandma, solemnly, although she had to choke down a sob in her throat—"Peter, *you* chose the way, but the Lord's hand has been in it!"

Uncle Peter looked at Andy's honest, manly little face, then around at the four other boys; then *he* seemed to be choking down something in his throat. "It shall be so, mother," he said. "We'll make that arrangement about the sorrel colts. Andy, how would you like to be my boy, and live part of the year at Swallow Farm?"

Andy only *looked*; that was answer enough. But in a moment he said, "If Phemie could go too!"

Uncle Peter had a big heart naturally. Then, too, it may have expanded under Santa Claus's clothes, which he had worn the night before. Certainly the spirit of Christmas was in it.

"Polly would like a sister, I know. Phemie *shall* come too," said Uncle Peter.

"You're not going to take either of the thorrel colth, are you, Uncle Peter?" said Thanny, who didn't altogether understand matters, but wanted to be sure that Grandma was not to be made unhappy.

"No; they're mischievous fellows," said Uncle Peter. "If Grandma wants the trouble of them, she had better keep them."

So everybody was happy. Andy and Phemie looked into each other's faces, and Phemie whispered, "Oh, Andy, Christmas has come to *stay*!"

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER V.

COMFORT IN A LOG CABIN.

THE pain of this farewell did not long cloud their faces. Tug and Jim had had no luncheon, and were growing anxious for something to eat. Down at the mouth of the river stood a small cabin, often occupied in early spring by the sportsmen who went for a day's duck-shooting in the great marshes that spread right and left on both sides of the stream. It was buried among big cottonwood and sycamore trees, and was pretty snug. Besides, it had a fire-place, into which somebody had stuck a long iron bolt pulled out of some bit of wreckage on the beach, and which served as a great convenience in the rude cooking of the sportsmen.

At this cabin our party proposed to spend the first night. They thought it would be an easy letting down from sleeping in their beds at home to the tenting they feared they might have to do afterward. Katy had been the one to suggest this, and Tug had earnestly supported the idea.

"Things don't seem so hard when they come upon you gradually, as the kind-hearted man said when he cut off his dog's tail a little piece at a time, so the pup wouldn't mind it."

The sun was just disappearing straight up the river behind them as the cabin came in sight; and before its half-closed door

"All bloody lay the untrodden snow,"

as Kate exclaimed, misquoting her Hohenlinden to suit the red glow of the rich evening light.

"Hurrah for supper!" screamed Jim; and with an extra spurt they swung the boat up to the bank.

A little sweeping with a broom made of an alder branch cleared the cabin of the snow that had blown into the cracks and fallen down the mud and stone chimney. This done, Aleck called to them to listen to his first orders, which he had written down in a note-book, and now read as follows:

"CAPTAIN'S ORDER NO. 1.—Any order given by the Captain must be obeyed by the person to whom it is addressed, unless his reason for not doing so will not keep till camping-time; merely *not liking* the duty is no excuse.

"CAPTAIN'S ORDER NO. 2.—The Captain will say when and where camp shall be made, and immediately upon stopping to camp the duties of each person shall be taken up as follows: the Captain shall secure the boat, get out the tent, and proceed to set it up; Tug shall take the axe and get fuel for the fire; Kate shall see to the building of the fire and the preparation of food; Jim shall help Kate, particularly in carrying articles needed, and in getting water; and all, when these special duties are finished, shall report to the Captain for further duty.

"CAPTAIN'S ORDER NO. 3.—Any complaints or suggestions must be made in council, which will commence after camp work is completed and supper is over, and not before."

"There," said Aleck, "do you agree to that?"

"Yes—agreed!" shouted three voices in chorus.

"Then pitch in, all of you; you know your work."

At this Tug seized the axe, Aleck and Jim went to the sledge, and Katy began to kindle a little blaze on the hearth with some bits of dry wood she found lying about, so that when Tug had brought an armful of sticks, a good fire was quickly crackling. Then the iron pot, full of water, was hung upon the old spike, where the blaze began curling around its three little black feet in a most loving way.

"Jimkin," called the girl to her brother, who was gazing with delight at the bright fire—"Jimkin, bring me all those paper packages at the stern of the boat, and be careful of the white one—it's eggs."

"I guess there won't be much tent to set up to-night, Aleck," he remarked, as he found the Captain, who had hauled the sledge well up on the bank and tied it securely to a tree, now busy in dragging out the sail.

"No," was the reply, "but the canvas 'll come handy. Tell Tug I say he'd better get a big heap of wood together, for we're going to have a cold night. The wind has turned to the north, and is rising."

When he had taken the canvas up to the cabin he called Jim to help him, and they brought in the "mess chest," the rolls of bedding, and the piece of spare canvas which had covered the prow. Then telling Jim to take the little sled which had been dragged behind the boat, and haul to the door the wood Tug had cut among the trees not far away, Aleck seized the shovel and began heaping snow against the northern side of the house, where there were many cracks between the lower logs. But his hard work to shut them up in this way seemed to be in vain, for the wind, which was blowing harder and harder every minute, whisked the snow away about as fast as he was able to pile it up. Kate, stepping out to see what he was about, came to his rescue with a happy thought.

"I read in Dr. Kane's book of arctic travels that when they make houses of snow they throw water on them, which freezes, and holds them firm and tight. Couldn't you do that here? It's cold enough to freeze anything."

Aleck thought he could, and bidding Kate go back to her fireside, he called the other boys to help him; then, while Jim stuffed the cracks with snow, Aleck and Tug alternately brought water from a hole cut in the river ice,



SUPPER IN THE LOG CABIN.

and dashed it against the chinking. Some of the water splashed through, and a good deal was tossed back in their faces and benumbed their hands, so that it was hard, cold work; but before long a crust had formed over the snow-stuffed cracks, and Katy came to the door to say that she couldn't feel a draught anywhere. The roof was pretty good, and when, tired and hungry, but warm with their exercise (except as to their toes and fingers), the three lads went in and shut the door, they found their quarters very snug, and didn't mind how loud the gale howled among the trees outside. Rex especially seemed to enjoy it, curling down at the corner of the fire-place as though very much at home.

Meanwhile Katy bustled about, setting out plates, knives, and forks on the top of the mess chest, which she had covered with the clean white paper in which her packages had been wrapped. She had put eight eggs to boil in the kettle, which were now done, and were carefully fished out, while the coffee-pot was bubbling on the coals, and letting fragrant jets of steam escape from under the loosely fitting cover. A cut loaf of bread lay on the table, and beside it a tumbler of currant jelly, "as sure as I'm a Dutchman"—which was Tug's favorite way of putting a truth very strongly indeed, though he wasn't that kind of a man at all. The eagerness to taste this sweetmeat brought out the melancholy fact that by some accident there was only one spoon in the whole kit.

"We'll fix that all right this evening," Aleck remarked. "I'll whittle wooden ones out of sycamore."

"Shall I broil some mutton-chops, or will you save those for breakfast?"

"Broil 'em now," cried Jim.

"Hold your opinion, youngster, till your elders are heard," was Tug's rejoinder. "I vote we save 'em."

"So do I."

"And I."

"Done," says Captain Aleck. "Give us the chops for breakfast, Miss Housekeeper."

"Then supper's all ready," she said, and took her seat on a stick of wood, pouring and passing the coffee, while the eggs and the bread and butter went round. By the time the meal was finished it had become dark, but this did not matter, since there was no need to go out-of-doors.

"How shall I wash the dishes?" asked Katy, with a comical grin, as she rose from the table. "I couldn't bring a big pan."

"Well," suggested Aleck, "you can clean out your kettle, refill it with water—Jim, there's business for you—and then wash them in that."

"That's a matter never bothered me much when I was camping," added Tug, dryly. "I just scrubbed the plates with a wisp of grass, and cleaned the knives and forks by jabbing 'em into the ground a few times."

While the dishes were washing, Aleck opened the tent bundle, and laid the mast across two pegs that somebody had driven into the north wall of the room just under the ceiling beams, perhaps to hang fishing-poles on. Then, with Tug's aid, he tied to the mast the inner hem of the sail-cloth, which thus hung against the loose wall like a big curtain, shutting out every draught.

"That's splendid," cried Katy, watching them from the end of the room where the fire was.

"So is *this*," came a voice from overhead, making them all look up in surprise.

Jim, unnoticed by any one, had clambered into the loft, which had been floored over about two-thirds of the room only, and who was now thrusting his red face down through the hatchway.

"What do you think I've found?"

"Give it up. I knew of a man who died after asking conundrums all his life," answered Tug, gravely, "and I've fought shy of 'em since."

"Tell us at once, Jimkin," called out Aleck.

"*Straw*," shouted Jim.

"Pshaw!" was the next rejoinder heard.

"No rhymes, Katy," Aleck admonished. "Is it clean, youngster?"

"Cleaner than he is, I should say, by his face," said Tug, and with some reason, for the loft was dusty.

"Don't know. You can see for yourself," and down came a great yellow armful.

It was pounced upon, and, proving dry and fresh, the delighted Jim was ordered to send down all he could find, which was laid on the floor, not far from the fire, and covered with the spare canvas. This made a soft sort of mattress, upon which each one could spread his blankets, and sleep with great comfort.

"Sha'n't have so good a bed as this another night," groaned Aleck.

"Can't tell—maybe better!" said the cheerful Tug.

The warmest end was set apart for Katy, and Aleck fixed a little frame, covered with a newspaper curtain, which separated her from the other three, who were to sleep side by side. These preparations made, the fire was heaped high with fresh wood, and then the little quartette took their ease before it, and had a quiet talk over the busy day, and what they would see probably on the morrow. Aleck said something about being able to travel by the compass in case they got caught in a snow-storm, which was what he dreaded the most, when Jim asked him to explain the compass to him, leaving Katy's side and going over to where his big brother was lying on his elbow. The girl, thus deserted, went to the valise in which she kept her small articles, and came back with a book.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



GUY KELTON'S SHOVEL.

A Christmas Story.

BY KATHARINE R. McDOWELL.

I.

"THE first real good chance I've had to use my present!" exclaimed Guy Kelton, as he looked out of his window one morning in January, delighted to find that the snow had fallen during the night, and was still fast coming down. "Now, Nita"—as he met his sister a while after on the stairs—"don't let me forget to write Uncle Robert a letter to-night, for when he gave me the shovel I promised to send him an account of the first storm I should use it in."

"It seems almost too pretty to use," said Anita, admiringly, as they were standing together in the hall after breakfast, Guy putting on his things. "Let's take a good look at it, for 'twill never be so bright again. It's different from most shovels," she continued, half questioningly, as her brother tugged at his boots—"see; larger at this end, to make room for your initials, perhaps. How they seem to stand out, Guy! I wonder if I could tell what they are from the library windows?"

"Of course you could," answered Guy: "the letters are so dark; and then their being on the light wood makes them still plainer; but sit in the window anyway, Nita, and watch how I get along. This is the shovel's first day in the world, and it must make itself a name."

Anita ran laughingly for her fancy-work; then seated herself where she could see Guy whenever she raised her eyes from her work.

There he was, hallooing to attract her attention as he plunged the new shovel into the snow, and half staggered into the road with its burden.

"How is that for a beginning?" he called; and Anita waved her work high in the air in token of her approval.

The shovel, with its pretty initials, and bright lines of color running down the handle, seemed on the high-road to making for itself a name in the world, were one to judge from the white mass that was growing in the road, and fast lessening on the sidewalk.

But the little sister was not the only one who seemed interested in Guy's progress. A boy stood near the steps—a boy of about Guy's age, but there all resemblance ceased—a thinly clad, half-starved lad, who was rubbing his purple hands and stamping his benumbed feet as he kept his eyes fixed on Guy.

"Of course he wouldn't let me," he muttered. "He might, though, if it wasn't such a beauty. I've a mind to ask him, anyway," and he half stepped forward. "But no; I don't dare"—as he resumed his old position.

"Strange that that fellow should hang around so," thought Guy. "I should think he'd go to work. Any one can shovel snow, and he could earn a good round sum such a day as this, instead of wasting his time staring at me."

But still the boy watched him, and when Guy, having finished his work, set the shovel against the railing, he met the same steady gaze.

"Have you ever shovelled any?" Guy at length inquired, as he rounded a snow-ball to send against the window where Anita sat, as a signal that his work was done.

"Have I?—just let me show you," was the answer, as a ragged sleeve stretched toward the shovel.

Guy hesitated, but for a moment only, and in another the boy had the shovel, and was in the road tossing the feathery flakes far away.

"Bravo!" called Guy, watching him plunge into the mass of snow already heaped; "how you make it fly! Why, I believe you could have cleaned this walk in quarter the time it has taken me. Why don't you get a shovel and make your fortune?"

The face that had brightened at Guy's praise fell again at his question. "That's just it. How can I? Who'd trust me?" he said, hopelessly.

"Why, anybody that had seen you work," said Guy, confidently. "You could pay for one by noon," he added, a moment later.

"I know it," said the boy, looking longingly at the shovel he held.

Guy caught the look. "What!" he mentally exclaimed. "He couldn't think for a moment I'd let him take mine!—Uncle Robert's present, and never used till to-day! Well, I rather guess not!" He turned toward the boy with a most forbidding expression, but changed it as suddenly when his eyes fell upon the small, pinched face bent in admiration over the bright colors on the shovel, and the thin chilled fingers which were slowly following the tracery of the initials *G. K.*

Another moment and Guy was saying, "Take my shovel until you earn enough to buy one for yourself; I will not need it any more to-day."

"Really!" cried the boy, his whole face bright with joy. "You needn't be afraid to trust me," he added, hurriedly; "I'll promise to have it back here by noon." Then there was something said about a little brother ill at home, and Lottie gone to find something to eat, and no one to take care of them but him.

Guy did not catch all his words. He only remembered distinctly a last sentence—"My name is Alfred Kelly, and I never yet broke my word."

Anita's attention had been arrested by the snow-ball, and she had looked up to see Guy talking with a strange boy, who soon afterward was using the new shovel, while her brother clapped his hands in applause.

What could it all mean?

A few moments later and the boy had shouldered the shovel, and was running with all his might up the street.

"He has stolen Guy's shovel," cried Anita, starting from her seat. "Stop him! stop him!" she called, rushing to the door. "Oh, Guy, can't you catch him!" as her brother came up the steps. "Chase him! Call some one!"

"I let him take it," said Guy, quietly.

"You let him take it?" repeated Anita. "Oh, Guy, how could you?—Mamma, Guy's shovel: he has loaned it to a boy that he doesn't know—that I don't believe he ever saw till to-day!"

"Not so fast," put in Guy as Anita hurried her mother out on the stoop to see a pair of heels nearly out of sight. "When you hear all about it, mamma, I know you will say it was right."

But Anita did not wait for her mother's words of approval as Guy related the scene that had just taken place out-of-doors. She hurried to the library window for what she assured herself could but be a last look at Guy's shovel.

II.

"We've certainly seen the last of it," Anita kept repeating as Mary answered the bell all the afternoon, and no Alfred Kelly presented himself. "How very foolish of Guy," she continued thinking, "to loan that beautiful shovel, and to that boy! What a lesson it will be to him! What could he have been thinking of!"

Another ring. Anita rushed to the stairs, and then back to the sitting-room.

"Tisn't him," she announced, ungrammatically; "and the street lamps are being lit. What do you think now, mamma? And you too, Guy?"

"Oh, I don't give him up," answered Guy, cheerfully.

"You don't? and why?"

"Because he promised."

"But he promised to be here five hours ago," argued Anita.

Here Mary tapped at the door.

"A wee mite of a thing, ma'am, as says she wasn't big enough to lug it home. It's only herself, ma'am, as knows what she means. She's been all day, she says, a-findin' of the house, and is out on the steps now a-cryin' as though her heart 'd break."

Guy had understood, and when Anita and her mother came down-stairs it was to find a little girl in the hall clinging to his arm, and crying bitterly.

"He died thinkin' 'twas his'n," were the words they caught in spite of her tears. "Alf said you wouldn't blame him when you knew. It's right by him now," and the little frame shook with deep sobs, while the words came more broken still. "Alf wanted you to see it there, and told me to be sure and tell you all how he died thinkin' 'twas his'n."

"Oh! what do you mean?" asked Anita, as she strove to take one of the little hands—which but clung the firmer to Guy's sleeve—in hers, while Mrs. Kelton bent her face tenderly to the tear-stained one with words of comfort.

But the tears only started afresh.

"I must not stay. Alf told me to come for some one. Oh, please come back with me," she implored of Guy. "He said he knew you would when I told you he was dead."

"Not Alfred!" moaned Anita, with repentant tears; "not dead!"

"Not him," said the little one, softly—"not him. I mean our little brother Georgy."

"It isn't far," said Lottie, as Guy, having hurried on his things, half led, half followed her in the direction she bade him. "'Most there, 'most there," she repeated at every turn, tightening her hold on Guy, as though she feared he might leave her. "There, now we've passed the last lamp, and it gets darker and darker; but I sha'n't get lost; no fear of that," as she led him into a narrow passageway, then up some stairs that shook and creaked beneath her light weight.

"Alfred, I've brought him," she called, "and he came just so quick as he could, for I never found the house till a little while ago. And to-morrow his mother will come, and the little girl you saw in the window. And, Alf, he doesn't mind about the shovel. His sister said she didn't believe he'd care if he never saw it again."

"But you must see it," said Alfred, as he took Guy's hand, "and let me tell you all about it—all how pleased he was, and how he thought I'd brought it to him for Christmas. Oh, I couldn't tell him," groaned Alfred, "that it wasn't meant for him, and he lookin' at it so lovin' like, and laughin' so glad when he catches sight of the letters."

"'G. for Georgy,' says he, a-clappin' his little thin hands, 'and K. for Kelly'; and, sure enough, I looked, and 'twas. And I couldn't but cry to see him so happy. 'Plainer,' says he, 'than on Joey's blocks, ain't it?' Joey lives down-stairs, and brings up his blocks sometimes o' nights to play with 'em," and pointing to the corner of the room where on a low bed Lottie nestled her head lovingly by the tiny pale face on the pillow, he gave a great sob.

"No, let me go on—I must," begged Alfred, as Guy strove to quiet him. "I want you to know how happy it made him, and as how he talked all about the colors, and kept a-sayin' the letters. 'G. K.,' says he, over and over—'G. K., and so beautiful! I must have it by me to-night,' says he, 'to see it as soon as I open my eyes,' and you wouldn't ha' known him, and he so bright and happy like. 'And I can help you, Alfie,' says he, 'with your shovelling to-morrow when I wake in the morning all rested.'"

Guy's tears fell fast as he mutely followed Alfred to the little bed.

"He is *all rested* now," smiled Lottie, sadly, as

they approached. "Isn't he, Alfred? 'An angel,' you said."

A year has passed. Another Christmas is with us.

"I think you ought to bring your shovel upstairs, Guy," Anita is saying—she and her mother deep in the mysteries of an enormous box—"for we wouldn't be so busy with all these surprises if it were not for it, you know."

"And yet, Nita, don't you remember how you wanted to take a last look at it that morning?"

"Indeed I do. I never supposed then that the time would come when it would look far more beautiful to me. What a history—hasn't it, Guy? And had you thought that it is just a year this very day since we went to see them in that cold, dark room?"

"Yes; and how you came home and wrote Uncle Robert all about it, I never knowing till his answer came."

"I'm so glad I did. Think how everything is changed, and all that uncle has done for them. Lottie so happy at Aunt Helen's, and Alfred doing so well; and then all these presents he has sent for them.—I can put these in, you said, Mamma; the hood on top this way, right next the furs, you see; now the mittens. There, isn't that bright, and doesn't it seem to wish one the gladdest sort of a Christmas?"

HOW TO MAKE A WAGON.

BY HORACE H. JOHNSON.

IN making a wagon the greatest difficulty is with the wheels. A durable spoke wheel can not well be made by any one but an experienced wheelwright, who, of course, possesses every facility for its manufacture, and with a practiced hand makes each individual spoke.

But a very good wagon can be made with a much simpler kind of wheel. When the writer was a boy, an old Englishman, who was a natural mechanic, showed him how to construct a strong and substantial wagon with solid board wheels, but with the latter so ornamented by a simple process that they did not present an ugly appearance. They also lasted for years, and were, with the running gear, placed under many styles of box, and lastly the large wheels held up the rear end of a tricycle.

The tools required for the construction of such a wagon can be found in every carpenter's tool chest, and are few in number. Here let it be said that should you require any tools which you do not possess, purchase them singly at the hardware merchant's, and do not waste your money on iron tools which are so generally found in boys' tool chests. You will need first of all a good handsaw, moderately fine, and also a circle saw. Should you not be able to procure the latter, a carpenter's key-hole saw will answer the purpose, if it is sharp. A drawing-knife also is necessary, and a carpenter's square; a brace with a bit one and a quarter inches in diameter, and another, one and a half inches, a quarter-inch bit, and a gimlet, are needed. Now with a chisel, a good plane, and a strong jackknife you can go to work as soon as you have your material.

Use hard wood by all means. You can, of course, soon get out a wagon of pine or bass wood, but it will never be of much service. For the wheels, procure an ash board thirteen inches wide, forty-five inches long, and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. For the box, you will need a thin board, also of ash, if possible, seven and a half feet long, five inches broad, and half an inch thick, and another about five feet long, eight inches broad, and three-eighths of an inch in thickness; the latter is to make the bottom of the box from. For the axle-trees, hard maple is best, if straight grained without curl. You can cut these from a piece of cord-wood, or buy sticks already planed. For the rear axle get a stick two by one and a half inches in size, and twenty-one inches long. The front axle should be the same length, but had better be made from a stick two by two inches, as it is weakened by the jaw which receives the pole of the wagon.

Now if you own a work-bench with a vise attached, you will find it a great help. First take your board for the wheels, which is, of course, planed on both sides. It is thirteen inches wide. With your square mark off thirteen inches from the left end, and draw your line across the board. Then point off thirteen inches more, and draw another line. Now mark off two nine-inch squares from the other end of the board close together, and also close to the edge of the board near you, as represented in Fig. 1. Now connect the corners of these squares diagonally with lines, as represented also in Fig. 1.

With your compasses describe circles within these squares thir-

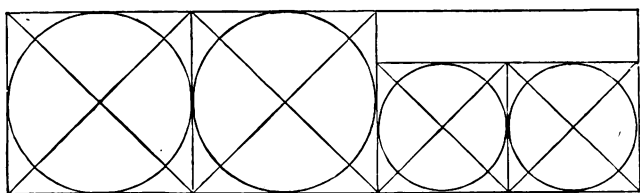


FIG. 1.

teen and nine inches in diameter respectively. The centre of each will, of course, be where the diagonal lines cross. On one side of your smaller circles a piece of wood will remain undisturbed, which you will need later. Now take your compasses, place the points four inches apart, and from the centre of the larger circles point off that distance on each diagonal line, which points will be the centre of the smaller circles, as shown in Fig. 2 (*a, a, a, a*). Now place the points of the compasses but one and a half inches apart, and point off that distance upon the diagonal lines (*b, b, b, b*). Now take the outside points for centres, and draw the smaller circles. From the points nearest the centre of the proposed wheel you may now draw lines to the circumference of the smaller circles.

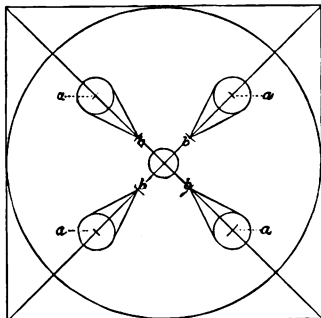


FIG. 2.

Repeat this operation upon the smaller proposed wheels, only in the latter the points for the centre of the little circles should be but two and three-quarter inches from the centre proper, and the point of the angles but one and one-quarter inches from the same; also the little circles here should be but one and one-quarter inches in diameter.

Now take your one-and-one-quarter-inch bit in your brace and bore carefully through the centre of each wheel. Also bore out

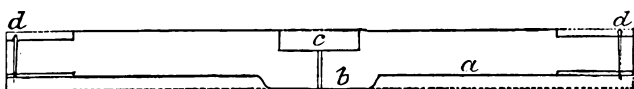


FIG. 3.

the little circles in the smaller wheels with this bit. Then take your one-and-a-half-inch bit and bore out the little circles in the larger wheels. After this is done, with your handsaw cut off each square, taking care to preserve the piece of wood at the side of the smaller wheels. You had better rip the board with your

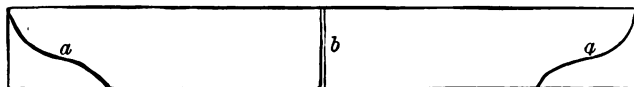


FIG. 4.

saw at this line. The next task is to saw out your wheels with your circle saw, which must be done in a careful manner, and pains must be taken to keep the saw running truly, so that the face of the wheel will not be bevelled, but be at perfect right angles with the surface of the board. This done, with your circle

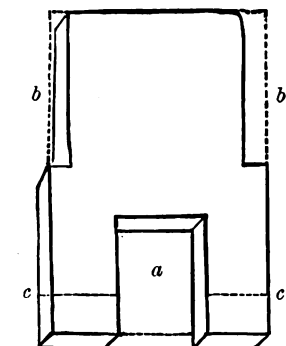


FIG. 5.

or key-hole saw cut out the little three-cornered pieces which still remain inside of the surface of the wheels. The wheels will present something the appearance of a heavy locomotive wheel, but will certainly look substantial.

Now saw off about six inches of your three-eighths-of-an-inch-thick board, and on it describe two circles three inches in diameter. Through the centre of them bore a one-and-a-quarter-inch hole. Cut these circles out, and after slightly bevelling the edges, place them on the face of your large wheels, and fasten them directly in the cen-

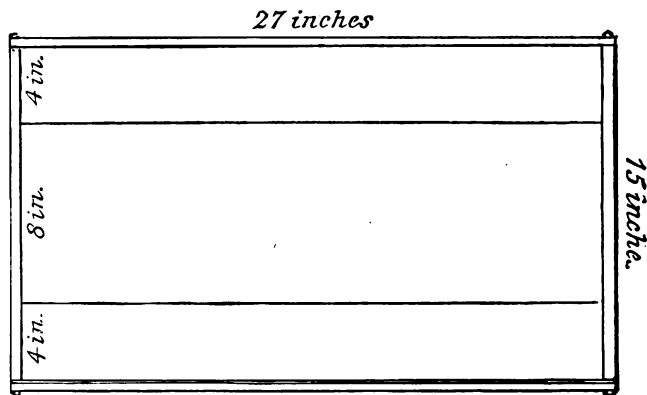


FIG. 6.

tre of the same with four one-inch screws. Great care must be taken in doing this not to split the pieces, as the margin is narrow. These, of course, thicken the larger wheels in the centre, and act also as a hub, preventing them from wobbling about. The axle-trees are to be considered next, and as there is the most work on the front one, we will take that first. It is two by two inches in size, and twenty-one inches long. With your square measure off one-quarter inch of its thickness one way, and draw a line, as *a*, in Fig. 3. Then from the centre measure off two inches each way, which will leave the projection *b* four inches long. Then with your drawing-knife cut away the remainder below the line *a*, excepting the projection. This will leave the remainder but one and a half inches in thickness. Now from the centre of the top mark off one and a quarter inches each way, and then cut out the slot *c*, which should be two and a half inches long, and

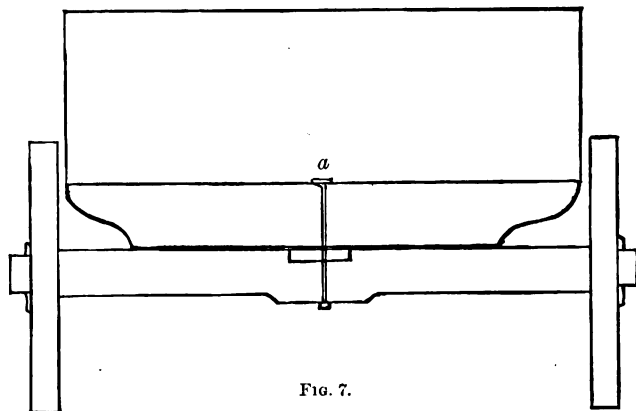


FIG. 7.

three-quarters of an inch deep. Now mark off from either end of the axle two and a half inches, and girdle the same with a pencil-mark; then take your handsaw and cut slightly into the stick at this mark, particularly at the corners, and with your jack-knife cut the wood gradually away until the ends are perfectly round, and will fit the front wheels.

You will find that one wheel generally fits better on one end; therefore upon the discovery of this you had better mark the wheels 1, 2, 3, and 4. As the forward wheels have no extra piece on for a hub, you may perhaps be obliged to cut the ends of the forward axle off a little. The rear axle, which is to be left straight, may be worked down at the ends like the forward one, and the large wheels fitted and numbered.

In placing the wheels on the axles you will find "washers" of hard leather necessary, or, what is better, get the nearest blacksmith to make eight out of thin iron, and put one on to the axle before sliding the wheel on, and one after. Then bore a small hole about an eighth of an inch in diameter in each end of either axle, as *d, d*, in Fig. 3, place in a wrought-iron pin or stout piece of wire about one and a half inches long, so that it will not pinch the washers, and your wheels will run easily. Before setting the wagon up permanently, however, remember to keep your axles always well greased. Now take the piece of ash that was left over from the board you cut your wheels from, and cut it down so that it will be fifteen inches in length and two inches in width;

FIG. 8.

then with your circle saw cut down the corners as in *a*, Fig. 4, and bore a one-quarter-inch hole through the centre *b*.

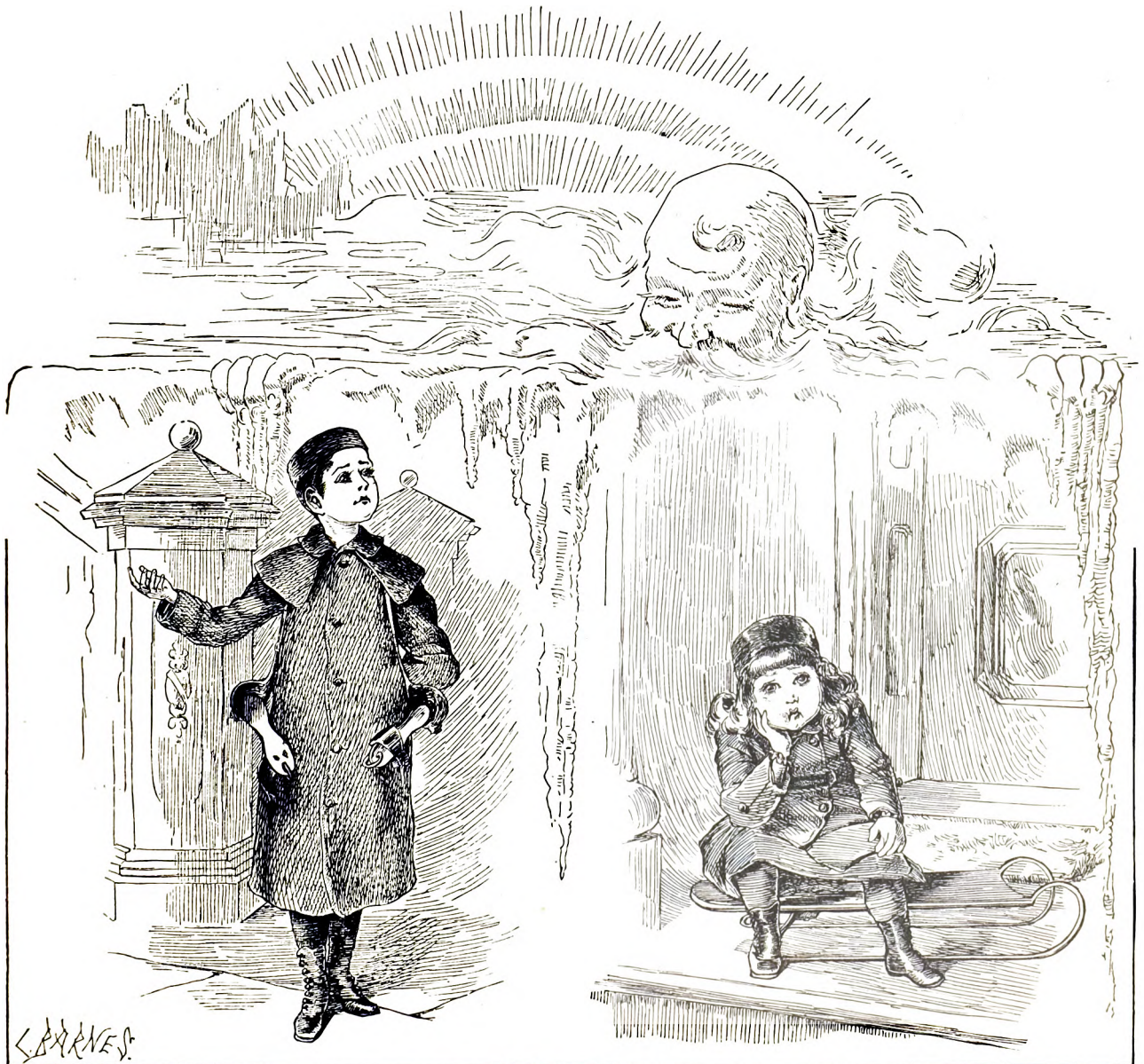
Fig. 5 represents the pole jaw, which fits into the slot in the front axle. It may be made from any strong piece of hard wood, and should be four and a quarter inches long, three inches broad, and three-quarters of an inch in thickness. Cut out the edges for two inches until that end fits tightly into the slot *c*, Fig. 3. Then cut out the slot *a*, Fig. 5, about one and a half inches deep and one and a quarter inches broad. After this bore the hole *c*, Fig. 4, inside the mark, in front, in the same manner. Now take a stout cord and pass it under the box, and bind the axle into place. The lift you can fasten by brads through the bevelled ends, which will temporarily secure them. Now turn the whole thing over, and fasten them both firmly with one-and-a-half-inch screws. Do not put a screw into the centre of the lift, but with your quarter-inch bit bore a hole through the bottom board so as to meet the one in the lift. Now fasten your pole jaw into your front axle-tree by the aid of a screw at each side, then bore a hole from the lower side of that axle-tree in the centre up through the lift. Now you can place that in shape, as in Fig. 7, and run the king-bolt *a* down from inside the box, and screw on the nut. Now you can put on your wheels, and the whole thing is complete, with the exception of the pole, which can be made from a nice straight piece of ash, and bent into shape as the poles on most all toy wagons and carts, and inserted into the jaw as before described.

Now everything is complete but the box. Take your five-inch ash board and cut it up into lengths, two of which will be twenty-seven inches long, and two fifteen inches. You will now place them so they will form the sides and ends of the box, the longer pieces lapping the shorter at the ends. Use screws to fasten them together, and before the screw-driver sends them home make sure that the ends and sides are at perfect right angles with each other by using your square. Now take your thin board, which is eight inches broad and three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and cut it into two parts, each twenty-seven inches long. One of these you will split with your saw down the centre, leaving two boards twenty-seven inches long and four inches broad, and the other the same length, but eight inches broad. These you will lay across the bottom of your box, as in Fig. 6, the wide one in the centre, and the narrow ones on the outside. To fasten them you want three-quarter-inch wrought nails; and use

them freely, and you will find that your wagon will carry paving-stones as large as you can load on to it.

Now you are ready to put your work together. Draw a line across the bottom of your box three and a half inches from the rear end. Be sure and draw it accurately, for if you do not your wheels will "draw" to one side, and will not track well. Then draw another line across the other end one and a half inches from the end. Place your rear axle on the rear end so that the outer edge of the same will tally exactly with the mark referred to. Place the "lift," Fig. 4, inside the mark, in front, in the same manner. Now take a stout cord and pass it under the box, and bind the axle into place. The lift you can fasten by brads through the bevelled ends, which will temporarily secure them. Now turn the whole thing over, and fasten them both firmly with one-and-a-half-inch screws. Do not put a screw into the centre of the lift, but with your quarter-inch bit bore a hole through the bottom board so as to meet the one in the lift. Now fasten your pole jaw into your front axle-tree by the aid of a screw at each side, then bore a hole from the lower side of that axle-tree in the centre up through the lift. Now you can place that in shape, as in Fig. 7, and run the king-bolt *a* down from inside the box, and screw on the nut. Now you can put on your wheels, and the whole thing is complete, with the exception of the pole, which can be made from a nice straight piece of ash, and bent into shape as the poles on most all toy wagons and carts, and inserted into the jaw as before described.

Now, boys, if you will follow out these suggestions, and take all measurements correctly, you will have a good substantial wagon, and one that will last you for years.



"I HOPE IT WON'T SNOW."

"OH DEAR! IF IT ONLY WOULD SNOW!"

OLD BOREAS. "IT'S TOO BAD; I CAN'T PLEASE BOTH."

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HERE WE COME!

Here we come, the dearest girls,
Golden tresses, flying curls,
Fingers tucked in dainty muffs,
Don't we make the world look gay
On this chilly winter day?

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

TING-A-LING, ting-a-ling. Children may leave their work, and go out to play. What a merry sound the recess bell has, to be sure!—merry at both ends of recess, too, for after fifteen minutes' delightful exercise all good scholars are glad to resume their books.

In reply to her request in No. 211, the Postmistress received a great many letters from all parts of our country, some from teachers and some from pupils. A part of the Post-office Box is this week devoted to the publication of some of these letters. The result of the inquiry is very satisfactory, for it shows that our school-going little folk have usually some time in every session allotted to fun and freedom, after which they study with greater diligence than ever.

ADAMS, MASSACHUSETTS.

There are nine schools in the building where I attend. We have two recesses a day, each fifteen minutes long; all the schools are out together, except two. We have a large yard, in which we play in summer, the boys on one side, the girls on the other. We play tag, hide-and-seek, drop-the-handkerchief, or any other game we choose, provided we are not very disorderly about it. There is a nice basement underneath the building, in which we play during the winter. Then our principal plays are house and tag. We play house by having one little girl for mamma, and quite a number of the others for her children. I think she is "something like the old woman in the shoe, that is," she has so many children that she does not know what to do, and she "whips us all soundly," but she does not send us to bed.

LETTIE M. M.

LOCKWOOD SCHOOL, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

I am a member of a country school just out of the limits of the city of Oakland, and every morning our teacher reads us stories out of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *St. Nicholas*, or *Youth's Companion*. We enjoy them all, but like HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE best.

To-day our teacher thought she would read us something from the Post-office Box, and she read about writing a letter to it on the subject of recess, so I thought I'd try. We have twenty minutes in the forenoon and twenty in the afternoon, with an hour at noon. We have a nice time playing in our large yard, and when it rains we play lively games in the school-house, and our teacher plays with us.

We are going to have a very delightful entertainment soon, to close school, and then we expect to have a merry time in vacation. I must now close, and the whole school send you their best regards.

JOHN H.

RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY.

When I saw you requested the boys and girls to write about school recess, I thought I would write. Our school begins at nine o'clock and comes out at twelve, but we have a recess, during which we have a great deal of fun either playing or watching the boys on the trapeze. Our yards are not in one. At noon we have a recess of one hour and thirty minutes. I am thirteen, and have one sister and two brothers, and a dear friend, Helen W., who was one of my first.

LILLIAN D.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I write in behalf of the little ones to tell you of their recesses, regular and irregular. At twenty minutes of eleven they are properly bonneted and wrapped, by the oversight of their teachers, to have a romp in the play-ground. There also the teacher must have an assistant, to prevent "bullying." They march out and march in very orderly to the sound of a piano. At half past two in the afternoon the sashes between the rooms are put down, and the

children sit up in order, with their hands in their laps, for exercises. These are always varied. Sometimes light calisthenics with the hands, which are beautifully and regularly executed, sometimes marching about the rooms, and often pretty childish songs, set to bright music, and sung with bright faces. Through the week they are taught simple, short quotations for Friday afternoon. Then there are the number lessons at the black table, where the children cluster around the teacher, and are usually too eager and interested to be disorderly, and the moulding lessons, where soft clay to be made into cubes, spheres, and cylinders by the little hands seems more fun than work; and when little heads hang heavy, and legs and arms are restless, the teacher says, "Do as I do, children," and after putting down the windows, exercises the restless members, lets them sing "The Old Black Cat," and order is easily restored. In classes where the children are older and better able to control themselves talking recesses are given. We have no headaches in our ranks. Yours sincerely,

LILLIAN P.

PORT CHESTER, NEW YORK.

We are two little sisters who are about to answer your questions on recess. I have about five minutes' recess in the school-room, for whispering and walking around. My sister does not have any, as she is in a different department. Our school begins at nine o'clock. We have one hour and a half for eating our lunch, and are dismissed at 3.30.

GEORGIE AND ADDIE S.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

I read your letter in the *Young People*, and I thought I would answer the questions you ask. I go to the Smith Academy, a private school, which is a branch of the Washington University. We have two recesses. One begins at a quarter of eleven and ends at eleven o'clock, and the other at a quarter after twelve and ends at a quarter of one o'clock. In the last recess we eat our lunch. We are excused at two o'clock. During these recesses we play a great many games, such as catcher and policeman. Sometimes I stay in during the first recess to do my examples, but this does not happen often. I hope this letter is not too long.

HARRY L.

HASTINGS, MINNESOTA.

In my grade we don't have any recess in our schools. Only the primary grades have recess. When we used to have it our favorite games were hide-and-seek and bull-in-the-ring. I do get real tired staying in all day, especially examination-day.

KATIE S.

I advise the scholars in your grade to unite in a petition to the teachers to give you at least one daily play spell.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am almost too old to be a scholar (except in a general sense), but the dear children in my Kindergarten class do have such grand frolics at recess that I thought some of the less fortunate ones might like to hear, and some older people might be set to thinking. We seldom sit still more than a half-hour at a time, for little feet get so restless that it is cruel to make them keep still; so after our opening exercises and conversation on some interesting topic—trades, botany, zoology—with the very best illustrated articles on the same from HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *The Century*, or HARPER'S MAGAZINE, reduced to child's language, we march out and form a ring, and then have a game. Sometimes we are farmers, and thresh, now, drive our horses, and finally dance in the ring to pretty words and music; again, we are millers, birds, fishes, hares, and all take turns in representing the various persons or animals. It affords great pleasure, as the teacher *always* plays too. The ball games are the ones the children love best. These colored worsted balls are harmless, and afford excellent exercise for wrist and arms. The best one we have is played thus: the children form in opposite rows, holding the ball first in the right, then in the left hand, swinging to music and the words,

"My ball goes up so fleetly,

And down it comes so sweetly
In the air, oh, hurrah!—in the air, oh, hurrah!"
Then it is thrown up six times. If a ball is dropped it must remain untouched until the six is counted, then, at a clap, they scramble for the ball dropped. One dear child said to me, "Oh, Miss P., I just love it." These little games

and songs have been selected and translated and published in book form by Mrs. Louise Pollock, the pioneer of the Kindergarten in this country. I love these joyous games; they bring teacher and pupil closer together in loving companionship, and although it may be more noisy than the majority of teachers like, we make it up in having hearty, happy, obedient children. If teachers would only believe that they will not lose authority, but gain loving obedience, by playing with the children, we should have happier school-rooms. With hopes of much future play, respectfully,
ANTOINETTE F. P.,
Kindergartner.

Very sincere thanks are tendered to the teachers, whose interest in the Post-office Box never flags. I think I would like to send a little child I dearly loved to the care of such kind ladies as these.—From among the throng of youthful correspondents whose recess letters have given me most pleasure I select the following for mention, because their spelling, writing, and composition were very good indeed: George L. C., William A. D., Bertie B., C. G. D., H. C., Claude S. B., Carrie L. F., Winifred A. G., Bertha A. B., Charles H. S., and Gertie B. P.

ELLIOT, CONNECTICUT.

Almost a year ago, when I was seven, I wrote you a letter, but it was not printed. I go to school, and have two recesses of fifteen minutes each. I got the prize—a pocket-book—for being at the head the most times. Mamma gives me music lessons. I have a brother and two sisters, and a pet calf named Ole. Cousin Hattie named him. The books I like best besides *YOUNG PEOPLE* are the Bible, *Murray's Adventures in the Adirondacks*, *Whittier's Poems*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Will you accept a picture of your friend

JAMIE?

Thanks for the picture of eight-year-old Jamie, a fine, manly little fellow. I shall keep it very carefully. Jamie's mamma, in a note accompanying her boy's letter, says: "The receipt for bread given in the Post-office Box by Margaret Eyttinge is alone worth a year's subscription. I wish every one could know that delicious bread can be made without the tedious twenty minutes' kneading."

Two Brooklyn lads, fancying that they would like to add some Russian stamps to their collections, thought they would write to Lieutenant Harber, of the United States navy, and ask him to send them a few specimens. Lieutenant Harber was sent by our Government to bring home the bodies of the brave De Long and his companions, whose sad fate you all remember. If you watch the daily papers you will see his return announced when he shall arrive, for he and the officers and men who went with him are now on their way hither. Think how courteous and kind a man Lieutenant Harber must be to pay so much attention to the letter of a stranger and a boy. He addresses the elder of his two correspondents:

YAKUTSK, August 24, 1883.

MY DEAR YOUNG SIR.—Your note of March 10 was received but a few days ago, and I at once send you samples of the only Russian postage stamps which I have, viz., 1, 7, and 20 copecks (or kopecks). Now how much is a copeck? Are you surprised that your letter should be so long in reaching me? If so, consider the manner in which it came. It crossed the Atlantic in a steamer, then crossed Europe by railroad, then travelled over four thousand versts in a wagon drawn by horses, and then twenty-four hundred versts in a small boat propelled with oars. After leaving Russia in Europe it came into a country where very few people can read English characters, and among people who are not very careful in delivering letters; so it is really a wonder that it reached me at all. How do you like your name when written in Russian? It is perhaps the only time you will see it in these characters. I hope your collection is progressing well, and what I send are satisfactory.

Very truly yours, G. B. HARBER.

A copeck is about three-quarters of a cent.

LATHROP, PENNSYLVANIA.

I go to a missionary society twice a month. We have it on Saturday afternoons. The members have boxes, and give three cents a week, or as much more as they choose. We meet at our different houses. We have officers appointed—president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer. We take up a collection at each meeting. We also have reading and essays about foreign countries. We intend this year to make a quilt; the members are to get the patches, and then we will work an hour at each meeting. We are also going to give silk, satin, and velvet pieces, and have a cushion made.

I go to school; I study geography, history, arithmetic, grammar, reading, spelling, and writing. We have ten rooms in our school-house, and an

exhibition hall. We had an exhibition last week, and it was splendid; we are going to have another at the close of the school term. On Friday afternoon the scholars are going to have a literary society, consisting of readings, recitations, and dialogues. I like to read the stories in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. CLARA H. W.

I like the idea of your little missionary society very much. When I was eleven years old I had the honor of being secretary in one very much like yours, and managed in a similar way; but our meetings were held once a week.

MERAN, VILLA EDENHAUT.

The other day I went with my grandmamma and another lady to a little Tyrolean village called Martinsbrunn (which means in English Martin's Well), and there we drank coffee. There were a great many Italian chestnuts on the road, and I filled my pockets with them. The meadows looked so cheerful in the sunshine, and we saw men gathering apples: they shook the trees, and the apples came dropping down like rain. I forgot to tell you that on one side of the road were high mountains; on the other, meadows and orchards. We saw a Tyrolean boy recklessly climbing over rocks overgrown with ivy. We called him, and grandmamma gave him a few kreutzers (one cent is two and a half kreutzers), and he was willing to get us some of the ivy. I brought it home to my mother, who was very much pleased with it. I have not seen any sunnec here, and do not know how it looks, as I was only six years old when I came to Europe. EGMONT VON T.

BELFAST, IRELAND.

I get the paper every week from a cousin in Minnesota, and like it very much. I have five pets—a cockatoo called Major, two pigeons, a cat, and a bird. I go to school every day, and enjoy it very well. There is a foot-ball club here every winter. I always join it; but this year papa would not let me join, as I am not strong. I hope to be stronger next winter. I think Jimmy Brown's stories are the best; I wish he would write more. I fear my letter will tire you, and so I will close, with my love to you.

WILLIAM J. S.

NYACK, NEW YORK.

I can not resist the temptation to say a word to you and the children, though the subscriber in our family is my younger brother, not myself. How much we enjoy the paper that comes to us each Tuesday I am sure you know, as our affection and interest are not less warm than those of so many whose praises of it have rung through the Post-office Box. I wish you could see our little summer home on the Hudson, to which we are so attached that when winter comes he often finds us lingering. I am the owner of a Siberian blood-hound, and though he is but seven weeks old, he gives promise of mighty stature. He is very lovable and sagacious. I call him Shylock, because by-and-by he will be waiting for his "pound of flesh." I scarcely hope to see my letter in the Box, but thought I would let the dear Postmistress know that two more children love the *YOUNG PEOPLE*, the Post-office, and its "mistress." MARIE VAN W.

GORDONSVILLE, VIRGINIA.

My father gave me your paper for a birthday present last July; I think it is splendid. I want to tell you about my trip to the Luray Cave. I went with my aunt and a few other ladies. When we got down to the depot we had to wait for the train two hours. It was so late that the train at Waynesborough, where we had to change cars, could not wait for our train, and so we had to stop over all night; but the next morning we took the train and went to Luray. We did not go right to the cave just then, but went to the hotel, and staid there until the afternoon; then we went out to the cave. We stopped at a house near the cave and had our names registered, and then we went into the cave. At first we saw what they call Entrance Hall, and then we saw the Fish Market. I saw what they call the Crouching Lion and the Organ; when the man struck the Organ it played like a real one. They had what they call the Tombs of the Martyrs. We saw what they call the Wet Blanket; it looks just like a real blanket; you could see the stripes. Right by the Wet Blanket was the Breakfast Shawl. I saw a great many other things, but I can not remember them all. I enjoyed the travelling and stopping at the hotels more than I did the cave.

I am a little boy eight years old. I can read, but can not write; so my father is writing for me. I read nearly everything in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I think "Dick and D." was splendid. I like that story called "Canadian Days." WILMER J.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

I am a little girl five years old, and I have a little sister three years old. My mamma says you were her Sunday-school teacher once. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and learn the Golden Text. I can not write, so my auntie is writing for me. I am just learning to read. Mamma reads the letters in *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* to me, and I am always in a hurry for the paper to

come. I have two dollies; one is named Kittie and the other Lillie. I have a little cook-stove, a bureau, and some chairs for my dollies, and some steam-cars, a hobby-horse, and a baby-carriage. Please, Postmistress, publish my letter. GRACIE D.

Will Gracie give dear mamma a kiss for her old friend? Just think of it, pet, I did not know she had a little girl named Grace.

DREES, TRANSYLVANIA.

Last September we left Toledo, Ohio, to come to Europe. In New York we had to wait three days till the big steamer *Hapsburg* would start. I went out riding to Central Park, and thought it was ever so pretty. Our sail across the ocean took us fourteen days, but I had a very nice time on the boat, for I got acquainted with some little girls, and the captain and the doctor always played with us. We landed in Bremen, and saw the prettiest streets of that city; then we came to Berlin, where we saw the royal palace. On passing from Germany to Hungary we crossed the Carpathian Mountains. It is a lovely sight to see the snow falling on the top of the mountain, while below everything is green and blooming. In Miskolcz we stopped for two weeks at my uncle's, who took us out riding almost every day to his farms and vineyards, and we enjoyed our stay there very much. In Dees our papa met us, and you can imagine how glad we were to see him once more after a whole year's absence. Now I shall go to school here, and learn the Hungarian language. With my best regards to all my friends in Toledo, I am your true little friend, KITTIE F. (9 years old).

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

I am a young man ten years old. I have read nearly all of the letters in your Post-office Box for almost a year, and this being a long evening, I thought I would try and write a letter. I can not very well write in day-time, for I am kept busy doing chores for my grandmamma and ma. I have a large velocipede, which helps me a great deal in running errands. I have a sister Mabel, seven years old, who might help me a great deal, but she is too fond of play.

In looking over my books this evening I find that I have lost No. 187, May 29. Please inform me if you have that number, and how I can get it, because my papa says I may get them bound when the year is up.

How is my writing and spelling for a young man of my age? CHARLES Y.

You can obtain the missing number by writing for it to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and inclosing five cents. Your writing and spelling are very good. I am sure you would rather have your little sister play than run on errands to save such willing feet as yours are.

WALTHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken your paper for about a year, and like it very much. The only pets I have are a little birdie, who sings continually, and a little seven-year-old brother. I have got a little boy cousin, who is about a year and a half old. My grandmamma has told him not to touch her plants, and so when he goes in to see her, he will put out his little hand toward them and look up in her face. If she does not say anything, he will say, "No, no; mustn't touch plants." My little brother made up this verse, and wants me to send it, so here it is:

"The snow will come,
The rain will come,
But now my little robin
Is out in the sun."

Please may I join the Little Housekeepers? Good-night. MATTIE E. C.

You may and welcome, but you must write again and tell what part of housekeeping you like best. Do you dust the parlor sometimes, or possibly make your bed?

A lady sends this droll sketch:

A QUEER JOURNEY OF TWO LITTLE PIGS.

One bright summer morning, as I was strolling toward the beach on the island of Mackinaw, I saw, a short distance ahead of me, two little pigs, one perfectly white and the other perfectly black, both the same size, trudging along side by side in the same direction as myself, seemingly engaged in earnest conversation. They seemed so out of place, and I was so curious to know whether they were bound, that I followed them unobserved. They did not walk aimlessly, but as if they had some special object in view and some definite destination. I wondered what they would do when they reached the water. I was not long in being answered. Without a moment's hesitation, they plunged into the waves side by side, and swam out and away toward another island, six miles distant. I stood and watched them until their two little heads looked like balls bobbing up and down, one black and one white, side by side all the time. When I related the incident to the landlord a little later he looked astonished and annoyed. "Those pigs,"

he said, "were to have been served up for dinner to-day. They were brought here this morning in a boat from that island, six miles away, and we thought we might allow them their freedom for the short time they had to live, never thinking of their making an attempt to return home. And did you notice," he continued, "they chose the point of land nearest the island where they came from to enter the water? Singular the little animals should have been so bright. And, furthermore, they weren't landed there either—that makes it more strange."

I, too, left the island that day, and I have never heard whether those brave little pigs ever reached their destination or not. R. C.

The following young friends will please accept thanks for favors received: Arthur F. S., Leonard, Charlie G. C., Rosa L., M. A. J., Gertie M. J., Jennie B. M., Ford and Frances, Ella C., D. A. J., and Harry B.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A sharp rock. 2. To arrange differently. 3. A South American city. 4. A town in Massachusetts. 5. A savage. 6. Pinched. 7. An herb. My whole is a place frequented by hunters.

HERBERT B. FOSTER.

No. 2.

L-b-r-s-a-l-e-r-s-i-s-l-w-t-n-p- BLUENIGHT.

No. 3.

CHARADE.

My first has no pity
In country or city;
My second is needy, as often you've heard;
My third is a nickname
At home and in playground;
My whole, by your leave, is a bird.

VIOLA MAYFIELD.

No. 4.

TWO EASY WORD SQUARES.

1.—1. A body of water. 2. Across. 3. A Roman Emperor. 4. To fall.
2.—1. To respond. 2. A bird. 3. A hollow place. 4. A boy's name. GAZETTA.

No. 5.

ENIGMA.

My first is the first of the morning,
My second the midst of the way,
My third is forever adorning.
Like evening the close of the day,
My whole is the brightest of springtime, I ween,
The gladdest, the fairest that ever was seen.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 215

No. 1.— D F
P I T L A D
P L A I D L U C R E
D I A G R A M F A C T O R S
T R E D D R O V E
D A D E R E
M S

S
T O O
S O U N D
O N E
D

No. 2.—Because he goes to sea (see).

No. 3.—

W ellington N
A lm A
T urni P
E mbry O
R ate L
L or E
O hi O
O rigi N

No. 4.—

Evangeline.

The answer to the Christmas Rebus on page 127, No. 217, is as follows:

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!
Cheerily it ringeth through the air;
Christmas bells, Christmas trees,
Christmas odors on the breeze.
Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!
Cheerily it ringeth through the air;
Why should we so joyfully
Sing with grateful mirth?
See the Sun of Righteousness
Beams upon the earth."

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Lulu Parker, Tillie Van Sant, Effie Dean, Alma B., John Thompson, L. T. V., Lotta, Vogele, Budgie, Jean Rogers, Margaret G., Andrew B., John Green, Lance Tyler, Lillian G. Freeman, Bertie Gale, Robert L. Allee, M. F. To Plitz, Anne Lawrence, Clarence Chipman, and Robert Tait.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

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LITTLE VIGG'S ADVENTURE.

A Christmas Story.

BY VICTOR RYDBERG.*

Translated from the Swedish by H. B. G.

I.

THE new-fallen snow lay shining over the moor, which was very large, and as far as the eye could see there was but one dwelling on it, and that was an old gray hut.

* A famous modern Swedish author.

"The people that live *there* must have a very lonesome life," those who passed by could not help thinking. And it looked lonesome out on the moor, even in summer-time. Heather and stones, bushes and fir-trees, were the only things to gladden the eye.

The hut was good enough of its kind; the beams in the wall, though covered with moss, were sound and strong, and held together against the cold and the wild blasts. The chimney rose straight up over the turf roof, which in summer was green and adorned itself in red flowers. In an inclosure near the gable-end grew some potatoes, carrots, and cabbages, and near the gate, poppies, ring-flowers, and roses. There stood also an apple-tree, under which was a little bench. And for the window there was always a white curtain.

The hut and its yard were owned by Mother Gertrud, who lived there with a little boy named Vigg.

This morning early Mother Gertrud had gone out to shop at the country store in the distant village. Now it was nearly sundown, and she had not yet come home. Vigg was all alone in the hut. It was still all around as far as the wide moor reached. Throughout the whole day he had not heard a bell ring, nor seen a traveller.

Vigg knelt on the bench, with his elbows on the table, and looked out through the little window, which had four panes; three of them were covered with frost-flowers, but the frost-flowers on the other were melted by his breath. He was waiting for Mother Gertrud, who was to come home with a *white-bread* and *peppen-cake*, and a branched candle for Christmas-eve; but as yet she was not to be seen. The sun went down, and the stars in the heavens shone like the fairest of roses. Over the snow the sun's last light fell in a pale red shimmer. Soon the colors melted into one, and everything grew dark.

It was still darker in the hut. Vigg went to the hearth, where the dying embers were lying among the ashes. It was so quiet that when his wooden shoes clattered upon the floor he thought the noise must be heard all over the moor. He sat down in the chimney-corner, and wondered if the *peppen-cake* which he was waiting for had a head with gilded horns and four legs. He wondered also how it was with the sparrows on this Christmas-eve.

It would be hard to say how long Vigg had sat by the hearth when he heard the bells ringing. He sprang up to the window, and put his nose against the pane to see who it could be, because Mother Gertrud never had bells ringing when she came home.

All the stars of heaven were lighted. How they twinkled and shone! Far off something black moved on the snow. It came nearer and nearer, and louder and louder jingled the glad bells.

"Who is it that comes? He doesn't go in the road, but comes right over the moor," said little Vigg, who knew well where the road went, he that in summer picked blue-berries and pigeon-berries out there, and knew every inch of the moor for many hundred yards from the hut. "Oh, how I would like to be allowed to ride after such bells, and to drive myself!"

Scarcely had Vigg wished before the carriage came up and stopped in front of the window.

It was a sleigh with four ponies smaller than the smallest colts. It had stopped because he that was in it had reined them in with a steady hand, but they did not much like being stopped, and neighed, shook their manes, and kicked up the snow.

"Be not mischievous, Rapp,* be quiet, Snapp, behave yourself, Nätt, Lätt, hold yourself in your skin," said he that sat in the sleigh. Then he hopped out, and went up to the window.

Vigg had never seen such a man before; but then he had seen only a few people. It was a little old man, just big enough for such ponies. His face was full of wrinkles, and his long beard was like the moss on the roof. His clothes were made of fur from top to toe.

"Good-evening, Pugnose," said he. Vigg took hold of his nose, and answered,

"Good-evening."

"Is anybody at home?" asked the little old man.

"You can see that I am home," said Vigg.

"Yes, you are right. My question was a little stupid. But you have it very dark in there, although it is Christmas-eve."

"I shall get both Christmas fire and light when mother comes home. A candle with three branches! What do you think of that?"

"Hum!" said the little old man; "but Mother Gertrud is

not come home yet; you are alone, and will be for a good hour or more. Are you not afraid?"

"Svensk gosse!"* answered Vigg, proudly. He had learned this saying of the good Mother Gertrud.

"Oh, Svensk gosse!" said the little man, after him, and bit his big driving gloves, perhaps to hide that he was smiling. "Here, you funny little man, do you know who I am?"

"No," answered Vigg; "but do *you* know who *I* am?"

The little old man took off his fur cap, bowed, and said: "I have the honor to speak with Vigg, the moor's little giant and champion, who has just put on his first pair of breeches, the hero that the longest beard does not frighten. Have *I* the honor to be known?"

"Oh! you—*you* are the 'Christmas Sprite,'" cried Vigg; "you are a kind old man. Mother has often talked about you to me."

"Thanks for the compliment," said the Christmas Sprite. "Vigg, will you go to ride with me?"

"That I will; but I shall not be allowed to, because, if mother comes home and I am away, how will things be then?"

"I will answer for your being home before Mother Gertrud comes. 'A man stands by his word, and a woman by her pouch.' Come, now!"

Vigg ran out; but it was so cold, and he had so little on. His homespun jacket was so narrow, and his wooden shoes had eaten a new hole in his stockings that Mother Gertrud mended so often. But the Christmas Sprite shut the door, lifted Vigg into the sleigh, swept the robe around him, and off they went.

Rapp and Snapp, Nätt and Lätt, flew over the snow in light haste, and the silver bells jingled as if all the clocks in the world were ringing.

"May I drive?" asked Vigg.

"No; because your coat is too short," said the Sprite.

"Very well," said Vigg.

Soon they had left the moor behind them, and entered the dark woods Mother Gertrud used to talk about, where the trees were so tall that it seemed as if the stars were hanging in their top branches. Between the trunks shone now and then a light from some farm-house. The Sprite drove into a small barn-yard.

From out the doorway of the barn a tiny head was put forth with two glittering eyes that stared at the Sprite. It was the head of the gnome-snake, that curved itself and bowed a kind welcome. The Sprite lifted its cap and asked,

"Snake, snake, ring-tailed,
Come out of the earth,
And tell me what
Is this house worth?"

Then the gnome-snake answered,

"Here, after good work, is rest,
For Industry is their guest;
Here are three cows and one horse,
And here is no waste and no loss."

"That is not much," said the Sprite.

"Ah, but it becomes more when man and wife are industrious. They began with empty hands, and now they take care of their old parents."

"That is good so far," said the Sprite: "but how do they treat the cows and the horse?"

The gnome-snake answered:

"Full is the bag and full the pail,
The horse is fat, with a shining tail."

"Well, snake, and how do you like the children in the house?"

* Rapp signifies in English "Quick"; Snapp, "Fast"; Nätt, "Neat"; Lätt, "Light."

* "Svensk gosse" (Swedish boy): an exclamation used to mean great bravery.

The ring-tailed snake answered:

"Merry is the boy,
The girl is fair and coy;
His temper is a little wild,
But the maiden's soft and mild."

"So?" said the Sprite, smiling; "they must have Christmas presents. Good-night, now, ring-tailed snake, and a good Christmas sleep to you."

"Good-night you Lätt and Rapp,
Good-night you Nätt and Snapp,
Good-night you kindest Sprite,
Till Christmas morning light."

And the gnome-snake drew his head within the barn door.

Under the sleigh seat was a chest. The Sprite opened it, and took out all sorts of things. An A B C book and penknife for the boy, thimble and psalm-book for the girl, and yarn, shuttle, and thread for the mother, almanac and clock for the father, and a pair each of spectacles for the grandfather and the grandmother.

The Sprite filled his hand with something that Vigg could not see.

"It is good wishes and blessings," said the Sprite. And so, without being seen, they stepped up to the door that stood open.

In the room the people all sat around the sparkling fire-place, while the father read out of the Bible the story of the Child Jesus. The Sprite laid his gifts in the doorway, so that they did not hear him, and then he and Vigg went back to the sleigh. And again they rode through the dark woods.

"I like very much the Child that they read about in that house," said the Sprite. "But I will not hide the fact that I like also old Tor-i-Trudvang."

"Who is old Tor-i-Trudvang?" asked Vigg.

"Oh, a really fine old fellow, a distant relation of mine," said the Sprite. "He was very stern with wicked people, and slew them with his hammer. But he loves the honest and brave, and those who work. He is like the peasant who works hard and brings up smart boys. When danger threatened the country, Tor-i-Trudvang said to the people: 'Up, men!' and they took the sword and shield and came together from mountain and dale, and the enemy could not stand against their heavy blows. You shall also become a good and brave man, Vigg."

"Oh, of course," said Vigg.

"But now," said the Sprite, "Tor-i-Trudvang has laid his hammer at the feet of the Christ-child, because it is best to be merciful."

As they continued on their journey they met a little gnome, who pouted his lips and looked sullen. "Where are you going, my little friend?" said the Sprite.

"Nisse wears his shoes, dear Sprite,
To find another home to-night,"

answered the little gnome.

"But why do you so?" asked the Sprite.

The little fellow answered:

"It is not pleasant there for Nisse;
The careless father never is busy;
The children are cross and naughty,
And never pretty and clean,
And the mother—not fit to be seen!"

"Try again, little gnome, to bear it for one year more," said the Christmas Sprite; "for when the gnome forsakes a home its peace leaves it also, you know. Very likely, if you try, it will become better for you, and then I can come with gifts for you next year."

"All right, then; be it as you bid me," said Nisse, and he turned back.

After a while the Sprite stopped before a large building where lights shone through many windows.

"Here they get Christmas gifts in plenty," said the Sprite, as he opened his chest.

Vigg was astonished at so many nice things. Bracelets, necklaces, buckles, large and small, all glittered with gold, silver, and gems. He saw artificial flowers and smelled of them, but they had no scent.

The Sprite stuck a fruit kernel in Vigg's jacket pocket, and that made him invisible. Then they went up the broad stairs. There stood the servants gaping with open mouths. They entered a large, beautiful room, with candles arranged in the shape of a crown in the ceiling. There sat the mistress, yawning, while ten young ladies looked at a colored print which showed what to them was the most important thing in life, the latest style of dress in Paris. The gentleman sat half asleep, with his hands clasped, and thought about his great education, because when young he had studied Latin and afterward forgotten it, while his old neighbor had learned only his Bible and a law-book, and had never learned any Latin to forget.

The Sprite handed over his presents, which were received coldly—all except the star. When the Sprite took up the star, and said that it was a gift from the King to the gentleman, the gentleman rose up and bowed, and spoke of his own unworthiness and the King's kindness.

Then he went into the next room, where he thought no one saw him, and stood before the glass, and fastened the star on his breast. Then he hopped one, two, three before the glass, and made what the ladies would have called his best bow, and said to himself,

"Now I have got to the goal of my ambition. So it befalls a man when he is a good child."

"Is he a child?" asked Vigg.

"That he is," answered the Sprite.

And now they rode to the King's palace, that was much larger than the gentleman's house.

"I have only a few gifts for the King's sons," said the Sprite, "and we must get through in a hurry, because after that is done we must go and see my King, the Mountain King, and then back to Mother Gertrud on the moor."

Once more the chest was opened, and what Vigg now saw was finer than all the rest. On a large silver plate were thousands of warriors on horse and foot. When you turned a crank they saluted, and turned from right to left, the horses reared, and the horsemen cut with their swords. On another plate that represented the sea were ships with wheel-guns, and when you turned the crank the wheel-guns fired against a fort, and the fort guns answered. But the third silver plate was the most wonderful of all. There sat the King on his throne; before him stood his counsellors, and before them stood some trumpeters. Near to these could be seen a mill, and on the other side of this mill uncountable people that were all working. Harvesters and smiths, weavers and tailors and shoemakers, and you saw besides mothers and children—mothers serving the children, and the children eating.

But when the crank was turned the King cried out, "I will have more warriors;" and he poked his counsellors in the back, and they poked the trumpeters, and the trumpeters shrieked through their horns:

"The Emperor in the moon will take our land!"

When the people heard that, up sprang the harvesters with their sheafs, the smith with his iron, the weaver with his cloth, the tailor with his clothes, and the shoemaker with his last, and ran to the mill and cast them all under the millstone, which ground out more warriors till troop after troop filed out before the King.

With these three plates the Christmas Sprite sprang up to the King's sons, but was soon back again, because the court air stifled him. Rapp and Snapp, Nätt and Lätt, were impatient, snorting and neighing. The Sprite threw himself into the sleigh, and they were soon in the deep woods again.

"Now we are travelling to the Mountain King," said the Sprite.



THE PURITAN DOLL.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

A LITTLE log house in the wilderness, the pine forest all around,
The beating surf on the rocks below, the hard white snow on
the ground;
But inside the house all warm and bright, as the day was dark
and cold,
And by the hearth a Puritan mother with her daughter nine
years old.

The woman was fair as the English rose that grew in her English
home—
The beautiful home in the Yorkshire dales, beyond the Atlantic's
foam;
And she thought, as she combed the snowy wool, of its rooms so
large and fair,
With their carven wood and tapestry, and their household trea-
sures rare—

She thought of the happy Christmas feast in the days so long
ago,
Of the dark oak walls with gleaming wreaths of holly and
mistletoe;
She saw herself on the deep skin rug, in lace and taffeta
dressed,
Fondling with mimic mother-love the doll that she rocked to
rest.

She looked at the little maiden then who stood by her spinning-
wheel,
And watched for a moment the childish hands so busy with rock
and reel,
And the little figure so quaintly dressed, yet full of a winning
grace,
And the golden locks combed primly back from the sweet, still,
gentle face.

And a yearning thought came into her heart, and she spoke to
her child that day
Of the Christmas feast and the Christmas gifts in the land so
far away;

"And, Lois, my daughter," she softly said, "if a
good child thou wilt be,
And study thy book, and spin thy task, I will
surely give to thee,

"On the birthday of our blessed Lord, for His
childhood's sake, a gift;
Then let thy heart be gentle and true, thy fingers
def't and swift."
So into the quiet little life fell a beautiful hope
that day,
And Lois dreamed of the Christmas feast, and
counted each passing day.

For her lonely life was still and bare of many
a childish joy;
She had never a game of merry play, no picture-
book, no toy.
And as she spun her hank of yarn, and studied
her task each day,
Her sad heart longed for a childish friend to
share her hour of play.

So, children, you know how Lois felt when she
woke on Christmas-day,
And found in her arms, and close to her heart, a
doll to share her play:
No waxen beauty in silk and lace, with a wealth
of flowing hair,
But a home-made doll of home-made cloth, and
dressed with a mother's care,

Just like a little Puritan girl, in a dress of home-
made stuff—
A dark, quaint garment with long straight sleeves
and a white, stiff, plaited ruff—
And a linen apron neatly hemmed, and a cap of
English lace
That covered the small, bald, shapeless head and
shaded the pencilled face.

But Lois thought it was beautiful; she loved it
with all her heart.
In all of her childhood's joy and grief it evermore
bore a part;

And though for more than a century little Lois in death has
slept,
Her doll, the home-made Puritan doll, is proudly, lovingly
kept.

THE STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

BY LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY.

ONE afternoon during the trip from Zanzibar to the
Comero Islands our friend Tom Fairweather and
Lieutenant Jollytarre were sitting on the poop deck of
the *Neptune*, when the conversation turned upon earth-
quakes.

"Where do earthquakes mostly occur, Mr. Jollytarre?"
asked Tom.

"Well, there are several spots in the world where the
people are generally on the lookout for a shaking up.
All volcanic countries are subject to earthquakes, and
there are many places far distant from any active volca-
noes that are visited in this way at times. There have
been many disastrous shocks in Europe—for instance, in
Switzerland, Portugal, and Italy; in Japan, the west
coast of North and South America, and in the countries
bordering on the Caribbean Sea. We have had them in
our own country, not only in California, but in the
Mississippi Valley and in New England. They occur in
Iceland and in India, and, in fact, I suspect there are
few countries wholly free from them.

"I think," he continued, after a pause, "I have never
told you of an experience I once had in an earthquake.
You have heard your father speak of vessels called double-
enders, on account of their having a rudder at both ends.
One of them, named the *Wateree*, was wrecked at Arica,
Peru, in 1868, and her bones are still lying there on the
beach. In August of that year there was a terrible earth-

quake, accompanied by a tidal wave, on that coast, which laid the town of Arica in ruins, and wrecked every ship in port. It happened that I was on board the *Wateree*. I never told you about that, did I?"

"Why, no," said Tom, drawing his chair nearer, "you certainly never did."

"Well," replied Jollytarre, "if you want to hear it I'll light another cigar, and tell you something about the most fearful night I ever knew."

"We had been lying in the roadstead of Arica for several months. Besides our ship there were the United States store-ship *Fredonia*, the Peruvian corvette *America*, an English bark, and two brigs. We had often felt slight shocks of earthquake when on shore, and had remarked upon the apparent timidity of the natives, who always rushed frightened and panic-stricken to the open plazas, lest the buildings should come tumbling about their ears."

"Late in the afternoon of August 13, while we were at dinner on board, we felt the ship tremble under us, and immediately afterward word was sent from the deck that a heavy shock of earthquake had occurred. We all went up on deck, and there we could see the open spaces filled with excited inhabitants, and the hills to the southward dotted with frightened men and women. A little range of hills ran back of the town, and ended abruptly in a cliff several hundred feet high just at the water's edge."

"We were still talking, when a second and much more severe shock shook the ship from stem to stern. We could see several houses toppling, and then with a horrible thud the face of this cliff fell in one huge mass. As the dust cloud slowly drifted by, and showed us Arica once more, the sight was something none of us can ever forget. There was but one house left standing. We looked at each other, and for a moment were speechless; then realizing that there must be urgent need of assistance where so many were undoubtedly injured, a boat was called away, and our surgeon dispatched to render what aid he might."

"Up to this time there appeared to be no disturbance of

the sea; but as we well knew that earthquakes of such tremendous power were generally accompanied by tidal waves, we made such preparations as we could to withstand a possible rush of the sea. We could not steam away, for our boilers were undergoing extensive repairs, but we dropped another anchor, veered to a long scope on both cables, and were ready to batten down hatches at a moment's warning. The other vessels appeared to be doing the same thing, as though those on board felt as we did—that there might be trouble in store for us that night."

"Shortly the ships began to swing as to a changing tide, and the small boats close in-shore being left high and dry, showed us that the water was receding. In a few minutes the vessels again swung, the water came back, floated the little boats as it reached them, and flowed well up into the town. From the beach there ran into the water a long pier, to which many people had flocked to escape from the falling buildings; when they saw the water rising so rapidly they turned and fled back to the hills, crying, in an agonized way, 'The sea, the sea!'"

"At the beginning of this water disturbance the surface was for some time quite unruffled. You would have thought that there was a huge pipe underneath that successively fed and drained the sea. Gradually, however, as the water flowed in and out, its strength increased. It reached farther into the town, filling the streets, and then flowing back, left a long stretch of beach completely uncovered. At last it receded so far as to leave no water under one of the brigs I told you was anchored there, and the little vessel quietly fell over on her beam ends, while her crew scampered to the shore before the returning sea could overtake them."

"It was now growing dark, and we were called upon to give our whole attention to the ship. We paid out all the cable we had, battened down the hatches with tarpaulins, made our battery and everything about our decks as secure as possible, and then awaited anxiously the development of the tidal wave. Constant shocks of earthquake



TOWN OF ARICA AS IT APPEARED IN 1868, BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE.

were now felt coming rapidly, one after another, but our eyes were fixed on the sea.

"The English bark was anchored near us. We were both swinging wildly about to the changing currents, which ran at the rate of at least ten miles an hour. Suddenly we saw a stream of fire shoot from the Englishman's hawse-hole. The cable fastenings had given way, and so great was the friction that the flying sparks made a brilliant and terrible display. Almost immediately one of our own chains was carried away; it tore along over the deck and into the sea, resembling in its movements a very serpent of fire. Our other chain held, but so strong had the rush of water become that we dragged the one anchor left and its hundred fathoms of cable as though it was never intended to hold us in any one spot.

"Both vessels were adrift, at the mercy of the currents and counter-currents that were displaying such gigantic power. At one time we flew past each other so closely that one could have tossed a biscuit from one deck to the other. If we had collided we must have sunk then and there. We were driven seaward, only to be torn back toward the shore. In and out, hither and thither, we were carried, until finally we struck broadside on with a terrible thump. The sea swept over us, and inland far beyond, then out again, leaving us stranded but upright, for the *Waterree* was a flat-bottomed craft, and stood up like a house.

"You can imagine our uncertainty and anxiety. No one had been washed overboard, but we felt that the worst had not yet come. We knew that the wave would return. It came onward. Spell-bound by the awful sight, we watched the outline of its advancing crest come through the darkness of the night, and dared not hope for escape. It struck us, whirled us around, tossed us about, deluged us with water, and leaped madly on. As it took its way back to the sea we were carried with it, the sport of its fury. Where we went, and how far, it is impossible to say. We were passive, because we were helpless. Back it came, and once more we were thrown upon the shore, this time with our bows pointing fairly to the sea.

"With the force of a thousand giants it struck us, dashed by, and then rolled sullenly back; but we—we remained, and we wondered if the worst was now over. Again and again the wave rushed in and out, but still we clung to the sand under us.

"Before we struck, while we were cruising about at the mercy of the currents, masses of earth like little floating islands were carried past us, and drowning people clinging to pieces of wreck cried loudly for help, which we were unable to give them. We tried, indeed, to reach them with boats, but no crew could make headway against such currents. We were compelled to leave the poor fellows to their fate.

"All through that night we remained on board. The hours dragged slowly by as we waited for daylight. When at last we could distinguish objects in the dawning day, we saw the *America* not far from us, with her masts gone, and presenting a generally wrecked appearance. The English bark, however, or what was left of her, gave the most striking proof of the mighty force of that great tidal wave. She was a strongly built, copper-fastened vessel, but she lay on her beam ends without a mast, with her very decks torn out, and her great water-tanks from the hold lying a hundred yards away.

"Of the other brig not a vestige was to be seen, and of the *Fredonia* nothing but a piece of the wheel, with two men clinging to it. How they ever found strength to survive that terrible night is a question neither we nor they could ever answer. Of all the men cast into the sea they were the only ones saved.

"We looked up the beach toward Arica; there was nothing but one vast confused ruin. A large custom-house filled with goods had yielded up its stores to the sport of

the waves. The beach was strewn with boxes, barrels, bales, and crates. Machinery, clothing, provisions, liquors, cigars—everything that the stores of civilization supply were to be found there; as some one put it, everything from a piano to a tooth-pick.

"The dead were half covered by the sand washed over them. The living were distractedly seeking their separated families. All was misery and despair. Their houses were swept away; the very traces of the streets were washed away. There was nothing to eat save what the wreckage on the shore afforded; but *there* was food for immediate use—food and wines, and liquors, too, in abundance. For several days the lowest natives would touch nothing but champagne. After that was exhausted they turned to the more fiery liquids, and the result was riot and lawlessness—a state of affairs ended only by the arrival of troops from the town of Tacna, forty miles in the interior.

"The people of Arica, who the day before were unconscious of danger, and had every comfort, were now houseless and helpless. Their possessions had been taken from them; they mourned the loss of friends and relatives.

"Among the endless variety of things found on the beach were huge maps of Bolivia, which, fastened to uprights, were made to serve as the walls of paper houses. To be sure, there was no roof, but some protection was given, and anything that gave the least shelter was acceptable then, even if it did nod and tremble with every shock of earthquake. For some time we had fifty or sixty shocks a day; we grew accustomed to them as we waited anxiously for the arrival of a man-of-war to take us away. The earth felt very thin about there, Tom. There were great cracks and fissures in the ground, and occasionally an embankment would be shaken down to add to the variety of our experience. We had to bring water from a brook a mile away. We captured horses and mules to carry it, and when we were not using them, tied them to our swinging booms and rudder.

"I can't tell you now all the incidents that occurred during the two weeks we remained there. One morning we awoke to find three of our squadron anchored off the port. You may know it was a welcome sight. We were distributed among these vessels, glad to leave the scene of such an awful disaster. It was a wonderful experience to have had, but hardly one to be repeated."

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER VI.

NORSE TALES.

"WHAT are you reading?" asked Tug, who was the last boy in the world to be interested in a book, unless it was one about animals, but who had nothing else to do just then.

"A book of old stories."

"What about?—adventures and things of that sort?"

"Partly. Some of them are fairy stories—queer little people, and animals that talk, and heavenly beings that help lost children, and people that have hard times."

"Why, those are the very fellows we want to see. Let's hear about 'em."

"Well, if you would like it, I'll read to you this story I've just begun," said Katy, good-naturedly.

"Much obliged. I think that would be tiptop."

So Katy read to him, as he lounged on the straw and gazed into the bright fire, an old myth story of the North Wind. How, away in a far corner of Norway, there once lived a widow with one son. It was midwinter, and she was weak, so the lad was obliged to go to the

"safe" (or cellar dug near the house, where the food was kept) to bring the materials for the morning meal. The first time he went, and the second, and again at the third attempt, the fierce North Wind blew the food out of his hands. These three losses vexed the lad greatly, and he resolved to go to the North Wind and demand the food back. After long travelling he found the home of the giant, far toward the pole, and made his demand. The North Wind heard him, and gave him a cloth which would serve all the finest dishes in the world whenever the boy chose to spread it and call for them. On his way home he stopped at a tavern for the night, and, spreading his cloth, had a feast. The landlady was astonished, as well she might be, and thinking what a useful thing such a table-cloth would be in a hotel, she stole it while the lad was asleep, and put in its place one that looked like it, but which had no secret power.

The lad, not suspecting the change, went home and boasted gleefully to his mother of what he had brought. But when he tried it, of course the false cloth could do nothing, and the old lady both laughed at him and scolded him. Vexed again, the lad hastened back, and accused the North Wind of fraud. So the giant gave him a ram which would coin golden ducats when commanded. Stopping as before at the tavern, the landlord exchanged this remarkable animal for one from his own common flock, and the lad found himself fooled a second time. Going back a third time, he told the story to the North Wind, who gave the angry lad a stout stick which, when it had been told to "lay on," would never cease striking till the lad bade it to stop.

At the tavern, the landlord, thinking there was some useful enchantment in the stick, tried to steal it also, but the boy was wide awake. He shouted, "Lay on!" and the landlord found himself being clubbed till he was nearly dead, and gave back all that he had taken. Then the boy went home, and he and his mother lived rich and happy ever afterward.

Tug's vigorous applause aroused the attention of the other two, who may have been listening a little, and Aleck asked what the book was.

"Dr. Dasent's *Norse Tales*," Katy replied.

"Who or what is 'Norse'?" Jim asked.

This was a question Tug had been wanting to ask too, but had felt ashamed to expose his ignorance—one of the few things not really mean which a boy has a right to be ashamed of.

"The Norse people," Katy said, "are the people of Scandinavia (or the *Northmen*, as they were called in ancient times), and these stories are those that old people have told their children in Norway and Sweden for—oh! for hundreds of years. Many of them are about animals, and others—"

"Give us one about an animal," Tug interrupted.

"Very well; here's one that tells why the bear has so short a tail."

"One day the Bear met the Fox, who came slinking along with a string of fish he had stolen.

"Whence did you get these?" asked the Bear.

"Oh, my Lord Bruin, I've been out fishing, and caught them," said the Fox.

"So the Bear had a mind to learn to fish too, and bade the Fox tell him how he was to set about it.

"Oh, it's an easy craft for you," said the Fox, "and one soon learned. You've only to go upon the ice, and cut a hole, and stick your tail down into it; and so you must go on holding it there as long as you can. You're not to mind if your tail smarts a little; that's when the fish bite. The longer you hold it, the more fish you'll get; and then, all at once, out with it, with a cross pull sideways, and with a strong pull too."

"Yes; the Bear did as the Fox said, and held his tail a long, long time down in the hole, until it was fast frozen in. Then he pulled it out with a cross pull, and it snapped short off. That's why Bruin goes about with a stumpy tail to this day."

When this short and stirring tale (tail) was concluded, the Captain's voice was heard.

"Now for bed!" he ordered, winding up his watch, whose golden hands pointed to nine o'clock.

Partially undressing, they tucked themselves into their quilts and blankets on the crinkling straw, and silence followed. Sleep was slow to close the eyes of the younger ones, who were kept awake by their strange situation; and Rex, lying at Katy's feet, frequently raised his head as the roaring wind shrieked through the tall trees outside, or rattled a loose board in the roof with a strange noise.

The first one to awake in the morning was Aleck, who looked at his watch by the glimmer of the coals, and was surprised to find it after eight o'clock, though only a gray light came through the little window of the cabin. Creeping out, he raked the embers together, laid on some fresh wood, and hung the kettle on the spike. Then he called his companions, who sat up and rubbed their eyes.

"Katy, you lie still till the boys go off. We'll bring you some water, and then you can have the house to yourself for a while. Get out of this, you fellows! Jim, bring a pail of water for the cook. Tug, you and I will go and see how the boat has stood the night."

Two minutes later they were gone. When Jim had brought the fresh water (he was slow about it, because he had to re chop the well-hole) the girl sprang up to make herself neat, and was busy at breakfast when the boys pounded the door like a battering-ram with the axe-handle, "so as surely to be heard," and begged to know if they might come in.

"Good-morning!" she greeted them. "How is the weather?"

"Weather!" exclaimed Tug, spreading his hands before the fire, and working his ears out from underneath a huge red comforter as I have seen a turtle slowly push his head beyond the folded skin of his neck—"weather! It's the roughest day I ever saw. I don't believe old Zach himself could skate a rod against that wind."

(Zach was a six-foot-three lumberman in Monroe, who was noted for his great strength.)

"Then how can we go on?" asked Katy, dropping eggshells into the coffee-pot.

"I'm afraid we can't," Aleck said, soberly—"at least until this gale goes down. It is very, very cold, and I'm sure we are much better off here. Don't you all think so?"

"You bet!" shouted Tug.

"You bet!" Jim echoed.

"Then I must worry about dinner," said Katy, with a pretended groan which made them all laugh.

At breakfast came the promised chops. Then, while Katy and Jim set the cabin into neat shape, the older lads went after more wood, and having done this, walked out to the neighboring marsh and cut great armfuls of wild rice and rushes, which they brought to make their straw bed thicker and softer. This and other things took up the morning, and then all came in to help and hinder Katy while she got dinner.

When it had been set out they found half a boiled ham, potatoes, some fried onions ("arctic voyagers always need to eat onions to prevent scurvy, you know," Katy explained), and even bread and butter; but it was almost the last of their only loaf.

In the afternoon the wind moderated, the clouds that had made it so dark in the morning cleared away, and the sun came out. Under the shelter of the long wharf and breakwater they walked out on the ice to the light-house, where they had been so often in midsummer; but now it was shut up, for there would be no use in burning a signal light on the lake after the cold weather of the fall had put a stop to navigation.

Supper was simple, but they had lots of fun over it, and then all set at work to help Aleck make straps of canvas to put over the shoulder and across the breast when they



"HE SHOUTED, 'LAY ON!'"

were hauling on the drag-rope. This contrivance saved chafing, and gave a better pull. Jim had pooh-poohed the taking of a sail-needle and some waxed twine along as unnecessary, but Aleck had persisted; and here was its service the very first day. Before the trip was through with, everybody wanted a hundred little articles they did not possess, worse than they would have missed this sail-needle had it not been brought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE PAROQUETS.

BY EDWARD IRENEUS STEVENSON.

I.

IT was extremely cold November weather. The happy family of birds in Miss Ollapod's aviary admitted the fact. Miss Ollapod took care that the aviary should be kept at a perfect temperature; she was devoted to the comfort of her pets.

But the Java sparrows shivered and kept away from the sashes. The mino sat on his perch in aristocratic reserve, and declined to say a word. The three paroquets screamed in annoyance on beholding through the glass which protected them, as well as the big palms and ferns in the conservatory, a white shower noiselessly, steadily falling all day long.

The ground was deep with it already. The tall, thin-legged crane who stalked below their resting-place, and was a very genteel personage, looked aloft to the paroquets every few moments to remark:

"This is really the winter of this country. You will like it after a while, I am sure," he added, politely.

"Like it!" at last snapped Green Coat, a very handsome paroquet. "I hate it. Look at me! I am green; I love sunshine, and to be out-doors, as my mistress has so often allowed us to be, hung in the great cage in the garden. To be shut up here, in this glass barn, with all that gray sky and those dead boughs!—Don't talk to me, I beg."

"Nor to me," exclaimed Blue Coat, the eldest of the trio. "Look at me. I am all color, all life—"

"And all tongue," croaked the mino from his corner.

"My coat here shines like metal: I heard our mistress tell her little niece so yesterday. What have I to do with this bleak, dead white looking stuff that is falling out yonder and making all the world so blank? Ah, if we could but get away from it! Oh, Brazil! Brazil!"

"You silly, sentimental fools," the mino here screamed, loudly. He was quite unable to longer contain himself. "What would you do?—and where would you go, pray? Are you not just now complaining of the weather, and yet talk of flying forth into it? You would not live half an hour in that air out yonder."

"Goodness me! don't talk of our flying off or doing anything else that one would like," said Gold Coat, the youngest paroquet of all. "We are here, shut up safe and sound, like so many jail-birds, and there is no chance of our tasting liberty. I despise this land. I hate the time of year you call winter. Oh, to be free! free! FREE!"

At this Green Coat and Blue Coat, partly because of excitement, and partly to drown the voice of the old mino, shrieked out, after young Gold Coat, "Oh, to be free! free! FREE!"

What with their squalling and clapping their wings, and fluttering about, so much noise was made, and the



"THE HIND THREW HERSELF ACROSS HIS BEAUTIFUL NECK."

other birds were so upset, that Miss Ollapod's little niece and nephew, snowballing one another out in the back garden behind the conservatory, looked up at it in surprise.

"Oh, do look at the paroquets, Tom!" exclaimed the girl, holding the snow-ball unthrown in her hand. "How they are flying about up there!"

"It's the mino-bird; he's teasing them all the time, I

guess," replied Tom, out of breath from the last tussle. "It's the old mino." In this world one is often blamed for things not his fault.

"Well, then," Cora shouted, "he sha'n't be allowed to do so to-day without somebody's objecting. Here goes!"

"Oh, Cora!" came Tom's voice, in horror at his sister's gesture. But too late, the snow-ball had departed straight

for the second pane from the bottom of the aviary sash, facing them.

Now Cora had not interfered with the stir in the aviary so heedlessly as Tom thought. Her ball was of soft snow, and very loosely packed. Cora had reckoned on its giving a good thump on the glass, and had not fancied that there was the slightest danger of its breaking anything except itself, and by its startling sound ending the birds' quarrels. But unfortunately the putty which held the old pane in place was mysteriously absent from the sash, and only a few touches of it were left. Miss Ollapod had remarked this the day before, and had said, "Jackson must make that more secure at once, or you will all be frozen, or flitting off some evening."

The pane was much looser than Miss Ollapod had fancied. The snow-ball could not break it; but it did worse: it knocked it inward, and it fell in pieces on the aviary floor, with a rush of cold air invading that warm asylum.

"Run, run, Tom!" Cora shouted. "The birds will all be out in a minute. Tell Aunt Myrtilla! Get into the aviary!"

Tom ran in a panic. Cora, calling "Aunt Myrtilla! Aunt Myrtilla!" at the top of her lungs, darted after him. High over the children's heads was the paneless square.

"The Gateway of Liberty!" screeched young Gold Coat, fluttering to it the instant the fright at the smashing glass was over.

"The Gateway of Liberty!" echoed Green Coat.

"Adieu, everybody," was Gold Coat's only and breathless farewell, as he flashed through the opening like a green falling star.

"Good-by!" shrieked Green Coat and Blue Coat, flitting out into the snow and the chill air.

The three beautiful creatures, wild with delight on finding their thoughtless wish so unexpectedly granted, but rather at a loss how to act on it, shot across the garden, with its bare shrubs, and over the roofs of the houses fronting on the other street. The snow-storm closed around them there.

Behind in the aviary the mino, the Java sparrows, the crane, the old parrot with the bald head, and all the other members of the aviary circle, stood perfectly aghast about the "Gateway of Liberty," as poetic Gold Coat had called it. They did not dare to speak to each other. They shivered and drew back. How sudden and shocking it had been!

"Poor fools!" muttered the mino; "they will be frozen stiff before they have flown ten squares."

Just at that moment Miss Myrtilla Ollapod, her housemaid, and Tom and Cora, rushed into the aviary, too late to do any good.

II.

In the mean time Green Coat and his two friends were shooting toward the Park by instinct. It was unexpectedly cold. No doubt about that. The three birds, in spite of their high spirits, felt the wind and the wet more keenly each instant.

"I n—n—never realized what snow was before," said Green Coat.

"It's awful," rejoined Gold Coat, with a slight cough. "But we are free. Lovely word!"

"Yes, f—f—freezing," gasped Green Coat, for even paroquets have the dreadful trick of punning.

By this time the runaway party were far out over the frozen meadows and river, and the forest that rose around the city lay just before them.

"Courage! courage!" exclaimed Gold Coat. "We must get used to it. Anything for liberty, dear friends." And he coughed again.

It grew dark; the snow ceased falling; stars came out. The three paroquets squeezed into the hollow trunk of an old tree, and its protection and their united warmth saved their lives that bleak November night.

"Where *shall* we get breakfast?" asked Green Coat, meekly, after daylight.

The three birds stared at each other for answer. Miss Myrtilla had never failed to see that the seeds, the slices of fruit, the bread and milk, the water, was put in plenty about the aviary before she went to bed. But the aviary was the prison they had loathed. To wish for its luxuries meant repentance. Perish the thought!

"Freedom!" exclaimed the half-frozen Blue Coat. "Starvation!" he said to himself.

Finally they found six berries. Luckily they were not poisoned by these; but as it was, they felt dreadfully uncomfortable for a good while. So liberty meant, first, cold, then no beds, then no breakfast. What had it so far amounted to that made it worth having?

Just as the sun was fairly lighting the gloomy woods, a stag, a hind, and their two children stalked briskly along past the three runaway birds.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the stag, looking at them. "Where did you come from? You aren't dressed according to the winter fashions at all."

"We are lovers of liberty," said the paroquets in trio. "We fled to the forest to enjoy it."

"Oh," said the stag, quietly; "and whence fled you?" They told him.

"Well," said the hind, in her turn, "I must say I think you have been rather foolish. You had better go back before sunset. It's wonderful how you have stood the night."

"Go back!" they all cried, their pride touched to the quick, and feeling quite warm in their excitement. "Never! We know what we need, and liberty we will have!"

"Oh, very well," answered the stag, more respectfully. "If you truly are so resolved to live free lives, why, I honor you for it. Our race, too, love it, and pine after it if they are confined. But then this is our own climate, my dears; not yours."

"Suppose you come along with us?" said the good-natured hind. "We may be able to help you. At any rate, you can fly overhead, while we run below, and thus enjoy a race in the fresh air." Green Coat shivered violently. "And, besides, you will not be so alone, for I don't believe that the other birds about here will have much to do with you."

The three paroquets accepted this kind suggestion with meek gratitude. They spent the morning with the stag, the hind, and their little family. It was a remarkably warm day, such as sometimes comes in November, and they kept fairly comfortable; that is, by exercising till they were ready to die with fatigue. But then they were at liberty! And, sure enough, they found some ground-berries, and a piece of mouldy bread in a wood-cutter's path. They found it hard to swallow either refreshment. But it was a part of liberty—sweet liberty! The hind very civilly took pains to introduce her three protégées right and left; but the forest birds turned their backs the moment the names were uttered, and sneered out something concerning foreigners and their ridiculous clothes and horrible language.

In reply to Blue Coat's pleading questions about the direction of Brazil and the shortest way to that warmer land, these Northerners shook their heads coldly, and said that they had no friends so far south, and had never travelled to Brazil, and never would.

The hawks, indeed, all made such alarming faces that poor Green Coat vowed to his friends that it was easy to see where hawks would get their suppers in Brazil, and that their escape now was each time narrower. Worse still, when the stag said, with a grave bow and sparkling eye, "They have fled to our forest because they love liberty," and whispered of the good things from which they had fled, the crows cried:

"What! warmth! all the food they wanted! good so-

ciety! What idiots! They ought to be driven off from everywhere for their folly."

So there were increasing doubts about the good of liberty for paroquets as noon came on.

"Ah, well!" said the gallant stag, "of course you can not be warmed and fed and find yourselves appreciated when you are out in the wild world. But one thing you have—the joy of going hither and thither, of leaping and bounding—"

"Of flying, you mean," interrupted the hind—"of flying when and where you choose, with none to check you. That is freedom, after all, and a thing worth sacrificing much luxury for. Man has no control over you here."

But, lo! as the stag spoke he raised his head, and seemed to tremble. Clear in the afternoon air came the sound of a hound's war note. It rang out nearer soon.

"Fly! fly!" exclaimed the hind, in an agony of terror. "Those hunters—they have got on your track at last."

In the wild rush that followed, the three terrified paroquets winged their way above the leaping figures below, now losing sight of them, now speeding in advance of them. They felt that the last good in this dreadful thing called liberty was a shadow. Before an hour was over the miserable stag met a stray sportsman, who raised his gun at the game another man had driven across his path.

The shot was not at once mortal to the noble friend of the paroquets. The stag turned and rushed back, and warned the hind with the two young ones of the new danger that had overtaken him. They had just time to dash off in another direction, and escape meeting the hunter.

But, alas! far in the lonely glen the stag felt his life coming to an end. The wound had drained him of blood and strength. He sank down. The hind threw herself across his beautiful neck, and the young deer stood by wonderingly as their father gasped out his farewell. The paroquets looked on at the close of this tragedy of the forest with grief and terror. What would be their fate without even this protector?

As the dying stag stretched himself upon the snow and breathed his last he seemed to think of the miserable paroquets. Half raising his head, and looking at Blue Coat, who sat alone on a near twig, he murmured, "This, too, is liberty," and so expired.

Green Coat could endure the situation no longer. He cried piteously to the others:

"Back—oh, let us go back to the aviary, to a prison, to anywhere! We have been fools. Let us fly before a moment more may make it too late!"

The other two birds lamented with him, and exclaimed, "Ah, yes! Let us return. Liberty here for us means misery and death."

The hind, which was overcome with grief, hardly noticed the hasty, sad farewells of the birds. They rose in the air as high as they dared. The sun still shone brightly, and warmed them. Home—that was all they thought of. A short flight lay before them; for the afternoon's sad adventure had brought them near to the same edge of the thick woods which they had entered the day before.

It was nearly dark. Miss Myrtilla stood in the open door of her handsome mansion looking for the boy with the paper. She expected to see in it an advertisement beginning,

"LOST, on Wednesday afternoon, three Brazilian paroquets"—and so on.

Tom and Cora called out from the parlor, "Aunt Myrtilla, do come in and shut that door! you'll take an awful cold," when they heard Miss Ollapod's loud cry of fright and delight.

Rushing into the hall, they found her clutching Blue Coat's trembling little body with one hand, and Green Coat twining his claws about the first finger of the other.

Gold Coat was sitting, with eyes closed, completely fagged out, on the newel-post.

"Shut, oh, shut the door, Tom!" cried Cora, doing it herself, as was usually the case with her orders to Tom. But there was no need to shut the door—if only she had known it.

The mino snickered and scolded the next morning, and did his best to make the runaways tell the story of their freedom. He got not one word from them.

Basking in the sunshine of the warm aviary, listening to the crane's well-bred nothings, and eating bits of banana, they glanced at the new pane of glass that had closed the "Gateway of Liberty," and whispered to each other that they never would betray their adventures or why the word "Liberty" made them quake. It was the hind that told the whole story not long ago.

HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

HOCKEY may be played at any season of the year, but it is when Jack Frost has laid his iron grasp upon nature that the best season for it begins. Then it can be enjoyed to the full. Other games are laid aside as being unsuitable for practice on the ice, but hockey is as much at home on the ice, or more so, than on the bare ground.

The hockey stick for a boy of twelve or fourteen should be about two and a half feet long, with a curve at an angle of forty-five degrees or thereabouts. Almost any hard-wood sapling will do, preference, however, being given to crab-apple, apple, hickory, ash, or oak. The ball may be either a hard India-rubber one, about two inches in diameter, or it may be of cork or of wood. At school our favorite hockey ball was a cork "bung," such as is used for corking beer casks. We used to cut off the edges with a knife, and then bind it with string, cutting grooves for the string to lie in. This made the bung stronger.

The general rules of hockey are like those of foot-ball, but on the ice some of these are relaxed for good reasons—chiefly on account of the large area of the field of play. Except for the goal and the goal-line, the side boundaries of the game may be those of the pond, provided it be of moderate extent. For the goal it is necessary to have some artificial boundary, and what that boundary shall be will depend largely upon the circumstances. A couple of barrels, placed about twenty feet apart, do very well, provided they are not disturbed; but equally good—indeed better—would be a couple of ten-foot poles planted in the ice. The difficulty in all cases is that it is almost impossible to fix anything firmly in the ice without a great deal of trouble, unless, indeed, you call nature to your aid. If you can, by melting the ice, manage to get the barrels to freeze in it, you will have a reasonably firm fixture. The width of the goal will depend upon the distance between the two goals, and it may be said roughly that the goals should be about thirty times as far apart as the goals are wide. Thus if the distance between goals is three hundred feet, the goals should be each ten feet wide.

There is no need to limit the number of players on each side. If there is plenty of room, the more the merrier. But there must be a captain, who shall assign the players their stations: a goal-keeper, two "backs," two "half-backs," and the rest of the side "forwards." If the field is large and the players numerous, there may be two keepers for each goal; and if the ball is kept mainly at the other end of the ground, the keepers of the neglected goal should be changed now and then, as their want of exercise will soon cause them to get chilled. It should be understood that a player may only hit in the ball in the direction of his opponents' goal, even though it might be of advantage to him to hit in the direction of his own goal in order to avoid some known good player. When this rule is broken, any opponent may claim an "off-side," and



HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

none of the offending side shall then hit the ball until it shall have been struck by one of the other side.

The best way to start the game on the ice is to place the ball midway between two picked players, who shall stand in the centre of the line of their own forward players, and at a given signal shall start for the ball. Whichever of the two reaches it first will of course get the hit. As soon as the ball is hit, and not before, the remaining "forwards" may start toward it.

If a ball is hit out of bounds—that is, on to the land, supposing that to form the boundary—the player who shall first touch it shall bring it on to the ice, as near as may be to the place where it left the ice, and shall have a fair hit. But if the ball shall go out of bounds behind an imaginary continuation in either direction of the goal line, the captain of the side whose goal it is shall select one of his own side to have a fair hit from the place where the ball crossed the imaginary line. This is spoken of as an "imaginary" line because of the difficulty of actually drawing a line on the ice or of marking it out with posts, as on the foot-ball field. By a "fair hit" is meant a hit made without opposition from the other side, and as this would be of no use if the other side were to come up quite close to the ball (even though they did not hit it), no player of either side should be within twenty yards of the ball when placed for a fair hit, and the striker's own side must be behind the ball—that is, nearer to their own goal than the ball is.

The ball may not be handled, but it may be caught or stopped with the hand, provided it be at once dropped at the player's feet. But should the goal-keeper, in defending his goal, catch the ball in his hand, he may throw it, if he can do so, before any of his opponents can get nearer enough to hit the ball, supposing it were on the ground at the catcher's feet. This is contrary to the spirit of the game, but it is allowed in the case of the goal-keeper be-

cause of the great danger to the goal in his charge. The catch must be on the "fly," and not a bounding ball.

In order that neither side shall have an undue advantage in the wind, goals should be changed either every game or every half-hour, or at half-time, as in foot-ball; and it is best to settle upon a certain time (say an hour) for the duration of a match. In this, as in some other cases in which there is no fixed rule, the laws of the more familiar game of foot-ball may be looked to for guidance. A game is not won until the ball has passed between the goal-posts, but should the appointed time pass and neither side have won a goal, then the advantage may be considered to lie with the side that has driven the ball most frequently behind their opponents' goal line—the imaginary line spoken of above.

As regards the play, it should be borne in mind that when a player has the ball he should try and keep possession of it, and so, rather than try a long hit, he should "dribble" the ball along, guiding it through the ranks of his opponents. This is especially the duty of a player who is in advance of his side; of course a back-player, whose friends are in front of him, and prepared to follow the ball up, may hit it as far as he can. He will thus get it in front of the main body of his side again.

In order to prevent accidents, the strict rule is that the hockey stick shall not be lifted higher than the shoulder, except in the case of a fair hit, when there is no danger, and at the first starting hit of the game. The rule is no hardship, since all the force that is ordinarily required can be given by a blow delivered from the height of the shoulder. For a violation of this and all other rules there should be a penalty, and the best penalty is a fair hit to be claimed by the other side, which claim must be made at once. Lastly, let the players agree upon rules and boundaries, and observe them faithfully, lest disputes should spoil the pleasure of what might be a "real good time."



Moderato. MUSIC BY S. B. MILLS.

Ba, ba, black sheep, have you a - ny wool? Yes, mas - ter, that I have, three bags full;

One for the mas - ter, and one for the dame, But none for the lit - tle boy that lives in the lane.

Legato. p



None for the
little boy



TODDLEKINS.

Who's coming?	Hear, hear:
Can you ask it?	Now he's saying,
Toddlekins,	We can work
In his basket.	While he's playing.
"Rattle, rattle,"	Hark! hark!
See him walking;	Is he crying?
"Coo, coo,"	Here, there,
Hear him talking.	See us flying.
Don't you know,	Run, run,
Without telling,	Patter, patter.
Toddlekins	Who did it?
Rules our dwelling?	What's the matter?
Every one	Everywhere,
Bows before him;	Faster, faster.
When he smiles	We obey him—
We adore him.	He is master.
When he frowns,	Who is he?
What a damper!	Why ask it?
When he cries,	Toddlekins,
How we scamper!	In his basket.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

I am not one of those little girls of whom I read so often in the paper, but I am not so very big either. I am thirteen years old, and have been taking HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE only three months, but am so interested in it that I thought I would write a few lines to you. I received the paper from a teacher I had last year, as a reward for having one of the highest averages at the final examination. I am now in the "A" grade, the highest class in the Intermediate School. I am very much interested in my lessons, and love my teachers. I was always longing for a German correspondent, and so I thought I would take the chance when I saw the item among the letters last week that Hatty F., of 308 Broadway, Kansas City, Missouri, would like to have some German correspondents, but I thought I would ask you first if a letter will arrive safely without having the full name of the little girl, as she only gave the initial F.

SARAH M. S.

Your letter will reach Miss Hatty safely if addressed as above.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have no pets at all at our house in the way of animals, but we have one darling loving little sister, who is a pet for us all. She will be five years old the 1st of March, and she is very fond of cats. As I was saying, we have not any pets at our house, because mamma is not fond of them; but grandma has a little kitten that she keeps at her house for Agnes; its name is Moussey. When it was young it was very mischievous. It used to tear the lace curtains, and pull grandma's glasses off her face, but has learned better by this time. One day one of my aunts, before washing her hands, took off one of her rings and laid it down carefully. When she was through she went to get it, but it was gone. She sought all over for it. At last she saw it lying in one corner of the room, where Moussey had carried it. We go to the Friends' School. ANNA A. W.

HANOVER, GERMANY.

MY DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I thought I would write to you. I live in America, but we came abroad on the 15th of May. We have been nearly all over England, and have been to Ireland

and Wales, and now we are in Germany, learning German, and expect to go to France, Switzerland, and Scotland before we go home again. I have a big brother thirteen years old, and he likes YOUNG PEOPLE very much, and so do I. I haven't any pets, except two dolls; one came from Paris, and the other I got while I was in New York. I made up a piece of poetry in baby talk about Beatrice, the one that came from Paris, which I send you. Please print it, and print this letter also. AGNES L. S.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS.

BY DAISY GRAYEYES.

Oh, I'm wee Princess Beatwisse—
Oo may not fink I am;
But I live up in the tuintree,
And dwink all the milt I tan.
I lite fess milt for buweekfess,
I lite fess toast for tea.
I lite beef'teak for my dinner.
But honey's too tweet for me.

For I'm wee Princess Beatwisse—
Oo may not fink I am;
But dess tome up to the tuintree
And see for ooself, if oo tan.

I've dot a 'tittle brusser,
He ain't so fat as me;
But he 'lives up in de tuintree,
Jess ee same p'ace as me.
I does to bed vewry early,
He does to bed vewry 'ate;
I lite sweet milt for my buweekfess,
He lites hot tea and tate.
Dat's why my cheets are so wosy,
Dat's why my tiss is so tweet;
Dat's why my leds are so p'ump and fat,
Dat's why I have such wee feet.

For I'm the Princess Beatwisse—
Oo may not fink I am;
But dess oo tome to ee tuintree
And see for ooself, if oo tan.

WEAVERVILLE, CALIFORNIA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years, and I love it dearly. I thought the story of "Nan" the nicest of all. I have two little sisters, named Ella and Adele. I do not go to school yet, but mamma teaches me a little at home, so I can write this letter myself. I want to go to school very much. Won't you write to mamma and ask her to send me to school? I think she would do it then. My papa is a miner. Were you ever in a gold mine? I have a pretty little kitten named Snowball, and a lovely French doll five years old, and a big dog named Beppo. I do not think you have many letters from California, and I hope you will be glad to hear from me. Can you read my writing, and shall I write to you again? MARGIE McM.

Your writing is beautifully plain and clear; and don't you think, dear, that mamma knows best about sending her little girl to school? I think it is very pleasant to be taught at home by one's mother.

PORT ROYAL, VIRGINIA.

My brother Will and I have an adopted brother, who takes HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for us. We are orphans, and I am a little fellow nine years old. We like our paper, and hope you will print our letters in it. We have five pretty pigeons, and they will eat from my hand. Our adopted mother teaches us our lessons, and Santa Claus will put something in our stockings. We wish you a merry Christmas. Your little friend, JAMES K. K.

I am the brother Will that Jemmy tells you about, and am twelve years old, but my education was neglected. Papa has given me a little pony; he is very gentle, and is fond of me; his name is Hampton. My father and mother came from Germany, but I was born in America. Please print mine and little brother's letters. We have an adopted brother in Syria. I wish you a happy New-Year. WILLIAM K. K.

These are very nice letters, and the young writers will no doubt do much better after a while.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

I have written once before to the Post-office Box, but as my letter was not printed, I thought I would try again. We have lived here two years, and enjoy the climate very much. There are six hotels here, and the people are beginning to come to spend their winter. Palatka is situated on the beautiful St. John's River, seventy-five miles south of Jacksonville, and is quite a winter resort. I attend the St. Mark's School, which has about fifty scholars. I love to study. I often go on the river with my friends, and we have delightful times. Last week we rowed to Colonel Hart's, on the opposite point, and went about in his large orange grove. It was lovely. Some of the trees hung full of the golden fruit. They

blossom about February, and the fruit ripens in November. ELLA J. F.

PRAIRIE CREEK, OKRONG.

Through the kindness of some dear friends in Buffalo, New York, I have received HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE almost two years. I am very thankful for it, as I enjoy reading it very much. I have never seen any letters from this place, so I hope this will be printed. I live close to the Blue Mountains. They are covered with snow now. They look beautiful in summer; they also look very lovely now at sunrise and sunset. The scenery here is beautiful. We had a little snow on the 10th of October, but the sun soon took it off. I am a big girl, almost eleven years old. I have no sisters, but have two grown brothers, who are in Kansas, where we used to live, so I am alone with papa and mamma. My school is over at present, and I do a number of things to pass away the time. I read and study and knit and sew and play. CORA E. F.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for over a year, and I think it is a very nice paper. My pet is a gray kitty, and I call her Spice, because she has a hot temper. Her mother got her forepaw caught in a trap once, and now she has to limp. She is very shy. There are a good many orange-trees on the grounds here, and some of the oranges are very large. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers. I was thirteen last Friday, and I received a good many presents. I have a garden, and all my flowers are growing nicely. I have a very pretty vine, of which I do not know the name. It has fine green leaves, and some small red blossoms. Can any one tell me its name? A. F. W.

Will some little reader answer this question?

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI.

I am going to school now. I have many studies; most of them are interesting, but some are difficult, although I expect to master all. My teacher is rather strict, but that does not mar her kindness. We live on a beautiful square, elevated from the street in front, and hilly in the orchard. The house faces the rising sun, and is a few yards from the fence. The garden lies on the south side of the house, the orchard is on the southwest and north side, a part of a large pond peeps through the fence, and behind that is the large potato patch. Mamma and papa have a large family; there are six girls and two boys. The oldest boy is first, my two older sisters next, then myself; I have two sisters going to school younger than I, then comes the baby, the darling of the household. She does not call herself a baby; she says she is a big lady. She is four years old. I am eleven, but will be twelve on the 10th of the month. FANNIE DE L.

Where does the second brother come? I fear you forgot him. I suppose, though, his place is between Fannie and the baby.

BOUND BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school. We have twenty minutes' recess in the morning, and none in the afternoon. There are fourteen names on the roll. Our teacher boards with us. School is dismissed at half past three. We sing every day, and recite pieces every Friday. I have two brothers and four sisters. My younger brother has a pair of pigeons, but I have no pets at all. We live by a river, and it is very nice. EVELYN W. O.

SHARP'S WHARF, VIRGINIA.

I am a boy eleven years old. I am very much interested in the letters of young correspondents, though I have never written before. I have one brother and two sisters. Lulu, one of my sisters, has a little colt named Stelli, and I have a big colt named Bajazet. He is only two years old, and is the largest thing of his age I ever saw. I have a cow named Emily, and a calf named Juke, and also have a pig which has no name. We have two other horses, two mules, and a cat, also a fine yoke of red oxen. P. ALBERT B.

ONARGA, ILLINOIS.

I want to tell how to make a pretty birthday or holiday present for any friend who wears eyeglasses or spectacles. Place a small wine-glass upon a piece of chamois-skin, and mark around it with a pencil. Cut two pieces like this, and button-hole stitch them round with pink, blue, or red silk; then fasten the two together with a little bow of the same color, and give it to some friend, who will never be without an eyeglass cleaner afterward. I send one to the Postmistress, not because she needs one, but because I want to show her one. I look forward to my HARPER'S day, and sometimes sister lets us read it in school for a lesson. I am twelve years old. LOTTIE L.

Thank you, Lottie dear, for the neatly made little gift. As I do not use eyeglasses, I thought you would like to know that I have presented it to a friend who does.

UTICA, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy nearly seven years old. I used to live in New Hartford; four weeks ago we moved to Utica. I had a dove for a pet, but some one stole it. I have a canary-bird now; its name is Cherry, and I have a cat. I have a little brother named Frank; he says he is going to be a farmer. My papa is a doctor, but I don't think I shall be one. I had a dear little sister Bessie, but she died last August. I miss her very much. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* one year, and like it. My mamma reads it every night before I go to sleep; she enjoys it as much as I do.

ARTIE P. S.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* but a short time, but I am so delighted with it that I want to write a letter to the dear Postmistress. I am in the last room in the grammar school, and consequently have to study quite hard. Last summer I spent two weeks in Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard. I used to go bathing, roller-skating, riding, fishing, and do lots of other things. I was there during the dreadful fire at Vineyard Haven. I would like to know if any of the readers have ever been to Cottage City? I know of two that have. I go over to the city quite often to buy Christmas presents. I wonder if you are as busy making presents as I have been? I went to the Institute Fair before it closed, and I have been to the Foreign Exhibition, which I enjoyed very much, and wish you could have seen. Recently I went to the Cat Show, and it was very nice. I have a cat, and a splendid little black-and-tan dog, whose name is Dot. He does quite a number of cute tricks. He went under a tent one summer, and got his ear torn, but it is all right now. I tried one of the Little Housekeepers' receipts, and it proved quite successful. I answered an exchange last week, but as yet have had no reply. I hope this letter is not too long, and I would like very much to have it printed, as it would be a surprise to my mamma and papa.

MARY W. P.

A FAIRY'S MISSION.

One hot day a little boy lay sleeping under a blooming apple-tree. There were traces of tears on his rosy cheeks, and his dreams seemed troubled. In one hand he held a rake, and the other was tossed over his head.

He started suddenly as a shower of apple blossoms was scattered in his face. He looked up and beheld—a fairy. As he looked she motioned him to a seat beside her. When he was seated by her side she said,

"You have troubles, my dear; have you not?"

"Yes," he answered; "I wandered away from home and got lost, two months ago, and my money was taken from me, so I came here, and have been trying to earn enough to get home with by raking hay."

"You dear little boy," said the fairy, "you deserve help, and I will do all in my power to assist you."

"You are very kind. If I could see my father and my little sister, I should be perfectly happy."

"You take these three twigs, and when I am gone break this one, and the others when you are in trouble."

The fairy had broken three twigs from the tree while speaking, and handed them to him. He looked up to thank her, but she was gone.

He broke the first twig, and in it discovered a suit of clothes, which he needed very much. He put these on, and broke the second, which contained a horse and saddle. He mounted, and let the horse go where he wished, and they travelled on until they came to the foot of a very steep mountain.

He broke the third, and found himself at his father's door. Jumping from the saddle, he ran up the steps, and was caught in the arms of his father. Thus the little boy was made happy by the good fairy's mission.

Written for the Post-office Box, by

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

We buy *YOUNG PEOPLE* for Carrie, six and a half years old, and John, five years old, and have fallen into the habit of giving it to them alternately. It falls to my lot to read to them. Carrie seems to enjoy the letters as well if not better than any other part, and has told me so often to write to you that she has finally gotten me into the notion of writing. They say I must tell all about our dog, that he is a beautiful Newfoundland, with just the loveliest big bushy tail, and white bosom, and white tip on each foot. One day he followed mamma home, and was so glad to find a home. He staid five or six weeks of his own free-will. In the mean time we found his owner, and she gave him to John. Now he spends most of his time at his former home, and visits us—comes in like a gentleman, says "How are you?" to each one, and shakes hands with all who will. We named him Carlo, for grandma had a Carlo exactly like him once, but his name before we got him was Rover; and he is a rover surely. John watches him very closely, and when he sees him go as far as the gate he calls, "Here, Carlo! meat! meat!" and goes and feeds him.

but he goes away. We are sorry, as we would get a wagon and harness if there was any likelihood of his staying. We tried him once, and he can pull splendidly. Carrie's pet is a cat. Every morning, the first thing, she gets on her shoulder—or pillow, if she is not up yet—and "kneads dough" as fast as she can.

We have a grandma living with us who is nearly seventy-four years old, and as the children's noise worries her, we have turned our attention to quiet amusement a great deal for rainy days, and the following are some of the things we do. (This is for the benefit of the little Parkie and Joey who wrote a short time ago.) Carrie has a box of sliced birds, and John one of sliced animals; grandma gave them. They cut paper for hours, and make pin-wheels out of old letters from papa's office; paste pictures in the woodshed; make whole flocks of paper chickens; cut dolls and dresses, and play with them; get a straight piece of pine and split kindling with old dull knives, or split kindling in the woodshed with a very, very dull hatchet; cut out paper money until they are rich, and then throw it up, like the man did the cards in the show, until they are tired of it. Then they sew; but when papa finds John trying to sew he calls him Susan, but he threads his needle all the same. Carrie has been trying to print lately. They paste pictures on pasteboard, and then cut them out for a puppet show. They put a piece of stiff clear paper under a picture, and then punch pin-holes through and make pin pictures; mamma takes the head off the pin with a pair of pincers, and puts the pin in a stick, so it is easy to hold. The next stormy day we are going to see how many figures we can make with a given number of lines—say, four. We would like to get a book with Kindergarten instructions, if we knew who could furnish one. We would like to know how other little fellows do for in-door amusement.

Very truly yours, Mrs. JOHN L. D.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

We have a bird named Dick. He is nine years old, and it seems that nothing can kill him. We went to the country one year, and the bird was left at papa's office; the boy at the office went to fix his cage; he lifted the door, and was going to put it down again, but it fell on Dick's leg and broke it. Papa set it and put medicine on it, but Dick picked it off; he would not have anything on it, and it soon got well again. One day Dick was hanging out of the window, when a storm came up, and before we thought to bring him in he was very nearly drowned. One night the wind was from the east, and the gas escaped from the range, and it was so bad that it killed a rabbit we had, but it did not kill Dick. Once a cat nearly had him; and, last of all, mamma hung the cage out of the window, but the nail came out, and Dick, cage, and all fell down to the ground from the second story. When we went down Dick was at the bottom of the cage with the bath-tub on top of him. He is living still, and seems quite hearty.

CARRIE T.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I am taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I like it very much. I get it every Friday evening. I am always anxious to get the new ones. I like its funny stories. I had never read it before, and I am much pleased with it. I coaxed my mother to subscribe for it for one year. I got one new subscriber for it. I am a deaf and dumb little boy. I have two dear little sisters living, and one dead. My home is in Omaha, Nebraska; it is a nice city. Please print this letter, will you? Your little friend,

GEORGE H.

I know the children who can hear sweet music and talk merrily will be happy when they find out the pleasure a *silent* boy finds in *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

MINONK, ILLINOIS.

I wrote you once before, inclosing some money for the *Young People's* Cot, but my letter was not published, so I thought I would try again. I have a little sister not quite a year old; she is my only sister, and I have no brothers, consequently she is a great pet. I am nine years old, and am in the grammar room. Papa got me a side-saddle, and I learned to ride a little last summer. I have a dog named Jessie that is older than I am. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very, very much. Papa and mamma think it the most instructive and entertaining paper they know of. I have every number, and have two volumes nicely bound, with my name on.

HELEN C.

GLENDALE, OHIO.

I am in school now. I like short division, long division, multiplication, subtraction, and addition. I think the best story in *YOUNG PEOPLE* is "Raising the 'Pearl.'" I think that old Captain Sammy was very funny; he was very mad when Tommy Tucker took his boat away from that island. I went to Cincinnati yesterday afternoon, and had a very nice time. I like school very much, and I love my teacher dearly, and she is very kind to me. I can play on the violin

very well. In Glendale the foliage is very beautiful. To-morrow I will be in long division.

MURRAY MARVIN G.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and have just commenced to take your beautiful paper, and I think the stories in it are just lovely. I can not hope to write as interesting a letter as some of the others do, but I can say something about Chicago, the great city of the West, where I have been many times, and think it a magnificent city. We lived on Michigan Boulevard, only one block from the lake. I went to Milwaukee, and had a very nice sail on the steamboat *Chicago*. Among the very interesting sights of Chicago is the Water-works, where the machinery is quite wonderful. From the tower you can view the whole city. I had a little gray kitten, which I loved very dearly. As I see most of your little correspondents write about their pets, so I thought I would tell you about mine. This fall, when I went to visit her, I found her, to my great surprise, a large pussy-cat. Among my pretty presents last Christmas was *Picturesque America*.

MAYBIE S.

Nina J.: I would make a bed for Kitty, if I were you, in a little basket, and teach her to lie in that. You might embroider a little blanket for her, with her name on it, and tuck her up warmly. Do not let her sleep in your bed, nor put her paws around your neck. I am sure your school is a pleasant one.—Mary H. S., Ruby C. A., Emma W., Henry E. O., Timothy C., John H. D., Charles W., Ada K., Henry C. F., Eddie McG., Laura C., Alice E. W., Nellie Van W., Jessie Bell M., Francis Claire S., Lottie L. W., A. C. A., Mary G. H., Annie L., Edgar R., Elsie S., Edith S., Ernest G. C., Robin D., Belle G., Estella P., Bertie T., Lena S., Harriet L., Marie E. X., Myra E. R., C. C. M., Daisy S. M., and Lillian D., will please accept thanks for their letters.

Frank F. P.: I am sure that a boy who works so diligently all summer to help his father, who is not strong, will make splendid progress in winter when he goes to school. Some of the noblest Americans, men of most honorable records, have done just what you are doing, worked hard in their boyhood, in the fields in spring and summer, and in the district school in winter.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 4, 5, 6 is a red.

My 10, 11, 6 is the last.

My 12, 13, 11, 15 is a small bed.

My 14, 8, 17 is a domestic animal.

My 1, 8, 12, 5, 16 is a piece of furniture.

My 2, 3, 11 is a bird.

My 14, 4, 8, 5 is useful in winter.

My 12, 7, 8, 1 is used on ponds.

My 14, 8, 9, 10 is good to eat.

My 15, 8, 17, 16 is a girl's name.

My whole is the name of a popular song.

W. M. W.

No. 2.

THREE DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. The cry of an animal. 3. A parent. 4. A letter. GEORGE R. P.

2.—1. A letter. 2. Used in the kitchen. 3. A dumb friend. 4. A verb. 5. A letter.

3.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. Something useful in travelling. 4. A conjunction. 5. A letter.

BUDGE.

No. 3.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. Limited in range. 2. Journals. 3. The third or last part of an ancient ode. 4. To give up. 5. Anger. 6. Similar to. 7. A letter. VOGIENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 217.

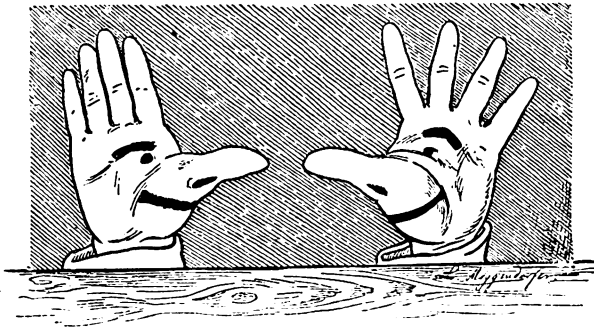
No. 1.—The cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet. Roast beef. Fowls. Chowder. Lobster. Salad. Hot bread. Butter. Runns (hot-cross). Biscuit. Cheese. Water. Coffee. Wine. Tarts. Fruit.

No. 2.—Mistletoe.

No. 3.—Because the corn have ears.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ida, Alice, Emily and Forrest H., Lucy Mills, James Hill, Clarence Wells, Arthur Raymond, Fanny and Dick Halsted, and E. T. C.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

BY G. B. BARTLETT, AUTHOR OF "GAMES FOR PARLOR AND LAWN."

THE Goose is chosen by count, as follows: One person thinks of a number, and another of the name of some player; and when both are ready, they call out first the number, and then give the name of the one who begins to count. Then all count in order as they sit, until the number is reached, and the Goose designated by the one on whom the chosen number falls. The Goose then runs around the furniture and about the room, and extends his elbows until the fingers of his hands touch, while the chin rests upon the backs of the fingers. As he runs he continually flaps the wings thus formed, and utters a loud hiss between his closed teeth, and as he passes any player he calls out, "Come, little Goosey." The person thus addressed must immediately give the name of some part of a goose; and if he fails to do so at once, he must follow the Goose wherever he goes, and imitate all his actions. In his turn he must also say the same words to some other person, who also joins the procession, and goes on in the same manner. No one can escape this task unless he can name some part of a goose which has not been previously called out; and he is allowed no time to decide, as he must join if he hesitates longer than it takes the leading Goose to utter five hisses. As the parts of the goose are soon exhausted, and it is very hard to collect one's thoughts amid the storm of hisses, every person, old or young, soon becomes a Goose, and all follow the leader in his mad career about the house, from room to room, up stairs and down, until the shouts of laughter show the great delight it gives to the wisest and gravest to sometimes make a goose of himself.

A LOVING MOTHER MONKEY.

THE servant of a medical gentleman who was some time in India caught a young monkey, and brought it to his tent, where every care was taken of it; but the mother was so greatly distressed with the loss of her baby that she never ceased uttering a piteous cry, night and day, in the immediate vicinity of the tent. The doctor, at length tired out with the constant howling, desired the servant to restore the young one to its mother, which he did, when the poor animal happily retired, and sped its way to the community to which it belonged. Here, however, she found she could not be received. She and her baby had lost caste, and, like the hunted deer, were beaten and rejected by the flock.

A few days after, our medical friend was astonished to see the monkey return to his tent, bringing the young one along with her. She entered the tent of her own accord, apparently very much exhausted, and having deposited her young one, she then retired a few yards from the tent, and there laid herself down and died. The body of the poor animal was found in a most emaciated

state, starved, wounded, and scratched all over, so that there can be no doubt that she had been terribly maltreated by her comrades, and, finding no safety for herself or her offspring, returned the little one into the care of those who were the cause of her misfortunes.

THE FAIRY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

ONCE there was a little fairy,
 Very pretty, light, and airy,
 With a pair of dainty winglets,
 And a wreath upon her ringlets.
 In his stocking Bobby Curley
 Found her, Christmas morning early,
 And ere minutes five had followed
 He the tiny thing had swallowed.
 For this fairy, light and airy,
 Was a creamy sugar fairy.



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Amy's
Christmas
mas:
Jour
ney.



"SHE TROTTED OFF BRAVELY BY HER CONDUCTOR'S SIDE."—SEE STORY ON PAGE 178.

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AMY'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

I.

"GOOD-BY, Uncle John!"

"Good-by, Amy!"

The heavy, stern-looking gentleman in the easy-chair by the fire put out his large hand to meet the small, shrinking one held out to him.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself to-day," he added.

"You may come again this day month, if you like."

"Yes, Uncle."

She turned to leave the room.

"By-the-bye," he called after her, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him, "how much pocket-money have you?"

"Half a crown, Uncle."

"Well, that isn't much. I suppose at Christmas you'll want something more to buy ribbons and candies with. Girls always do," he added, with a sort of ill-used air.

"Don't boys require anything, Uncle?" asked Amy, with, in spite of her timidity, a sudden gleam of fun in her brown eyes.

"Don't be saucy, Miss. Certainly boys require more than girls; but then they are boys. Girls are only plagues. Not but that you are a very good girl in the main, Amy. So here is a couple of sovereigns for you to do what you like with. Good-by again. Harry will drive you home in the phaeton."

Amy thanked her Uncle, took the money, put it into her little seal-skin purse, said good-by, and in two minutes was seated in the phaeton by Harry Brisbane's side. Harry was a very tall boy for his age, seventeen, taller even than big Uncle John. He had dark curly hair and a pair of very bright eyes. He was a capital driver, and fond of fun. The two were soon deep in conversation.

"Aren't you going anywhere for Christmas?" said Harry.

"No; all the girls are gone but me. Uncle John wishes me to spend the holidays in school."

"Won't that be terribly dull for you?"

"Yes; but then I've no place to go to."

"Have you no Papa or Mamma at home?"

"No," said Amy, sadly, "nor brother nor sister either. I wish you were my brother."

"Do you?" said Harry, laughing. "Well, I should not object to you for a sister, as I have none myself."

"I say, Harry," resumed Amy, after a while, "are you my cousin?"

"Haven't that honor," replied Harry. "Uncle John isn't my uncle really. He and father were great chums at school, and they've always kept up the friendship."

"How funny to think of Uncle John as a school-boy! Was he always as solemn as now, I wonder?"

"Father says he used to be full of wild pranks. But he lost his wife and little girl both within a short time, and he has been just so solemn and gloomy ever since."

"Oh!" said Amy, awe-struck at the idea, and feeling her respect for her Uncle considerably increased by it. "That is the reason, then, he doesn't like other girls. He likes you because you are a boy, I suppose. Are you going to spend Christmas all alone with him at the Grange?"

"Oh no! I am going to-morrow to an old country house where there are lots of children, and fun, and a haunted room. I wish you were going too."

"A haunted room!" Amy held her breath a second. "You don't mean it, really."

"Of course I do. Every old house has one, they say, and this is a very old house indeed, with a great square tower. Nobody knows how old it is."

"Then I'm very glad I'm not going," said Amy. "I shouldn't like it at all."

"You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Amy?"

"I don't know anything about them," said the little girl, resolutely.

At this moment Miss Dolby's "Institution for the Education of Young Ladies" appeared in view. Harry pulled up, and Amy said a hurried good-night and ran into the house, resolved not to think about holidays, and to be as bright as possible until the girls should come back.

II.

In spite of her good resolution, however, Amy could not help feeling a little dull next morning when Miss Dolby went out shopping immediately after breakfast, leaving her alone in the large empty school-room. She began to picture to herself what Edith, Laura, and the rest would be doing at that moment. The contrast was depressing. She went to the window and looked out. The snow was falling thickly and steadily. Nobody was to be seen but a few foot-passengers muffled to the eyes. How dreary it all seemed! She gave a little sigh, and was turning to get a book, when the postman caught her eye. She began wondering if he had anything for her. Then she smiled at her own foolishness. "Who should be writing to me?" she thought, taking up a volume of Christmas stories that Miss Dolby had lent her.

At that moment the door-bell rang. A servant entered with a letter in her hand.

"Miss Dolby is out," said Amy, without looking up.

"But this is a letter for you, Miss."

"For me?" The little girl's face flushed with surprise and eagerness. "So it is. Miss Amabel Telcott. Who can it be from?" and she turned it round, trying to read the postmark.

"I should open it and see," suggested Bessie, with whom the bright little girl was something of a favorite.

"Of course. How stupid I am! From Edith Bloxam. Well, she is good!" And Amy cut a caper which would have delighted her dancing master had he been present.

"What does she say?" asked Bessie, curiously.

"Wants me to come and spend Christmas with them at Beecham Tower. I am to go this very day. Can I be ready in time, I wonder? Oh, if Miss Dolby were only back!"

Miss Dolby entered at this moment.

"Well, what is it, Amy?" she said, smiling.

Amy gave her the letter.

"I should be very glad to have you go," said the kind teacher, "if I were not afraid to have you travelling alone."

"But I am not in the least afraid," said Amy. "I can take care of myself quite well. Mrs. Bloxam, too, you see, gives such clear directions about the journey that there can be no trouble."

"And how about money for the coach and railway fare?"

"Uncle John gave me two sovereigns last night. That will pay for it all, I am sure."

"Well, I dare say you can manage. I'll tell the coachman to see you properly into the train at Grantley. Then all you have to do is to sit quietly till it reaches James-town. But you must pack as quickly as possible, or the coach will be off without you."

Amy's bureau drawers were always in excellent order, so her little portmanteau was soon ready. In less than an hour she was sitting in a corner of the lumbering old coach, scarcely able to realize that she was on her way to her friend Edith's house. A good deal of snow had fallen in the night, which made the roads very heavy for the horses, but the driver, when Miss Dolby put Amy under his charge, assured her he had not heard of a block anywhere. He whipped up the horses, and for some time they bowled along easily enough.

By-and-by, however, their trot began to slacken into a walk. Then they stopped altogether. The driver got

down and found that the snow had gathered in balls under the horses' hoofs. That taken out, they went on briskly again for a while.

Then they stopped, and the whole process had to be repeated. The time seemed terribly long. Amy began to fear they should never reach the station in time for the train. She longed to ask her fellow-passengers what they thought. But they consisted of a fat country farmer and his equally large wife, who had composed themselves stolidly to sleep on first entering, and of a thin, cross-looking lady, with a lap-dog in her arms. Amy's courage sank at the thought of addressing either of them.

She was soon spared the trouble of thinking about it. After one of these stoppages, the driver tried to make the horses get on. They set off at a sharp trot, the carriage swayed backward and forward, and sank on its side in the soft snow. The thin woman screamed, the dog barked, and the fat man uttered language more forcible than polite.

Amy, who, fortunately for herself, had fallen on, not under, the fat man, was the first to recover her presence of mind. She tried to open the window, but found it resist her utmost efforts. In the midst of the hubbub the driver, who had escaped without injury, pulled open the door with some difficulty.

"Keep quiet, will you!" he said, gruffly. "There is nothing to make such a row about. You should follow the example of this child here, who is the only sensible person among you."

Somewhat quieted by hearing the coachman's voice, they allowed themselves to be extricated from their awkward position, and stood disconsolately amid the trampled snow.

"How am I to get to Grantley in this snow?" said the thin woman, beginning to scold again.

"I can't tell you, ma'am, unless you can walk," said the driver. "Here, Jim"—to a farm laborer who came up at the moment—"you take this little lady's luggage, and see that she gets safely into the train at Grantley. I promised Miss Dolby that I'd take care of you, and I will. Jim's as safe as the bank. Good luck to you, my brave little lass! And now to see after the coach!"

Poor little Amy! in spite of her fright at this untoward commencement of her journey, she trotted off bravely by her conductor's side. The snow made it very heavy walking for her trembling feet, but the station was reached at last. The express train had long been gone, but there would be another, a slow one, in half an hour. Jim took her ticket for her, and put her into a comfortable first-class carriage, where she was the only passenger. Poor, tired little Amy soon fell fast asleep.

Suddenly she awoke with an uneasy feeling that somebody or something was in the carriage beside her which was not there when she entered. It was now quite dark. In the farthest corner sat a tall man muffled in a long cloak and broad slouched hat, under which scarcely more than his eyes could be seen. These were turned upon her now, she thought, with a sort of wild glare. She looked away, and her eyes fell upon a large, oddly shaped box leaning upright against the wall of the carriage. It was black and oblong, and somehow it reminded her of a coffin in which she had once seen a little school-mate laid. It was a mysterious-looking box. Amy could not take her eyes from it, or if she did, it was to turn them on the man opposite, who sat very quietly in his place, and seemed to be looking through the window.

Who was he? what was he? and what was in that uncanny-looking black box? All the stories of brigands, robber chiefs, mysterious disappearances, she had ever read or heard of (Amy was of a romantic turn of mind) came into her head. Could he be a robber carrying off a booty of silver-plate? or was the box really a coffin with the body of some poor child in it? A thrill of terror came over her at the bare thought. "What if he should

look at me again, and find out that I am so little! Oh-h!" Amy shivered inwardly. At this point the train slackened speed.

The figure moved, and turned its head slowly in her direction. The train was steaming into a station, and the light from a lamp fell for an instant full on the man's muffled figure and face. To the child's excited imagination it seemed the fiercest she had ever seen, and the terrible eyes seemed to look her through and through. The figure started to its feet, and took a step forward. "He is going to do something dreadful to me," she thought. "He thinks I have found him out. Oh, why did I look at him?"

Too frightened to scream, Amy shut her eyes. The train stopped. There was a slamming of doors, and shouting of voices, and the train went on again. Amy opened her eyes. Her heart gave a bound of relief. The terrible man was gone, black box and all. The next station was Jamestown.

Here she had no trouble. The Bloxams' carriage was awaiting her, and Amy was soon safe at the Tower, and in her friend Edith's arms.

III.

After the first warm greetings were exchanged, Edith took Amy to her room. It was an old rambling house, consisting of a large square tower and two wings, with long passages, and wide, gloomy staircases opening out in the most unexpected directions. Amy, accustomed to the commonplace comfort of her Uncle's modern villa, thought, as she tripped with Edith along a dark corridor, that she was in an enchanted castle. Her room was wainscoted with dark oak, and looked as if it might have been the bower of some lady of the olden time. But any possible gloom was dispelled by the sight of a bright wood fire, warm crimson curtains, and a modern brass-mounted bedstead with its snowy curtains.

"I hope, dear, you will be comfortable," said Edith. "I should have liked to have you near myself, but our house is so full just now. It was only quite at the last, when Aunt Helen wrote to say she would not be here, because of a bad cold, that Mamma was able to ask you. This room was to have been hers, and she liked this wing best, as it was away from all the noise."

"Does no one sleep near me?" said Amy.

"No, dear," said Edith—"not very near. The room next to yours is never used. You are not afraid to be here alone, are you? If you are, I will ask Mamma to let me sleep with you."

"Oh no," replied Amy, ashamed to show her timidity. "I only thought that robbers perhaps—"

Edith laughed. "Oh, you city girls are always thinking about robbers and such things. You need not be afraid of anything of that sort. We are all very honest people hereabouts. But I will ask Mamma."

"No, don't," said Amy, rather piqued at her friend's merriment. "I promise not to be afraid of anything whatever."

"Well, there is the bell, if you should. Now are you ready?"

They went to the dining-room, where a large party was assembled. Mrs. Bloxam's kindness soon put the little girl at her ease. After supper they had parlor games and romps, and by half past ten everybody was in bed.

Amy was so tired that she thought she should fall asleep directly upon going to bed, but she felt excited by the newness of her surroundings. The silence here seemed unnatural after the fun and noise she had just left. Her mind kept dwelling on the empty room next to hers. "Why does nobody ever sleep in it?" she thought. "Can it be haunted? Harry says every old house has a haunted room. I wonder if the house he is going to is older than Beecham? Oh dear! I wish it was daylight!"



"SHE PEERED THROUGH THE BLIND."

Amy must have fallen asleep, for some hours seemed to her to have passed when she was suddenly awakened.

A light flashed across the blind, and there was a sound of steps on the gravel outside. Her heart began beating with sudden terror. She slipped out of bed, and approaching the window, she peered through the blind. She saw two men muffled up to the eyes. One of them had on a large slouched hat. He seemed strangely familiar to her. Where and when had she seen him, and what were they doing here? Then one of them opened the window, and his companion of the slouched hat handed him a large oblong box.

Then it flashed upon her that this man was her terrible companion of the train, whom she had almost forgotten until now. What could he be wanting here in the middle of the night, and what was in that dreadful black box? They must be robbers. There could be no doubt about it. Else why didn't they come in daylight, like other people? Should she ring the bell, and alarm the house? She groped for the bell-handle.

The room was pitch-dark and she could not find it. It was in some out-of-the-way nook, she remembered, and began searching for the matches. Neither could she find them in the darkness. "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do?" she cried, in despair.

She now heard footsteps in the next room, chairs being moved about, and various strange noises. These continued for a long time. Then she heard the window gently shut. Looking out once more, she saw the two men again. One closed the window, the other took the lantern, and their receding steps left all quiet.

Amy did not know what to think. The door of the room must have been locked, so that they could not

get into the rest of the house. But what of the black box? They had not taken that away with them. Amy was completely mystified, and nearly frozen. She crept into bed again, and in spite of her terror and anxiety was soon fast asleep.

IV.

Next day was as bright a one as any boy or girl might wish to see in winter. A skating party was proposed, and in the bustle of the day Amy could not get hold of Edith to tell her the events of the night. Everything seemed so cheery and everybody so merry that she began to think she must have dreamed them. During the afternoon she found a new guest had arrived. A tall young gentleman was sitting by the fire talking to Phil Bloxam, Edith's uncle.

"How do you do, Amy?" said a well-known voice. "I did not expect to see you here."

"Oh, Harry, is it you? Well, I am glad! So this is the old Tower with the haunted room you were going to?"

"Yes," laughed Harry, "haven't you been in it?"

"No; and you know there aren't any such things as ghosts."

"Aren't there?" said Uncle Phil. "We've got some very wonderful spirits in our haunted room. They did not disturb you last night, did they, Miss Telcott?"

"I thought robbers were getting in," was the reply.

"No fear of robbers," said Phil, laughing. "But I am glad you are such a brave girl as not to fear sleeping next to a haunted room."

Amy knew she was not brave, but the rest came in at that moment, and the talk ended.

"We shall have great fun to-night, I expect," said Edith. "Papa, Harry, and Uncle Phil have been laying their heads together. There will be something better than usual, I know, when they are all at it. I wish it was evening."

"So do I," said Amy.

"And so do I," "And so do I," "And so do I," said Jack and Phillis and wee toddling Charley.

"Well, only have patience," laughed Uncle Phil.

The day passed in eager expectation.

"Where is the tree?" asked Amy.

"That is the odd thing," said Edith; "we don't even know if there is to be a tree. But we know Papa will not let us be without something very nice on Christmas-eve. They have all been so mysterious about it that we think it must be something extra this time."

"Of course it will," said Uncle Phil, "when we've been having the ghosts to help us instead of you, Edith."

"Is the room next mine really haunted?" asked Amy, shivering inwardly, as she thought of the strange lights and noises of the previous night.

"So people say," said Phil. "There is a foolish talk about it among the servants. But if there be any ghosts in it, we are going to put them to flight to-night."

Evening came, the glorious Christmas-eve. After an early supper Mr. Bloxam disappeared with Harry. By-and-by the sound of music was heard.

"Come along!" cried Uncle Phil. "That is Harry's flute. It was to be the signal."

"But where are we to go?" cried Edith.

"Follow the sound," said her uncle.

They all ran out of the dining-room; some this, some that way. Finally they all found themselves in the long corridor of the south wing of the house, in which Amy's room was situated. A blaze of light was streaming into the passage from the open door of a room, from which also came the cheery sound of a flute playing a merry tune.

"That is the haunted room!" cried the children, shrinking back.

"Nonsense," said Uncle Phil. "Do you think the ghost could stand the sight of a Christmas tree? Come along, Edith."

Edith went in with her uncle. Amy, seeing Mrs. Bloxam smiling at her, and ashamed of her terror, followed with the other children, and stood still with surprise and pleasure. The room was like a dream of fairy-land. It was all trimmed with red-berried holly, ivy, and rich red roses, a great rarity in winter. Pretty colored lamps hung amidst the foliage, giving a rich glow to everything. In the centre was a magnificent tree blazing like a pyramid of light with innumerable waxen tapers. Pretty things of all sorts were lying heaped beneath its branches. Nothing here to suggest a haunted room, with Papa and Mamma smiling a cordial welcome to them all. The children capered about with delight as each received one or more lovely gifts. Never had been such a merry Christmas-eve at the Tower, whispered Edith, showing Amy a beautiful necklace and bracelet from Papa and Mamma and Uncle Phil.

"How lovely they are!" said Amy.

"You have not looked at your present yet, Amy," said Edith.

Amy opened a little purple morocco case.

"Oh, how good of your mamma to give me the same as you!" she cried.

"As you have not an Uncle Phil, perhaps 'Cousin' Harry may be allowed to fill his place," said Harry, with boyish frankness, placing a pretty bracelet in Amy's hands. "You wished I were your brother, you know," he said, with a sudden blush; "and brothers must give their sisters presents sometimes, mustn't they?"

Amy did not know what to say.

"Come and see Phillis's doll. Isn't it a beauty?" interrupted Edith.

Phillis was standing lost in admiration of a wax doll, beautifully dressed, and nearly as big as herself.

"Oh, what a lovely doll!" cried Amy, going nearer to examine it. It was still in its case, a long, coffin-shaped black box. The lid was lying near it.

"How came that box here?" she cried, breathlessly, as an idea darted into her mind.

"I brought it," said Harry, smiling, "coming in with it like a thief in the night."

"Then it was you and not a robber whom I saw entering this room by the window last night?"

"Did you get a fright? Poor little Amy, I am sorry for that. Yes, it was I and Mr. Bloxam."

"But why did you not come in the day?"

"I had to leave the train at Taunton, instead of James-town, to see an old friend of my father's, who drove me over later in his dog-cart. Mr. Bloxam was expecting me, and as he wished to keep it secret that the so-called haunted room was to be the Christmas one, we resolved to take in all the things at the window. It is a pretty big one, you see, still we had some difficulty hoisting in the tree. We little thought you were awake and watching us."

"But why did you not speak to me in the train?"

"Were you the little girl who sat opposite me, all muffled up, and fast asleep, as I thought?"

"Yes. And I was not asleep one bit, and I took you for some dreadful person."

They both laughed merrily.

At this moment the servants and all the poor people of the village entered. There were gifts for all, and a hearty welcome. Then the little ones were sent to bed. After that there were tea and cake, and Uncle Phil made a speech. When twelve o'clock struck, the village chimes rang out a merry peal, and they all joined in singing the Christmas hymn.

"And now, my friends," said Mr. Bloxam, in conclusion, "I don't think any of you will believe again that this room is haunted."

"Or if it be, it is only by good spirits, sir," said Ralph, the bailiff.

Amy spent many another Christmas after that memora-

ble one with her kind friends the Bloxams, but nothing more was ever said about the haunted room, which was now commonly used, the family having grown larger, and requiring an extra apartment.

Little Amy is now a dignified matron, with little girls of her own. She often tells them, when she sees them afraid of things without looking into them, what a coward she was when she went to Beecham Tower, and warns them to fear nothing except wrong-doing.



MICE AS BEASTS OF PREY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

I DO not suppose you know it; I never did until I found it out. Mice are beasts of prey. That they were carnivorous to the extent of eating bacon and candles I was well aware; but that they would catch and eat live animals, as I said before, I never knew until I found out.

Now I am not quite sure that feeding on bacon and candles makes an animal carnivorous. Let us see what the dictionaries say:

Webster defines *carnivorous* as "eating or feeding on flesh; a word applied to animals which naturally seek flesh for food, as the lion, tiger, dog, wolf, etc."

Another dictionary simply defines it as "feeding on flesh." Now bacon is flesh undoubtedly, so that alone would settle the position of mice. Whether candles, although made of the fat of animals, can be called flesh, does not matter, and I won't venture to determine. Suppose we leave that to the doctors and scientific gentlemen. Anyway, I know that mice are carnivorous, be-



cause they eat live animals, and I will tell you how I found it out.

I was walking down Sixth Avenue near Fortieth Street one Sunday morning, when my attention was attracted to the window of a crockery store. Here I was surprised to see two little mice running about among the plates and dishes and tea-pots, as though thoroughly enjoying the quiet and security which the deserted and silent store afforded them. They were very small mice, but as round and plump as plums.

The window was filled with flies, which were also plump and healthy, though what they found in the empty dishes of a crockery store to fatten on is more than I can tell. Perhaps they lived on the customers during the week, or upon their imaginations making believe sugar in the sugar bowls, molasses in the syrup pitchers, and gravy over everything. However that may be, they were plump.

Presently one of the little mice paused and eyed one of the flies for an instant, and then made a pounce upon it, just as a cat would have done on himself or his brother. Having secured his prey, he sat upon his haunches holding it in his front paws, just as a squirrel does a nut, and munched it up.

I watched those mice for fully a quarter of an hour, during all which time they kept catching flies and eating them, till they grew so terribly round and fat that it became quite distressing. So I walked away, fearing a catastrophe—I do not mean any joke on *cat*, because there was no cat there, but congestion of the brain or something of that sort.

Another experience I had of the carnivorous habits of the mouse was while staying at a summer hotel in the western part of the State of New York. It was during the fall, when the days were beginning to get quite cool, that one evening, while walking in the woods, I found a beautiful black and gold butterfly clinging to the trunk of a tree, and almost benumbed with the cold. I carried it home to my room, where the warmth soon revived it, and for nearly a week it flew about in a very lively manner, till I began to get quite accustomed to the animated piece of jewelry, feeding it on sugar, and treating it altogether as a pet.

One day I was reclining on the bed with a book in my hand, thinking of what I had been reading, but watching the butterfly roaming back and forth from some geraniums in the window to the canary's cage. Suddenly it took it into its little head to flutter to the floor, when, quick as a flash, a mouse, which I had often noticed running round among the legs of the chairs, made a pounce upon it. The action was so quick and unexpected that I was taken completely by surprise.

Before I could get up from the bed and make my way round a rocking-chair and a table the mouse was gone, and with it the body of my beautiful butterfly, leaving behind only its four wings, as neatly cut off as if a pair of scissors had been used. I have the wings still, pressed between the leaves of a work on entomology, which the dictionaries will tell you is the science and description of insects.

After this I think I am justified in saying that mice are beasts of prey, and I am only surprised that I have never seen the fact noticed in any work on natural history.

It would have been a better piece of information to give than much which is said about the musical powers of mice. Some students of natural history go so far as to say that mice frequently show a great taste for music, and that they will imitate the song of birds. Others say that it is only when the throat is diseased that mice will give utterance to anything that is like a musical sound.

Be this as it may, it is something to have discovered that these little animals that appear so shy and harmless really have a taste for living flesh, and that they will hunt and destroy creatures smaller and weaker than themselves.

THE CROWNING OF THE BRUCE.*

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

ROBERT the Bruce he rode to Scone with many a peer and knight.

"Nobles," he cried, "I come to claim the crown that is my right; And here I draw a stainless sword, and lift a stainless hand, And vow to drive the English host from out our pleasant land."

Then forth leaped every shining blade, and up rose every palm, While white-robed nuns and choristers broke into holy psalm; To clash of arms and tread of knights the trumpet call rang out, And the people gladly answered it with many a mighty shout.

Then Wishart, Glasgow's Bishop, gave a banner blessed with prayer,

A coronet of purest gold, a mantle rich and rare; And, standing on "the Stone of Scone," Bruce took the royal ring, While Scotland's Herald challenged all who said he was not King.

A woman stepped to Bruce's side—a woman armed for strife: "The Countess of Buchan am I, and boast the blood of Fife; And if true King of Scotland sit on Scotland's ancient stone, The house of Fife must crown him King, and lead him to the throne."

"The craven Earl, my brother, is with our English foes; O Bruce, now let me pay for him the homage that he owes." The nobles answered, "She is right"; the Bruce bowed low his head.

She crowned him King; then to the throne the new-crowned Monarch led,

And put the banner in his hand, and cried: "O Scotland's King, All through the north, far in the west, the clans are mustering, And over all the east and south thy people wait for thee; Take Scotland's banner, draw her sword, and give them Liberty!

"God save King Robert! He is King from helmet unto heel." The Bishop answered with a prayer, the knights with clash of steel,

And forth they went for Scotland's right, and never once did turn Till they made Scotland's freedom sure on the field of Bannockburn.

O good King Robert! mighty Bruce! in Scotland yet a King; For little children lip thy name, and mothers of thee sing. Thou hadst this grace above all Kings of every other land— Blessed by a loyal woman's heart, crowned by a woman's hand.

THE ICE QUEEN.†

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST DAY ON THE LAKE.

NO howling gale disturbed their rest that night, and on the next morning, which was Friday, the third day out, breakfast had been disposed of long before the time of rising on the previous day. What had they for breakfast? Buckwheat cakes (mixed with water) and syrup made from maple sugar melted in a tin cup. The boiled ham and some crackers were put where they could be got at easily for luncheon.

The stowing of the loose goods in the boat took no longer than Katy required to get the mess kit packed after breakfast. As the day was fine, and the ice, as far as they could see to the southward, whither their course lay, was smooth and free from snow, the sled was loaded with cut wood and rushes, and Jim was appointed to drag it.

As they were leaving the cabin, after a last look to see that nothing had been forgotten, Katy spoke up:

"Why can't we take along some of this nice straw? It doesn't weigh anything to speak of."

"Oh, we can't," says Jim, crossly. "Girls are always trying to do things they know nothing about."

"May's well begin to rough it now as any time; can't expect a cabin and a straw mattress every night," was Tug's somewhat gruff remark as he went to the sledge.

"But," the girl persisted, rather piqued when she saw

* See Kerr's *History of Robert Bruce*, Vol. I., page 205.
† Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

how her suggestion had been received, "it might be very nice to spread it on the floor of the tent. Seems to me you might take it."

She was talking to Aleck now, who, she knew by his face, opposed the plan; but he, seeing how much in earnest she was, went back, gathered up a big armful of the cleanest straw, and heaped it in the stern of the boat, while she brought a second.

This matter settled, Aleck and Tug put their heads through the new harness, and were soon rushing along at a stirring pace, while Katy skated behind, holding on to the stern of the boat to steady it; Jim followed with his sled, and Rex galloped here and there as suited him.

The ice for miles together had been swept clean by the wind, and was like a vast glaring sheet of plate-glass. Most of it was a deep brilliant green. Here and there would be stretches of milky ice, and now and then great rounded patches would suddenly meet them, which were black or deep brown, and at first frightened them by making them believe a patch of open water suddenly yawned in their path. But when they examined closely, they could see that this black ice was two or three feet thick, like all the rest on the open lake.

They were never at any time more than a mile or so from the edge of the great marshes which bordered the low margin of the lake, and at noon they knew they had skated twelve miles by reaching a certain island in front of the marshes. Hither they turned for luncheon; skates were unbuckled, a big fire was built, the snow was cleared away, and the spare canvas spread down to sit upon, while Katy prepared to warm up the extra supply of coffee she had made in the morning for this purpose.

Not much talking had been done on the march; breath was too badly needed to be wasted in that way; but now "tongues were loosed," and a rattling conversation kept time with the crackle of the dead sticks on the fire.

"Captain," said Tug, "have you noticed how that ridge in the ice bends just ahead, and seems to stand across our course?"

"Yes, I have, and I fear it will be troublesome to cross. Jimkin, you're nimble; climb that tree, and tell us what you can see."

"All right," said Jim, and was quickly in the topmost branches.

"It looks like a rough, broken ridge, stretching clear to shore. I guess we'll have to climb over it. I can't see any break."

"Where do you think is the easiest place?"

"About straight ahead, where you see that highest point. Right beside it is a kind o' low spot, I think."

"Well, then," said the Captain, "we'll aim for that. Hurry up your lunch, Katy, and let's be off."

Half an hour later they arrived at the bad place.

"It must be a *hummock*," said Katy, "such as I have read about in Dr. Kane's book—only not so large, I suppose. He says that the ice sheet, or floe, gets cracked and separated a little; then the two floes will come together again with such force that they lap over one another, or else grind together, and burst up edgewise along the seam."

"That's just the way this is; but, hummock or no hummock, it must be crossed," said Aleck.

"Mebbe I could find a better place," suggested Jim, "if I should go along a little way."

"Well, try it, Youngster. And, Tug, suppose you look a little the other way?"

Tug went off, but soon returned, reporting a worse instead of better appearance, and Aleck, who had climbed over, came back to say that the ridge was about twenty-five yards wide.

"How does it look?" asked Katy.

"Why, it looks as though a lot of big cakes of ice had been piled up on edge, and then frozen into that

rough shape, or lack of shape. I should say the ridge is ten feet high in the middle, and on the other side it is a straight jump down for about six feet. But it's worse everywhere else. We must take our skates off the first thing."

This done, they stood up, ready to drag the boat as near to the hummock as possible. But it was hard pulling, for the slope was pretty steep and rough.

"Where's that Jim, I wonder?" cried Aleck. "I'll teach The Youngster not to run off the minute any work is to be done.—*Jim!*"

But no boy answered the call, nor several others. Tug stood up on the boat, and Katy climbed to a high point of ice, but neither could see anything. Then they all became alarmed, fearing he might have fallen into one of those holes that here and there are found in the thickest ice, and always keep open. It is an easy matter to skate into one, but a very hard one to get out again. It was the thought of this that made Katy run in the direction whither Jim had started, but her brother called her back.

"Wait, Katy. We'll put on our skates. Probably The Youngster's hiding, and I'll box his ears when I catch him. This is no time for fooling."

With quick, nervous fingers they fastened their straps, and then rushed down along the foot of the hummock as though on a race, Tug carrying one of the drag-ropes. The tracks could be followed easily enough until they left the good ice and turned in toward the hummock, where they came to an end, which looked as though Jim might have taken off his skates. Here the boys hallooed, then climbed to the top of a great upturned table of blue ice, and called again. But the most complete silence—such a silence as can never be known on land among the creaking trees or rustling grass, an absolute, painful stillness—followed their words. Not even an echo came back.

At this they were puzzled and frightened, and Katy wanted to cry, but fought back her tears. They descended, and went slowly onward, now and then getting upon elevated points, and calling. At last they stopped, utterly at their wits' end where or how to search next, and Katy's tears rolled down her cheeks unchecked.

"Cheer up, Sis," said Aleck, and took her hand in his as they skated slowly onward—"cheer up! we'll try again on that big block ahead."

This block overlooked a broader part of the hummock, and wasn't far from land. They struggled over the jagged border, and hoisted Katy upon it to see what she could see.

"Nothing," was her report—"nothing but ice, and ice, and ice, and a gray edge of marsh.—Oh, Jim! Jim! where are you!"

"Here—help me out."

Each looked at the other in amazement, for the voice, though faint, seemed right beside them.

"Here, down between the cakes—help me out."

The words came distinctly, and gave them a clew. Katy peeped over the further edge of the block, and there she saw the little fellow's face peering up at her out of the greenish light of a sort of pit into which he had fallen. Two great cakes of ice had been thrown up side by side, leaving a space about two feet wide and ten feet deep between them. The blowing snow that filled most of the crevices of the hummock had here formed a bridge, which had let Jim through when he stepped upon it, never suspecting the chasm it concealed.

"Hurt?" asked Tug.

"Not a bit, but pretty well scared. I thought you fellows were never coming. I've been in here two hours."

"Two hours! Oho, that's good! Twenty minutes would about fill the bill. You ain't tired so quick of a warm, snug place like that, are you?"



"CROSSING THE HUMMOCK."

"Just you try it, and see how you like its snugness. Drop me an end of that rope, will you?"

"Give him the rope's-end, Tug; he deserves it in another way, but we haven't time to-day. Now, then—yo-heave-oh!" and up came the lost member, not much the worse for his adventure.

Then began the difficult work of crossing the hummock. In front of the boat lay a steep slope of glossy ice, and beyond and above that a series of steps and jagged points, forming about such a plateau as a big heap of building-stone would make, only here the fragments were larger.

All four going to the top of the first slope, pulled the boat upward until the forward runners were just balanced on the crest. Then a hook on one of the ropes came loose; four young people fell sprawling; and the boat dropped backward with a rush to the very bottom of the ridge, where it upset.

"Now," said Aleck, when they had set the boat upright again, and found nothing broken—"now let us take out all the loose stuff and so lighten her as much as we can."

This was done.

"We three fellows," was the Captain's next order, "will drag her up again, and Katy must go behind with the boat-hook and stick it into the ice behind the boat to hold it, whenever it shows any signs of stopping. Now, everybody be careful."

The steady pulling, with Katy's pushing and guiding, got the front runners safely over the edge of the sloping side, and gave them a chance to rest. But when they tried to move it forward enough to bring the stern up, the boat couldn't be budged, because the ice in front was so full of ruts and ridges.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE DIVER: HIS ARMOR AND HIS WORK.

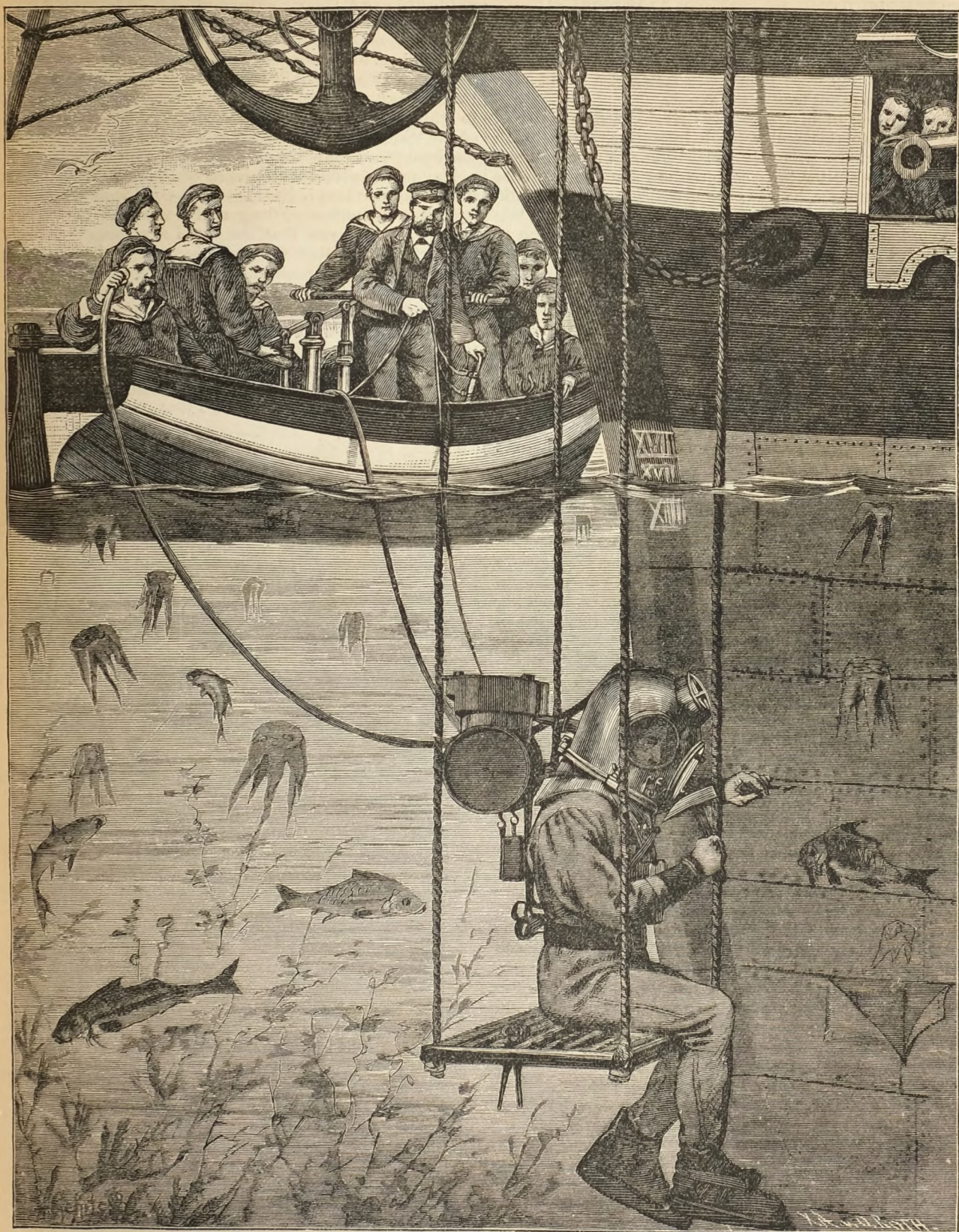
BY ARTHUR LINDSLEY.

THE sight of this strange, grotesque-looking figure brings forcibly to my mind the day when I first saw a diver, and the scene as it was then before me. It was a bright sunny morning, and I was looking out from a broad wharf over the smooth waters of New York Harbor.

A ship loaded with iron had sprung a leak while lying by the side of the wharf preparing to discharge her cargo, and had sunk to the bottom. Knowing that professional divers had come, with their armor and appliances, to examine the leak and make preparations for stopping it, so as to allow the cargo and ship to be raised, I had gone down to the wharf to witness the curious sight.

When I reached the place nothing special was to be seen. There lay the ship under water, the bulwarks at the sides rising above it; her hatchways were open, and I could look down through the clear water with which she was filled into the dark hold. As I looked I saw something moving around away down in the darkness. It seemed to be a man stooping over at some sort of work. Presently he stood up straight, and gave a strong pull at a rope which led up through the hatchway.

This was a signal to a steam hoisting engine on the wharf, which at once began puffing away, and slowly and steadily up through the water came a heavy mass of iron bars, to which the diver below had made fast a chain, and thus the engine lifted them and landed them safely on the wharf. The chain was lowered for a new load, the diver made it fast again, and more bars were raised. But when this second lot started, the diver came with it. He wished for further instruction as to his work from the man on the wharf who had it in charge, and so he took hold of the chain, and was raised with the load of iron.



A DIVER AT WORK REPAIRING A VESSEL'S SHEATHING.

His strange-looking head, of course, first presented itself, and the drawing shows it to you completely. A copper dome, with three round plates of glass, inside which the man's face and head could be indistinctly seen: that was the first; then came his shoulders, with that curious

knapsack on them. Presently, when the engine had lifted him high enough, he loosed his hold of the chain, and stepped off slowly upon the deck.

From his neck to his feet he was clothed in India rubber; not such thin material as you see made into cloaks

and water-proof coats, etc., but thick and strong like heavy leather. This dress was in two parts—trousers and jacket, which were buckled one to the other at the waist in such a manner that not a drop of water could enter. Over the line where these were joined was fastened a broad belt. In this was a number of tools.

To the neck of his jacket was riveted a firm collar of copper, and to this collar his helmet was secured with screws so as to be perfectly water-tight. You see, therefore, that no matter how deep or how long he might be beneath the surface, he was always as dry as though walking about on the land. He wore no shoes, because the bottoms of his trousers, all in one piece, were formed so as to fit his feet like boots, and to them were secured soles, not of leather, but of *lead*. I think that each of them must have weighed very nearly fifteen pounds.

Two of the attendants, going up to him, loosened the necessary screws, and then with great care and no small effort lifted off his clumsy helmet, and a fine-looking, intelligent man was there in the place of that great, ungainly dome. He did not seem in the least uncomfortable; his face was not even flushed or heated. He at once began to make his report to the agent or master workman, and in a few minutes was perfectly ready to resume his helmet and descend into the hold for his work.

Now let us see what all this means. It means an attempt to fight against the powers of Nature, and the attempt is an entirely successful one up to a certain point; beyond that all our wisdom will not take us. It is an effort to work under water. This is sometimes exceedingly important. But you well know that you can not open your mouth under the water without danger of drowning if you attempt to breathe, and you also know that if, when you are swimming, you try to dive to the bottom, even though it be but a few feet, there is great difficulty in doing it, for the water floats you up so strongly.

These, then, are the things to be done: the workman must be able to remain beneath the surface a reasonable length of time (the longer the better), he must have weight to keep him there, and he must have his eyes, feet, and hands free for use. Many plans have been devised to accomplish this. Diving-bells of various patterns were made and used, but they were all so troublesome and so imperfect in their working that they have given place entirely to what is now known as diving armor.

You see now the meaning of those leaden soles: they were to sink him to the bottom, and to hold him there solidly, and at the small depth at which this man was to do his work they, together with his head-piece and the tools he carried, were sufficient for the purpose, assisted as they were by the other parts of his dress. But if it had been necessary for him to go to the bottom where the water was very deep, he would have had a breastplate and back-piece of strong copper, and to each of them would have been securely fastened perhaps fifteen or twenty pounds of lead, while inside his jacket would have been stout braces of copper, which, assisted by the breastplate and back-piece, would have protected his chest from the pressure of the water, and thus enabled him to breathe more easily.

But all this only carries the diver down to the place of his work, and unless he has air supplied him he will die, and that very speedily. Do you see his knapsack? Curious affair: is it not?—one pipe leading into it, and another going from his knapsack into his helmet. But this is his apparatus for breathing, and it is upon that that his ability to remain under water and to do his work depends. It is the one feature which makes the real value of the modern diving armor. It was planned and worked into its present form by Mr. A. Liebe between 1839 and 1843, while engaged upon the wreck of the famous English ship of war the *Royal George*, the story of which was told you in YOUNG PEOPLE No. 115. He made it so complete that there has been very little improvement since that time.

In the picture you see two sailors working the air-pump. By means of this they force fresh air down constantly into the "knapsack," from which it passes into the helmet, and so gives the diver pure air to breathe. The air, which has been rendered foul by breathing, passes out by the other tube, or valve rather, in the back of the helmet, so as not to allow the bubbles to come in his way. The only object of the "knapsack" was to act as a sort of regulator, and it has been found unnecessary, and is now little used.

Having air supplied to him so easily and so freely, you might suppose that a diver could descend to any depth he wished, and remain as long as he wished. But this is not so. I told you that the one I saw seemed entirely comfortable, but that was only because he had been so very few feet under water. If he had come up from a great depth, I should have found that his face was flushed and excited, and that he had plainly been breathing with difficulty, and the difficulty would have been in proportion to the depth to which he had been and the length of time he had been there.

The pressure of the water increases with the depth, and the air inside his helmet feels all that pressure. The re-



sult is that a limit is reached, though it is greatly in advance of anything ever done by the old diving-bells. In removing the cargo of the ship *Cape Horn*, on the coast of South America, a diver is stated to have gone down several times 201 feet, and to have remained forty-two minutes. At depths of sixty-five to eighty-five feet men have often been down two hours at a time.

But it is hard and dangerous work, and the poor divers pay for it eventually with their lives. Their lungs are injured by such pressure, and their health is destroyed, and yet plenty of men are always ready to undertake it. This, however, is remarkably true of every occupation which causes more than common risk to life.

Our picture shows you one of the sorts of work done by the divers. This ship has had her copper sheathing torn and injured; the diver is nailing it fast again, or putting on new pieces, as may be needed. This is an easy matter, and he is but a little below the surface. Often he has to go down beneath the keel of the ship, or, worse still, down among the timbers of a wreck, and perhaps draw out and secure the dead bodies of those who have been drowned.

Divers sometimes have strange experiences, and it is always to me a matter of interest to talk with them. I had opportunity afterward to see this one whose dress and movements I have been describing. I found him a very intelligent man, evidently truthful, and quite willing to converse as to his strange mode of work. One of my questions was whether he had ever met with any accident or adventure when under the water.

"Yes, I have. Once I was frightened in earnest. In fact, I was in real danger, and the only wonder is that I am here now to tell you of it. It was just three years ago. I was in shoal water, in still water, close by a city wharf, and yet I escaped 'by the skin of my teeth.' It was at South Brooklyn. A Danish brig had come in leaking badly, having been injured in the ice on the Banks. She sunk about fifty feet before reaching the wharf. I went down as usual, made my examination, and was about to return to the surface, when all at once I found that I could not move.

"At first I thought little of it; felt, in fact, no alarm at all. The same thing had often happened before, and I had succeeded in working loose. But this time things went badly. It took me some little while before I could find out what the difficulty really was, but at length it became plain that my signal line had caught on something which was solid and strong, and which was several feet above my head. I tried all I knew how to reach the point where it was jammed, but it was of no use, and then I began to be alarmed. Of course I could give no signal to the men in the boat, and I found that my strength was fast going, and then it went faster because of the fright. My only hope was that those above would learn that something was wrong, and would draw me up. My fright increased terribly, and of course that only added to my danger, when, to my intense relief, I found that I was being drawn up.

"I well knew that this could not be too quickly, for I was almost gone. You may judge of my terror when I found myself stopped, and once more fast by my line. It was too much for me in my exhausted condition, and I lost my consciousness. When I recovered I was in the boat, and my helmet was off.

"The story was soon told: they had wondered at my long quietness, had tried the signal line, and found it fast; had at once started to hoist me to the surface, and when the rope stopped them, had cut it. That is all, except that when we had the brig raised we found the piece of the line so solidly jammed on those two bolt-heads that we could free it only by cutting it to pieces."

I remarked to him that, after such a danger and alarm, I only wondered how he could ever venture under water again, but he made small account of it. He said he was under the bottom of that same brig the very next day.

LITTLE VIGG'S ADVENTURE.

A Christmas Story.

BY VICTOR RYDBERG.*

Translated from the Swedish by H. B. G.

II.

VIGG was very quiet for a moment, and then he said, "All the others have received Christmas gifts: have you none for me?"

"Oh, you can wait till you come home to Mother."

"No, you Sprite, let me see my gifts now," said Vigg, impatiently.

"Well, then, see here," said the Sprite; and he turned about in the sleigh and took out of the chest a pair of thick woollen stockings.

"Is there not anything else?" asked Vigg.

"Should these not be welcome? You have holes in your stockings."

"Oh, Mother could have mended them. When you gave the King's sons and the others such beautiful things, could you not have given me some such things also?"

The Sprite answered not a word, but put the stockings back into the chest, and looked serious.

The rest of the journey was still, and neither spoke. Vigg sulked and stuck out his lips, and envied the King's sons their gifts, and was angry about the woollen stockings. The Sprite sat silently beside him.

And so they came to a steep mountain, where they got out of the sleigh. The Sprite gave Rapp and Snapp, Nätt and Lätt, each his oat-cake. After that he knocked on the mountain-side, which opened. He took Vigg by the right hand and went in, but they had not gone many steps when Vigg became afraid, because in there it was awful.

It would have been pitch-dark but for the piercing eyes of the adders and poisonous toads that slunk and crawled along the sides of the jutting rocks.

"I want to go home to Mother!" screamed Vigg.

"*Svensk gosse?*" said the Sprite, winking.

Then Vigg was silent.

When they had gone a little further the Sprite pointed to a green monster that sat on a stone, and turned its round eyes upon Vigg.

"How do you like that toad?" asked the Sprite.

"It is horrible," said Vigg.

"But you brought it here," said the Sprite. "Do you see how big and swelled it looks? That is because it is full of discontent and envy."

"Did you say that I brought it here?"

"Yes, certainly. You envied the King's son his gifts, and sneered at those I wished in kindness to give you. For every evil thought that is cherished by any one there comes a toad or an adder here because of it."

"Oh, that is dreadful!" said Vigg, and he was now ashamed.

They went along through many crooks and corners, deeper and deeper into the mountain, and as they turned the last corner Vigg saw a large glittering room before him. At one end of it sat the Mountain King on his golden throne. He was clad in a mantle of velvet, strewn with gems. He looked very sad. On a smaller throne by his side sat his daughter, clad in silver garments. She was even more sad than the King.

In the middle of the room hung scales, and around them stood the mountain sprites. Before the King's throne stood countless numbers of gnomes from all the farms and houses for many miles around, who told all about what the people in each house had thought, said, and done during the year. And for each good thought and action the mountain sprites laid something in one scale pan, and for each bad thought and action they laid a toad or an adder in the other.

"Do you know, Vigg," whispered the Sprite, "why the



"OVER HIM LEANED MOTHER GERTRUD."

princess is so sick? She will die if she does not soon come out of the mountain, because she longs to breathe the heaven's pure air, and see the sun and stars' golden light. And she has been promised that if she sees heaven's light she shall see the angels, and become one of them. She sighs and longs, but out of the mountain she will never go until that Christmas-eve on which the scale of goodness descends to the floor, and the scale of badness to the ceiling. But now you see that the scales hang even."

He had hardly said this when he also was called before the King to relate what he had seen.

He had not a little to say, and it was nearly all good news, because he told only of his round on Christmas-day; and he had on that day in memory of that Child's birth, through whom goodness and mercy in all ages reign, begged the people to be friendly to each other.

But what the Sprite said about Vigg and his woollen stockings I will not, for his sake, say, but I can not deny that one of the sprites laid the large green toad that Vigg had seen before in the scale of badness, and it weighed very much. And every eye (except the kind Christmas sprites who looked another way), the King, princess, mountain sprites, gnomes, etc., fastened on Vigg, and all were either stern or sad; but the eyes of the Princess were so mild and pitying that Vigg put his hands over his face, and could not look up.

The Christmas Sprite now told how poor Mother Gertrud on the moor had taken that fatherless and motherless little Vigg to her home; how she made mats and brushes, and sold them to the country store-keeper in the village to earn food for him; how she sewed and mended his clothes; how she prayed to God every night when he went to bed; and how this day early in the cold winter's morning she had gone a long way to the village (only to gladden his heart) to buy a three-branched candle and other things for him.

When the Sprite told all this, the mountain gnomes laid goodness in the scales, and the green toad sprang out and hopped away. And the beautiful princess's eyes filled with tears, and Vigg sobbed aloud.

Yes, he cried so loud that he woke up. The mountain and its crystal chamber all had vanished, and he lay in his bed in the hut on the moor.

The brightest Christmas fire sparkled in the fire-place, and over him leaned Mother Gertrud, who said:

"Poor little Vigg, that had to stay here so long alone in the dark. I could not come home before, the way is so long, but now I have the candle and the white-bread and peppen-cake with me, and also a cake which you in the morn-

ing shall give to the sparrows. And see here," continued Mother Gertrud, "here you have a pair of woollen stockings that I have made for a Christmas gift to you, and a pair of leather shoes, so that you shall not need to go in wooden shoes on Christmas-day."

Vigg had long wished for a pair of leather shoes, and now he looked at them on all sides with glad eyes. But he looked longer at the woollen stockings, for he thought that they were exactly the same as he had seen in the Sprite's chest. He threw his arms about Mother Gertrud's neck and said,

"Thanks, mother, for the stockings, and for the leather shoes, and—for the stockings!"

And now the frying-pan was set over the fire, and a white table-cloth spread on the table, and Mother Gertrud lit the pretty three-branched candle.

Vigg jumped about in his new stockings and leather shoes. Sometimes he went to the window and looked out over the wide moor, wondering and hardly knowing what to think about that journey he had taken. But of one thing he was certain: Mother Gertrud was kind; so was the Christmas Sprite, and Christmas is a happy day.

Outside, the thousands of stars shone down upon the silent moor, and in the little lonely hut were cheerful fire-light, happy, warm hearts, and Christmas gladness.





THE MERRY SIX.

Here we come, the Merry Six,
Making all the noise we can,
Careful lest our names you mix,
Ted is "Papa's little man";

Bob is "Mamma's noblest boy";
"Tom the Piper," they call me.
Each of us has got a name,
And our portraits here you see.

May is "Mamma's greatest help";
Dick, the "loveliest of boys";
Santa Claus gave Jack a drum—
My! the racket and the noise.

But they say they love us all,
With our capers and our tricks;
That they couldn't live at all
If they lost their Merry Six.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

DEAR little Antonio, who writes the first letter in the Post-office Box this week, is kept, I fear, a bit too busy with his studies and his music. I wish I could hear him play the piano, and I'd like in return to challenge him to a good old-fashioned game of snow-ball; and I wish he had some boys of his own age to play with.

VEDOTA, CUBA.

I do not go to school, but I have a teacher at home. I get up at seven o'clock, and at eight I am in class, where I stay until ten. During that time I get my French lessons and do my arithmetic. As there are only two in the class, my sister and I, we work very hard. At ten I go to breakfast, and at eleven I take my music lesson with my mamma. At twelve I go to class, and remain there till three, after which I play till half-past four. After this I practice the piano till five, so I have very little time for recreation. In the evening I play at games with my papa, mamma, and sister, and on feast days I sometimes go to see the processions. They call me the bright boy, but I wish I could play more, for I am not yet eight years old. I have plenty of toys, but I have no other little boy to play with. I like the pictures in *YOUNG PEOPLE*.

ANTONIO G.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

I am twelve years old, and I am one of your Young Housekeepers. Every Christmas a lady and I send a Christmas-box to some little boys in Colorado. I send my *YOUNG PEOPLE*, my Sunday-school papers, and some Christmas cards. I take great pleasure in reading the Post-office Box, and, in fact, all of the stories. I am very glad Mrs. Lillie is going to write again. I wish she would write another serial story like "Nan." I will tell you about my pets, though I have but few, because I am getting too large. I have a cat, a bird, five dolls, and any number of books, which I call my sweetest pets. I am studying to be an elocutionist. I take music lessons, and am going to take painting lessons as soon as I am a little older.

EVA MCK.

You are a busy little woman, with so many studies and engagements. Your Christmas-box must have given you great pleasure.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The two letters from Nelly M. H., of the Girls' Industrial Home, Delaware, Ohio, have been perused with unusual interest. I am now writing to you to express my thanks for the publication of those letters, for I can understand and appreciate the pleasure and encouragement you have given to one of the hundreds of girls in the Home. It is my privilege and especial pleasure to often visit this institution. When visitors are present, a special entertainment is given in the beautiful chapel. The rows of bright faces and sparkling eyes are a pretty sight. The eager responses to Scripture lessons, and the declamations and singing—many voices giving promise of rare talent—amply repay a visit.

M. C. H.

ALLEGHENY, PENNSYLVANIA.

We are a little girl and boy, ten and twelve years old. Louis takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, but Minnie reads it too. We like it very much, especially "The Lost City," Jimmy Brown's, Lucy C. Lillie's, and James Otis's stories. We have no pets, except a dear little brother, whom we call "Johnny Smoker," but his right name is Harry. Louis spent the holidays with our aunt in Steubenville, Ohio. In our school we are taking a paper published in Pittsburgh, called the *Author's Review*, which we get every month. Each copy has the biography of a different author, and selections from his works. We had a literary society, which met once a week, of which Louis was President. It is now given up. With a happy New-Year, we remain your true friends,

MINNIE and LOUIS A.

HIGH WOODS, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl not quite eight years old. I live in the country, and am very lonesome at times.

I do not go to school, but have lessons each day at home. I study reading, spelling, writing, and arithmetic, and my papa, who is a teacher, hears my lessons every evening after he gets home. I have no real live pets this winter, yet I have many playthings and a number of dolls. I had a kitten last summer; I called her Snowball; but she went away and never came back. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* over two years, and love to read the letters in the Post-office Box. The best

amusement I have is reading. I love to read, and I try to read well. Papa says that there are very few good readers in these days, and it must be so, for papa ought to know. I am collecting what I call a gift library, and I wish that each little reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE*, whose parents consent, would send me a little book with his or her name in front (direct to Effie M. Carnwright, High Woods, Ulster Co., N. Y.). I will send each one a letter in return. My dear mamma writes this for me, as I can not write very well.

EFFIE.

PARIS, MICHIGAN.

I thought I would try and write a letter to the Post-office Box. I am thirteen years old, and live a mile and a half west of Paris. It is too far for me to go to school, so I study at home and recite to mamma. I have four pets, among which is my little black kitten, and every morning it comes upstairs to wake me up. Mamma and papa have gone away to spend three or four days, and my sister and I are keeping house. We never kept house alone before, but I think we will get along all right.

GRACIE P.

I hope mamma approved of all her little housekeepers did in her absence. It is a great comfort to a mother who has little daughters to know that they are not afraid of being responsible. That is a long word, is it not, Gracie, but its meaning is quite simple. It means only this, that when your name is called you are always ready to answer, and when you have a duty to perform, people may depend upon your doing it without delay, and as well as you possibly can.

Here is a letter in rhyme from an aggrieved little woman, who will feel better when she sees it in print.

PALO PINTO, TEXAS.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS:

You treated your little girl badly,
And she felt very, very sadly.
I wrote you a dear little letter;
Next time I'll try to do better;
You did not put it in our book,
For every week I'd look and look
To see if it I there could find;
So you to me have not been kind.

My age is now just nine;
My hair is yellow and fine.
I have a little brother Joe,
And he is ever so sweet, I know.
I have two little sheep,
And they jump and leap,
And frisk and play about,
As if for joy they would like to shout.

I have a little dog named Colley,
And she is really smart and jolly;
She is very cute and small,
And not so very, very tall;
She sleeps on a rug at night,
And gets up early and bright.
But of all my pets, Joe is the sweetest,
But mamma says I am the neatest.

Little Joe was two years old
On the 20th of December cold.
Now, dear Postmistress, I wish you well,
And to all the little children tell
That love is sent to them from

LILY BELL.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little doll. I wish I were alive. I lay for a long time in a glass case, when one day a little girl and her mother came into the shop. They bought me and took me home. The little girl's mother dressed me, and now I have a mamma of my own. My mamma has a pet called Snap. He does not like me. He tries to pull me out of my mamma's arms when he goes to drive with us in the Park, and barks when she hugs and kisses me; but I sleep with my mamma, and Snap does not. Sometimes he drags me out of bed and all over the floor, and poor little mamma has to chase him all around to keep him from eating

me up. He bit a place in my arm, and she will cry when she finds it out.

A POOR UNHAPPY DOLL.

KONA, HAWAII, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

I can read and spell. I know Latin too. I have a horse, and can ride it if papa is walking alongside of it. Mamma can ride it. I think there are birds in the place where gentle Jesus is. There are flowers there, so there must be honey; well, honey must be eaten, so birds must be there to eat it. I know some of the multiplication table now, and can tell you the different parts of the flowers. Papa calls it botany. Love and kisses from

HAROLD.

Harold sent me some lovely Christmas cards, which came safely over all the long miles, and for which I return my thanks. I hope he will soon be able to ride his pony without needing papa to walk beside him.

PARADISE FURNACE, PENNSYLVANIA.

I thought I would write to you again. I wrote once before, and did not see my letter in the paper. I would like to see how it looks among all the rest of the letters. There are some very nice letters in the Post-office Box. I enjoy reading them very much. I have no sister, but have four brothers. I am the oldest; I am fourteen years old. I live in the country, and go to school in the winter. There are hardly ever more than fourteen or fifteen scholars at our school.

EMMA E. P.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

I think "The Lost City" is as interesting as "Dick and D." I have three chameleons for pets. They turn green, and when they are angry a large red bag hangs from their necks. They don't very often turn green in the daytime, but mostly at night when asleep. I feed them on flies and water. Soon after we got them I was very anxious to see them eat, and when I was waiting for one to eat a fly I saw his head going up and down. I watched a few minutes, and suddenly he snapped at the fly so quickly that it made me scream. I have seen but one letter from Norwich, and hope this will be printed.

EVELYN N.

NORTH ARM, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* since last June, and like it very much. I have not seen a letter from British Columbia, so I thought you might like to hear from me. We live on a farm on Lulu Island, near the mouth of the Fraser River. At some seasons we have high tides, when the water rises above the river-banks. We have dikes from four to five feet high to keep it from overflowing all our fields. There are great numbers of wild geese and ducks here, also deer. My father shot a fine deer in the river just in front of our house last year. We have fifty cows. Sometimes in summer I go on horseback and bring them in to be milked. I like rowing on the river, and can go out by myself alone. My father has a small steamboat that runs to New Westminster every day. I often take a trip on her. I go to school every day. We have fifteen minutes recess in the forenoon, and one hour at noon. We play at whatever games we please in the school yard. School opens at 9½ A.M. and closes at 3 P.M. I have two sisters and one brother younger than myself. We have one pet that we all take much interest in—a little guinea-pig. Its color is tortoise-shell and white. I should like to see Jimmy Brown, who writes the funny stories.

JIMMY S.

I am glad to introduce Jimmy S. to the rest of the boys, and I hope sometime he will write again and tell us more about life in British Columbia.

WILKESBARR, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have no pets except two old cats, a canary-bird, and two dolls. Last spring we had five kittens and two cat-fish, but they are all gone now. One of my dolls is tiny and the other is large. Mademoiselle, my kind music teacher, gave them to me, all dressed, as a reward for having learned Beethoven's "Spring" for play at a musicale. My large doll has an Italian costume, a silk dress and bonnet to match, which she wears to church, a white Swiss for afternoons, and a cambric for every day. The dresses are made like those of real grown-up people, even to the buttons and button-holes. Was not my teacher kind to take so much trouble? I am now studying Chopin's second Nocturne.

ETHEL S.

GOLDEN, COLORADO.

I live in Colorado, right at the foot of the mountains. They are very beautiful both in summer and winter. In the summer they are a perfect garden of wild flowers of every color, from the palest blue and pink to the most brilliant scarlet and purple. One can pick a large bouquet and not have two alike. In the fall, when the leaves are touched with frost, the wild strawberries, sumac, and scrub ash are bright red, the cotton-wood yellow, and there are bright purple asters,

with the evergreen cedar and pine trees, and in winter, although they have a desolate, lonely look, they are still beautiful, with the green trees growing right out of the snow, and the great gray granite and red sandstone looming up in the foreground.

We go out camping nearly every summer, and have fine times fishing, and hunting, and picking wild raspberries. Every night we make a large bonfire, and sit around it and sing; sometimes we dance around it and play we are Indians. A great many people from the East camp here too, so we often have quite a little village of tents. Farmers come around every day to the camp with butter, milk, honey, vegetables, etc., to sell. We take sugar along, and make preserves of the wild berries.

LESLIE B. W.

This young gentleman has learned to set type, and his letter arrived beautifully printed. As it is itself a charming letter, the fact that it was so very nicely "set up" pleased the Postmistress very much indeed. If any boy would like to correspond with Leslie B. W., he may write to him, addressing Box 122, Golden, Colorado.

LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl thirteen years old. I have a full-blooded water-spaniel. He is very handsome, and whenever I play the opera of *Martha* he will sing to it. He is very sensitive to music, and I am very proud of him. I had a cat that weighed fourteen pounds, but some one killed him the other day. I have eight canary-birds. Mamma has been taking *HARPER'S BAZAR* for sixteen years now, and she says that she would miss it as much as a dear friend if she had to give it up. The Mississippi River, on which La Crosse lies, is nearly filled with ice for the first time this year.

CARRIE M.

LAIRD, FRONTIER COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

We have lived here in Nebraska for three years, and like it very much, though it is rather a lonesome place. Our nearest railroad town is Indianola, thirty-five miles from here, and until lately we have had to get all our provisions from there and from Stockville, seventeen miles from here. My father is a stockman, and so are all of us to some extent. My sisters and I have all earned enough money to give us a good start in the cattle business, and by the time we are twenty-one we will all be independent. I have taught two terms of school, and have supported myself for the last three years, besides paying \$38 for three calves three years ago. They are now worth \$115, not counting one that has been gone from home a long time. We let our cattle run loose here, just like wild cattle, and the men have what they call "round-ups" every spring and fall, and gather all the cattle they can find, and each man takes his own back on to their range. Sometimes they wander a hundred miles from home, and they are not always found. One of mine has been gone a year, and some of papa's two years. But, taking everything into consideration, it is a very paying business, and we all like it. It is rather rough on us girls sometimes, though. My father has no boys big enough to work, so we try to help him all we can out-of-doors. We have been making a pasture this fall that contains 3200 acres. It isn't quite finished yet, and when it is my two sisters, brother, and myself intend to go to school in Indianola. We will hire some rooms, and board ourselves. I like that arrangement very well, as it will give me a chance to teach my sisters to be neat and careful housekeepers. They have no chance to learn here, because there is so much out-door work to do, and whenever we are in the house my mother always makes us rest, or do some sewing. She thinks it is hard for us to work out-of-doors so; but we are anxious to help all we can, and my father is careful not to give us anything that is too hard for us to do.

Well, I have wandered a good deal from the subject I wanted to write to you about, and that is this: I should be very glad if Theodore H. P., of Mount Lebanon, and Harriet, of Salonica, Turkey in Europe, would correspond with me for the purpose of exchanging curiosities. HELEN C.

This is one of the most entertaining and instructive contributions which the Postmistress has lately received. It gives one a grand idea of the pluck, energy, and perseverance of these Western girls to think of their taking hold of so difficult a work, and carrying it through so bravely. The out-door life will make them strong and beautiful, and the education they get from books, when they have opportunity, will not be less thorough because they know how to handle cattle.

If Theodore H. P., Harriet, or any other of our young readers in foreign places, desire to exchange curiosities with Miss Helen C., the Postmistress will forward their letters if sent to her care.

ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND.

I am a little boy ten years old, and I have three brothers and a sister. I have a pet cat, and I am going to tell you a story about what I do every

winter. I make a hill and slide down it, and my sister and I make a fort, and throw snow-balls at my brother, and he throws snow-balls at me. Papa made me a book-case, and I helped him to make it. I live in Astoria, and papa has a greenhouse. I take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. It was given to me by my aunt, and I have taken it ever since that time.

R. H. H.

MASON, TENNESSEE.

I have taken this paper since the first number. I like it very much, and am always glad when it comes. We all like to read it very much. My father is a farmer. We have a large farm of several hundred acres. We live just thirty-six miles from Memphis, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. We have had but one snow-fall here, and it was mostly hail. I am fourteen years old, and I go to school here. I have but one pet, and that is a squirrel. I have always wished to live in a city, as I like it better than I do the country.

GEORGE T. B.

No doubt many country boys agree with you in wishing for a city life, yet country boys have many pleasures which boys in town do not possess, and, on the whole, have, I think, a great deal more fun and freedom.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

I go to school with a little girl who lives next door. I like her very much. We sit on a high fence, when we are at home, and talk all day long; often we take our sewing there and make dolls' clothes; and now that it is cold we have to put cloaks on, for mamma fears we might take cold. There are two other little girls who live on the other side of us, and when I want to talk to them I have to sit on the other fence; but I don't enjoy that side so much, for those girls have little brothers, who tease us.

I forgot to say before that I am eight years old, and that I love all sorts of pets. I wish mamma would give me a pet chicken for my birthday.

ELLA B.

CRAWFORD, MISSISSIPPI.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and have been taking this paper nearly a year, and like it better than anything that comes with the mail. I go to school to my sister's and study reading, arithmetic, geography, the dictionary, spelling, and writing. I live in the country on a farm, and have such a nice time. Papa bought a donkey for brother and myself the other day, and we have lots of fun riding her. Now, dear Postmistress, as this is my first attempt, you should print this, so as to encourage me to write again. With much love.

KITTIE R.

HOW MAX BECAME RICIL.

A long time ago there lived on the edge of the Black Forest, in Germany, a poor wood-cutter. This wood-cutter had a little son about twelve years of age, named Max. He was a bright child, and had learned from his father the names of all the trees, birds, and animals that lived near his home, and he was very fond of wandering out into the forest and talking to the little birds, and the rabbits and squirrels that frisked around him.

One bright summer morning he went into the forest and lay down under a large tree, and began to talk to himself. "How I wish," said he, "that my father had plenty of money, and that I could have anything I wanted, and that we might move away from this place!"

"So you may, Max—so you may," said a tiny voice behind him.

Max jumped up and looked around, and there stood a little man not up to his knee, wearing a little pointed cap set jauntily upon his head. "Who are you?" asked Max, in amazement, for he had never seen a gnome before, though he had heard a great deal about them.

"I am one of the Treasure-Seekers," said the gnome, "and I can make you very rich; but you must first do something for us."

"Well, what is it?" said Max. "I will do it if I can."

"There is a fox who has her den near here, and she has eaten up several of my companions, and we can not kill her alone, but if you will help us we will make you so rich that you can have what you wished for just now. Will you do it?" asked the gnome.

"Yes," said Max; "you show me the way, and I will help you."

The little gnome led the way to a dark, lonely spot among the trees, and showed Max the fox's den. He then put his fingers to his lips and blew a shrill whistle, and from out of all sorts of cracks and crannies swarmed little dwarfs like Max's companion.

Then the first gnome, whose name was Ruby, told the others that Max had come to help them kill the fox, and commanded them to go and wait for the fox to come out. They did not have to wait very long, for the fox saw them, and crept slyly out to catch one, but just as she came to the mouth of the cave, Max, who had armed himself with a club, struck her on the head and

stunned her. Then the gnomes jumped out, and soon made an end of the fox with their little swords. Then the small men gave three cheers for Max, and conducted him to the entrance of a cave which he had never seen before. Max followed Ruby down, and soon he saw a number of lights, which were formed by large diamonds hung from the ceiling, and the walls were covered with precious stones, and Max thought he had never seen anything so beautiful before.

Ruby led Max into the presence of the King, who sat on a golden throne studded with diamonds, and told him what he had done. The King was very much pleased, and he bade Ruby give Max all the jewels he could carry. Ruby gave him a bag, and helped him to fill it with gold, diamonds, and emeralds, and then all the gnomes accompanied him to the mouth of the cave, and bade him good-by, and thanked him for the service he had done them.

When Max reached home his father and mother were very much surprised, but none the less pleased, and they soon after left the old house and went to the city, where Max lived a very happy life.

J. P. W.

This little fairy story is very daintily told, and its youthful author, who is twelve years old, possesses a very clear and graceful style. Now let me tack on a moral. To become rich is not the best or noblest thing in the world, unless one also tries to use wealth in doing good. There is an old fox named Idleness who lies in wait to kill the gnomes of Hard Work, Thrift, and Fidelity. The lad who wishes to succeed in life must always have the help of these friendly gnomes, and must always kill, with a brave arm and a stout club, the old fox who is their enemy.

Thanks are due to Aunt Edna and Herbert W. B. for beautiful Christmas cards.—Burrell C., Stella W., Fidellas S., Benjamin A., J. L. A., Madge, W. H. T., Stella M., George W. R., Earle H. R., and Maud C. will accept thanks for their favors.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in dam, but not in mill.
My second is in empty, but not in fill.
My third is in egg, but not in flour.
My fourth is in Ithine and also in tower.
My whole is an animal noble and fine;
His food is of herbage and isn't like mine.
- 2.—My first is in courtship, not in marriage.
My second is in omnibus, not in carriage.
My third is in naughty, not in bad.
My fourth is in sorry, not in glad.
My fifth is in tree, but not in glee.
My sixth is in sailor upon the sea.
My seventh's in morning and is in night.
My eighth's in striving and is in fight.
My ninth's in collision and in decision.
My tenth's in derision and in precision.
My eleventh's in hound, but not in hare.
My twelfth's in apple and also in pear.
My thirteenth's in claim, but not in own.
My fourteenth's in head and also in bone.
And now, if your wits are not too murky,
My whole you will probably find in Turkey.

OLIVE A.

No. 2.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. Pertaining to the sun. 2. A tree. 3. To resemble. 4. To turn aside. 5. Separations.

VOIGIENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 218.

No. 1.—Nantucket.

No. 2.—

C	F
A R E	F A Y
C R A P E	F A M E D
A P E	Y E W
E	D

No. 3.—

P A T E	G R O W
A R E A	R A R E
T E S T	O R A L
E A T H	W E L D

No. 4.—Ass. Goat. Ape. Fox. Ox. Kitten. Horse. Zebra. Camel. Cat. Dog. Rabbit. Rat. Beaver. Gorilla. Jackal. Colt. Lion. Deer. Man. Elk. Cow. Panther. Elephant.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Marion James, Elsie Waring, Frank Lucas, Albert Chester, Willie D., Tom and Jessie L., Emily Preston, Margaret Anna G., Fanny Jones, Elmore Cox, Lewis Lawrence, and Florence Jasper.

HEART, DART, AND KEY.

CUT out of card-board a heart, dart, and key, somewhat similar to those shown in Fig. 1, only about twice the size. The black lines on the heart represent slits cut with a sharp knife

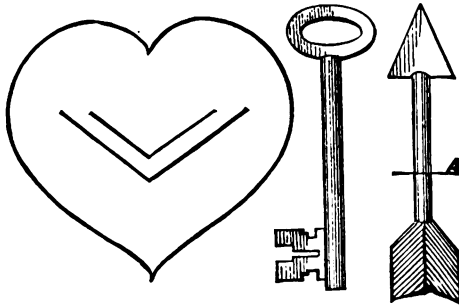


FIG. 1.

to form a tongue, which can be moved up and down. The head and feather of the dart should be considerably larger across than the hole cut out of the key handle.

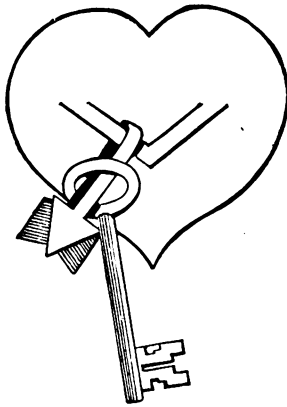


FIG. 2.

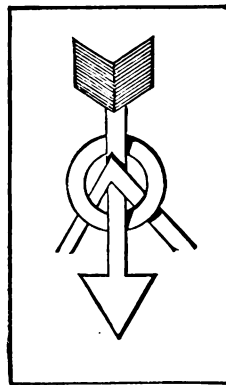


FIG. 3.

The puzzle is to link the pieces together as shown in Fig. 2. The pieces may not be torn, rolled, or folded; but the dart has to be bent across the middle of the shaft (about at A in Fig. 1),

in order that the key may be drawn down the shaft. The heart may be bent, but not folded.

An improvement on this puzzle is to cut a tongue, dart, and ring, and to link them together as shown in Fig. 3.

In this form of the puzzle a card is substituted for the heart, and a ring for the key. The dart is the same as before, but it is not to be bent. The dart and ring in this variation may be cut out of sheet metal, or other material of an unyielding nature, so that they can not be rolled or folded. The card may be bent, but not folded.

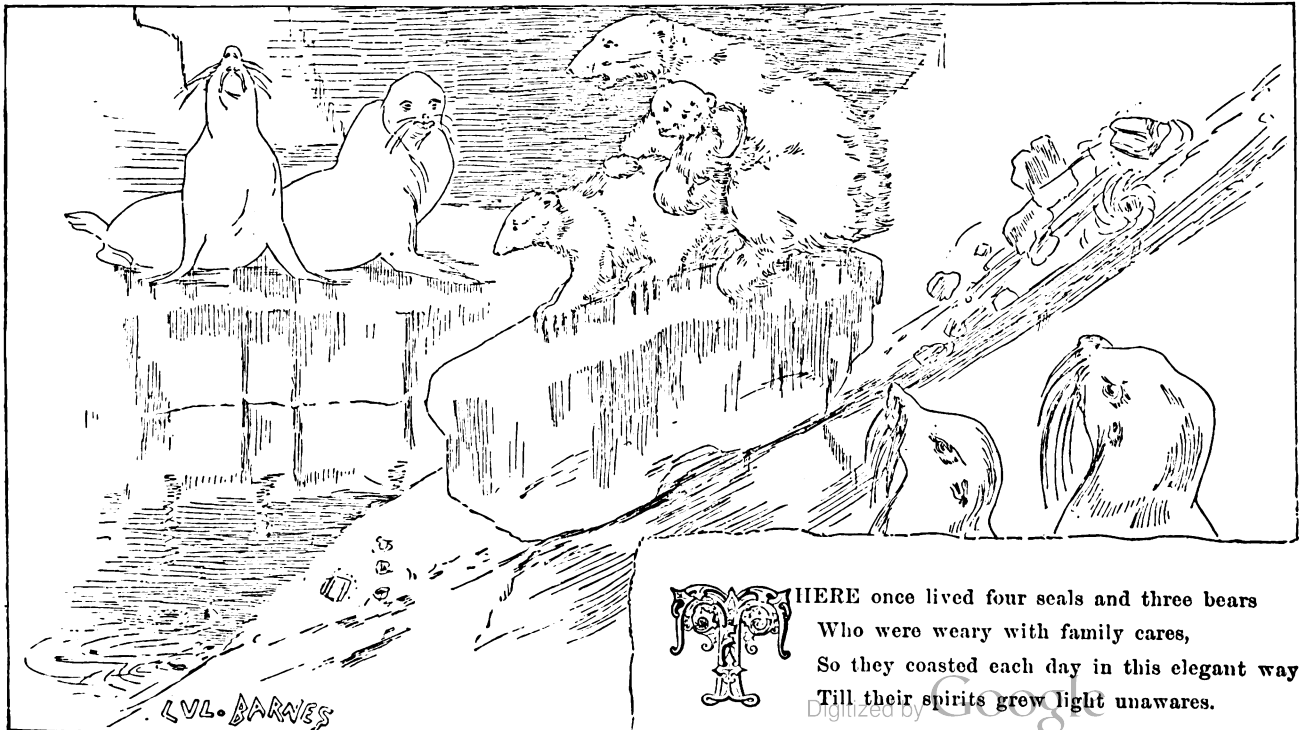
BOOKS MADE OF CLAY.

FAR away beyond the plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Tigris, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Nineveh. Not long since huge mounds of earth and stone marked the place where the palaces and walls of the proud capital of the great Assyrian empire stood. The spade, first of the Frenchman, then of the Englishman, has cleared all the earth away, and laid bare all that remains of the old streets and palaces where the princes of Assyria walked and lived. The gods they worshipped and the books they read have all been revealed to the sight of a wondering world. The most curious of all the curious things preserved in this wonderful manner are the clay books of Nineveh.

The chief library of Nineveh was contained in the palace of Konyunjik. The clay books which it contains are composed of sets of tablets covered with very small writing. The tablets are oblong in shape, and when several of them are used for one book, the first line of the tablet following was written at the end of the one preceding it. The writing on the tablets was of course done when the clay was soft, and then it was baked to harden it. Then each tablet or book was numbered, and assigned to a place in the library with a corresponding number, so that the librarian could readily find it, just as our own librarians of to-day number the books we read.

Among these books are to be found collections of hymns (to the gods), descriptions of animals and birds, stones and vegetables, as well as history, travels, etc., etc. Perhaps those little Ninevite children of long ago took the same delight that the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE do in stories of the birds, beasts, and insects of Assyria.

The Assyrians and Babylonians were great students of astronomy. The method of telling time by the sun, and of marking it by the instrument called a sun-dial, was invented by the latter nation. None of our modern clocks and watches can be compared to the sun-dial for accuracy. Indeed, we have to regulate our modern inventions by the old Babylonian one.



HERE once lived four seals and three bears
Who were weary with family cares,
So they coasted each day in this elegant way
Till their spirits grew light unawares.

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ADrift IN THE BAY.

BY ELIOT McCORMICK.

I.

"LAURA!"

"Laura! where are my skates?"

"Oh, Laura, won't you come here for a minute?"

One of the voices came from down-stairs, another from the floor above, and a third from the next room. Laura smiled as she laid down her sewing, and answered the last call, which was that of her little sister.

"What is it, Nellie?" she asked.

The little girl looked up with a flushed face.

"Oh, Laura!" she exclaimed, "I can't get this right at all, and I'm afraid Tom will see it if I come in there."

Laura took up the little girl's fancy-work, which was sadly wrong, and straightened it out so that Nellie could go on with it herself.

"Do you want me to help you with it, dear?" she asked.

"Do you think you can get it done all alone?"

Nellie nodded her curly head positively.

"Oh, I can get it done, Laura," she said; "I wouldn't have you help me for anything; it wouldn't be my present then. And there's all the afternoon yet. Won't Tom be surprised?"

Laura smiled.

"Yes, dear, I think he will. Now I must go and see what he wants."

As Laura re-entered the front room by one door, Willie rushed in by the other.

"Oh, Laura," he cried; "the fellows are going to have a picnic party on the ice this afternoon, and stay out till nine o'clock. It's moonlight, you know; can't I stay too?"

Laura hesitated for a moment.

"It's Christmas-eve, you know, Willie," she said.

"Oh, well," he said, "that don't make any difference. We don't have the tree till to-morrow. Please, Laura, mayn't I?"

"What does Tom say about it?" turning to her next younger brother, who stood by the window, absently leaning his face against the pane.

He turned quickly around.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Willie wants to stay up to the Park till nine o'clock," she said.

Tom's face clouded.

"Will Rentoul be there?" he asked.

Willie moved uneasily away. "Well, what if he is?" he said. "Rentoul's as good as Winthrop, I guess."

Laura laid her hand upon the little fellow's shoulder, while a sick feeling came into her heart.

"That isn't kind, Willie," she said; "besides, I don't want you to go with Pete Rentoul."

Willie's eyes were fixed on the floor, while Tom, a little sorry, perhaps, that he had interfered, hastened to make up.

"Oh, let him go, Laura," he said. "Rentoul isn't bad; he's only heedless. Besides, I'll be there myself; that is, if you don't mind."

Willie grinned all over his mischievous face, as he turned toward the door, taking his sister's consent for granted.

"I'll be there too, Laura," he said. "I'll take care that he and Winthrop don't get into any trouble."

When he had gone out, Laura turned to Tom, who had resumed his place at the window. "Is that so, Tom?" she asked; "are you going with Dick Winthrop again?"

His bright handsome face, as he turned around, showed a little annoyance. "That's what I was going to speak to you about," he said, "only Will got ahead of me. I sha'n't see him this afternoon, though; he's gone to Staten Island."

Laura looked troubled. "Tom dear," she said, "you remember a year ago?"

Tom nodded. "Yes," he said, "I haven't forgotten that; but Dick's different now, Laura, and I want you to get a hold on him. If you'll only do as much for him as you've done for the other boys, and for me too," he added, softly, "he'll be quite another fellow in a year."

Laura could not doubt the frank honesty of his voice. "Well, Tom," she said, "I'll leave it all to you. If you think you can do him good, and he won't do you any harm, I haven't anything to say."

"And may he come to the Christmas-tree with the other fellows to-morrow night, Laura?"

It was a little hard, but Laura, having yielded so much, would not stop at this. "Yes, Tom; I don't mind."

He turned to go out, but stopped with his hand on the door. "You're awfully good, Laura," he said, with the suspicion of a break in his voice. "Even if mamma had lived she couldn't have done any more for us."

Laura looked up gratefully. "Thank you, dear," she said; "if I can do half as well as mamma, I shall be contented."

"Good-by, then," and slamming the door behind him, Tom was off to the Park.

Laura went back to her seat with a little anxiety at her heart. Tom would look after Willie; she need not disturb herself about him. But who would look out after Tom? It was just a year ago that he had shaken off Dick Winthrop; was he going to take the boy up again now? And if he did, would Tom be misled as he had been before? She could not help feeling concerned, especially as their father was too busy to look after the boys, and all the care fell upon her. The doubt troubled her all the afternoon, and did not leave her in the evening while she watched for the boys' return.

A little after nine the door opened and Tom came in.

"Is Will home yet?" he asked.

Laura looked up in surprise. "Why, no," she said. "Didn't he come with you?"

Tom shook his head. "I haven't seen him all the afternoon," he said. "I supposed he staid home."

"Nor Rentoul either?" Laura asked, in alarm.

"Neither one of them. I'll go around to Rentoul's house and see if he is there."

In five minutes he was back, looking frightened himself. "They're not there," he said. "Pete hasn't been home since three o'clock."

Laura rose up, pale and scared, as her father entered the room.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, "what shall we do? Willie is surely lost."

II.

That same afternoon Pete Rentoul was standing in front of his house watching people slip and fall on a slide which he had concealed with snow, when Willie Safford came along.

"Did your sister say you might stay out?" he asked.

Willie nodded. "Tom's going to look after me," he said, with a grin.

"He'll have to look pretty sharp, then," said Pete. "I'm going to New York."

Willie opened his eyes. "New York!" he exclaimed. "I thought we were going to the Park."

"We can do that after we come back," said Pete. "My pop gave me two dollars to buy Christmas presents with, and I'm going over to spend it."

"But you can get just as nice things in Brooklyn," urged Willie.

Pete frowned. "Oh no, you can't," he said. "New York's the place for bargains. Look at this. Here's an advertisement I cut out of to-day's paper--'Solid gold rings, eighteen karats fine, fifty cents; gold-mounted onyx

sleeve-buttons, twenty-five cents a pair—and no end of other things just as cheap. I'm going over to that place to get something. How many pairs of sleeve-buttons could I get for two dollars?"

Both boys thought vigorously for a minute.

"Twenty-five into two hundred goes how many times?" asked Willie.

"Six, isn't it? or eight? Well, I could get enough for all the folks, and a pair for the cook besides. I guess, though, I'll get two pairs, and buy a revolver for myself."

Willie stared again. "A revolver!" he exclaimed.

Pete nodded, as though to him revolvers were an every-day thing.

"A six-shooter," he explained; "twenty-two calibre. I'll need it when I go out West. Come along, now: if we're going to get back to-night, there's no time to lose."

Willie walked along, wondering what Laura would say if she knew of his expedition. He had never been to New York alone in his life, and the idea of going over at Christmas-time, when the shop windows would be filled with beautiful things, was very tempting. He only feared that some one would interfere to prevent his going, and did not feel quite safe until he was on the ferry-boat and had pushed off from the shore.

Then the boys found that the river was full of floating ice, which was running rapidly up-stream, and in some places was so thick and heavy that the boat could not make headway at all. Looking up the river, there were no ferry-boats to be seen. As far as the great bridge there was only a wide snow-covered field of ice. Willie began to feel a little frightened. "How queer it looks!" he said.

Pete laughed. "Great fun! isn't it?" he said. "Suppose we get out and walk."

This, indeed, was what the people up the river seemed to be doing. At Fulton Ferry a narrow black line showed that foot-travellers were crossing on the ice. On the other side, toward Governor's Island, the river was still open, but the incoming tide was bringing in larger and larger pieces, and there was no telling when it might choke up. The bow of the boat crunched against the heavy cakes, sometimes splitting them, and then again recoiling with the shock. It was a new experience for Willie, and he did not altogether like it.

"I wish I hadn't come," he said.

Pete laughed again. "Why, it's immense!" he said; "it's like being up in the arctic regions. Just fancy you're on the *Jeannette*, caught in the ice. Oh, pshaw!" he exclaimed, as the boat drew near the ferry slip on the New York side, "we've got over too easily. I'd like to be out all night."

Willie looked grave. "Papa was out all one night last winter," he said; "he was nearly frozen to death."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that!" declared Pete; "it's the easiest way to die. Come along, now." And stepping over the chain he leaped for the dock while they were yet as much as four feet away. Willie followed at a less perilous distance, and in a moment both boys were outside the ferry gate and running up the elevated railroad steps.

The place which advertised the jewelry and other great bargains was on Sixth Avenue. So they took the elevated road as far as Fourteenth Street, and getting out there walked along with the crowd. A few purchases were made, and then the boys walked along, looking in at the gayly dressed windows, and feeling as though they must be near the home of Santa Claus himself. One toy store window was particularly tempting.

"Oh, look at that doll!" Willie exclaimed; "wouldn't Nell go wild over that!"

For a small doll it was indeed a beauty, and the price, two dollars and a half, was not high.

"Nell would give her eyes for it," Willie went on, admiringly. "I wish I hadn't spent all my money."

Pete turned suddenly round. "Have you got anything left?" he asked.

After careful searching, Will's pockets were found to contain sixty-five cents.

"Well, I tell you what," continued Pete, when this result was announced, "I don't care much about buying anything more for my people. We'll just put our money together, and buy the doll for Nellie."

Will opened his eyes in delighted surprise. "That will be immense!" he cried. "But I didn't know you thought as much of Nell as that."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the boy, finding his cheeks uncomfortably hot, as he led the way into the store; "Nellie's your sister, you know, and it will be just the same as if I gave a present to you."

"Yes," said Willie, doubtfully. He was thinking of the sleeve-buttons which Pete might have given him, and of the knife which he had meant to buy with his own money, neither of which he would now get. It was not altogether the same; but Nell was a good little thing, and he had meant to get her a present anyhow; so he followed Pete through the crowd, and after half an hour's delay both boys came out with the doll.

III.

It was getting dark, and though the sun had not been powerful enough to make the day warm, it seemed colder now that its rays were gone. That, however, did not affect the crowd, which poured along the street in a never-ceasing procession. Pete and Will, for their part, concluded that it was time to go home. Their money was all spent, they had seen the sights, and if they did not get back soon there would be no time to skate. So they walked over to the Third Avenue Elevated, and rode down to Hamilton Ferry.

When they reached the ferry, they found the gates closed, and a crowd of people standing idly around.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete.

"Boats stopped," replied the man whom he had addressed; "river's blocked up with ice."

The boys looked at one another in alarm. "What shall we do?" asked Will.

"Let's go to Fulton Ferry," said Pete, moving off in that direction.

"But that isn't running. Don't you recollect, we saw them walking across there?"

Pete was already crossing over to South Street. "Oh, we'll get over somehow," he said.

It was fifteen minutes before they came to the foot of Fulton Street, and here too the ferry was closed; though at the end of the pier they saw a crowd, as though the people were still crossing the ice.

"Come ahead," said Pete, still leading the way.

They walked to the end of the pier, where a man was making a small fortune by letting persons climb down his ladder at a cent apiece, and looked for a moment at the strange sight. Across the river stretched a sheet of ice, covered with snow, and forming a natural bridge, over which, dimly seen in the twilight, streamed a long line of foot-travellers. To a boy of twelve it was a very inviting scene, and Pete, who had long been wildly anxious to cross the river in this way, resolved not to let the present chance slip.

"I'm going over," he said, moving toward the ladder as he spoke. "Come along, Will."

Willie followed hesitatingly. "Do you think it's safe?" he asked.

"Safe! Of course it's safe." He had already paid the two cents, and was rapidly descending the ladder. "Look out, now; don't tread on my hands."

Will was obliged to follow his more adventurous companion, though, as he went down, he heard some one above say, "Those boys oughtn't to go over; it's nearly ebb tide, and the ice may break up at any moment." Still,



GERTRUDE.

there were many others behind them, and the ice was yet firm.

They set off on a little trot, as everybody else was doing, and in a short time had left the New York shore some distance behind them.

"It's fine, isn't it?" exclaimed Pete, in delight. "Ain't you glad you came?"

Will looked around and shivered. "I don't know," he said. "I'd rather be home. Oh, Pete, what was that?"

A loud crack like the report of a gun had sounded just in front of them; then another was heard, and another, while before their feet and on either side the boys saw a yawning gap of water.

"The ice is breaking up!" Pete cried. "Run, Billy; it's our only chance."

They leaped across the crevice to the cake beyond, hurried over that until another crack appeared, jumped that, and were hurrying faster, when their steps were stayed by an opening wider than any they had yet crossed. Indeed, it was too wide for them to jump. By this time the ice was moving swiftly down-stream, and before they knew it the boys found themselves separated from all their late companions, while the current carried them rapidly toward the bay. For a moment they were too much bewildered to do anything; then, when his wits came back, Pete called out loudly for help.

There was no way, however, for help to come. The cakes were too widely parted for any one to cross from one to the other, while they were not yet broken up enough to allow the tug-boats to push through. Besides, it was now so dark that they could not be easily seen from a boat, and the ice was drifting so swiftly that within a few minutes they would be carried past Governor's Island. Meanwhile the frail raft rocked like a skiff, while the weight of the boys kept its surface beneath the water, which played around their ankles until they were numb with the cold, and could hardly stand. When at

length it was clear that all their cries were in vain, Willie's courage gave way, and he began to cry.

"We'll be drowned," he sobbed. "Oh, I wish I'd minded Laura, and staid at home!"

Pete bit his lips, and tried to seem brave. "Oh, come," he said, "we ain't going to drown. All I'm scared about is that the doll will get wet. I don't want to lose that two dollars, and I don't want Nell to be disappointed. My gracious!" he exclaimed, as the cake gave a lurch, "I came pretty near it that time."

They were now drifting with the tide through Butter-milk Channel. Presently they had left the island behind, and had come into rougher and more open water. The ice-floe rocked and plunged until it seemed that they must go over. All at once it parted in the middle.

"We're lost!" cried Will.

But Pete was looking the other way. "No, we're not," he exclaimed. "There's the Staten Island boat coming up. Oh! if I only knew some way to signal her!"

Willie turned quickly around. "Have you got a match?" he asked.

Pete answered by fishing out of his pocket half a dozen. "But there's nothing to burn," he said.

"Burn the doll!" cried Will. "She'll light up like tinder. Quick, now, or they won't see us!"

With trembling fingers Pete untied the wrappings and opened the box. Inside, done up in folds of tissue-paper, lay the pretty toy, smiling up in their faces as though it had life, and was quite ignorant of what they meant to do.

"I can't bear to," said Pete, hesitatingly; "it's like committing murder."

"But that's the only thing to do," urged Willie.

Pete sighed. "Well," he said, "I'll light the paper and the box first, and if that won't do, then I suppose the doll must go."

He struck a match, and it went out. Another attempt was more successful, and in a moment the tissue and wrapping paper were blazing out across the icy waste. Very soon, however, it had burned up, and as yet it did not appear that the boat had seen them.

"Light up the doll!" cried Will.

Pete sighed again as he struck a third match. Then, without firing the doll, he flung the match into the water. "I can't do it," he cried; "you must do it yourself."

Will took it, half unwillingly. "We'll wait a minute," he said. Then, as he peered through the darkness that was beginning to be lit up by the rising moon, he saw the course of the boat suddenly change.

"Oh, they've seen us!" he cried—"they've seen us, and they're turning around!"

IV.

Among the few passengers on the Staten Island boat that evening was Dick Winthrop. There were not many who were willing to take the chance of being caught in the ice and staying out all night. Dick himself would not have taken it on any other night in the year; but tomorrow would be Christmas, and Dick would not be away on that morning if the bay was full of icebergs, and he had to climb them all to get home. So he had started out, though all his relatives on Staten Island had tried to persuade him to give up the dangerous experiment, and stay there all night. "I guess we'll make it," he said to himself, as he leaned over the guard-rail of the boat, and saw the cakes split open before the sharp bow. It was bitterly cold, and everybody else but himself was inside. Dick never felt cold, and just now he was too much occupied with other things to think anything about it.

He had never been a good boy; that he knew. Before, it had not seemed to make any difference, but this last year the other fellows had dropped him, and for the first time in his life Dick had realized what it was to be left alone. He did not need to ask himself the reason: Miss Safford, he knew, did not approve of him, and the fellows

had got so that they took their opinions from her. If he could only make Miss Safford like him, it would be all right. But there was only one way to do this: he must turn over a new leaf.

Just as he reached this point in his reflections his eye was caught by a light that suddenly gleamed up from the surface of the water half a mile, perhaps, away. While he looked, the flame glowed more brightly, and by its light he could see a couple of figures wildly waving their arms. The stairs to the pilot-house were just behind him, and running up these, and opening the door, he grasped the pilot's arm.

"There's somebody adrift on the bay," he cried, pointing to the flickering light that went out even as he spoke.

It was the work of a moment to head the boat in that direction; and presently, as they came nearer, and as the moonlight grew more brilliant, the castaways could be distinctly seen on their ice raft. The great boat could not venture too near for fear of swamping the cake, and so at length it stopped, while one of the life-boats was lowered, and sent out with a man to row and another with a boat-hook to push away the floating cakes, which by this time were broken up so as not to be really dangerous.

By-and-by, Dick, watching from the deck, saw the boat coming back. There were two boys in it, and one of them carried something that looked like a baby in his arms. Could it be a baby? Dick wondered. Presently the boat had drawn alongside, and Dick heard one of the men say,

"There's the young fellow that saw you first."

Then he heard a boy's voice which was very familiar to him exclaim:

"Why, it's Dick Winthrop. Hello, Dick, old fellow, don't you know Pete and me?"

And while the boys, forgetful of their wet feet and icy clothes, delightedly grasped his hand and began to pour out their story, Dick felt that the way between him and Miss Safford was open as it had never been before. He would not even wait for Christmas to take his good resolution; he would do it now, on Christmas-eve.

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAMPING ON THE ICE.

"I TELL you what, boys," Tug cried, after a great effort, "there's no use trying any more till we have smoothed a road, and I think, Captain, you'd better set all hands at that."

"I'm afraid that is so. Jim, please go back and get the axe, the hatchet, and the shovel. Now, while Tug and I dig at this road, you and Jim, Katy, can bring some of the freight up here, or perhaps take it clear across, and so save time. The small sled will help you."

* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.



JIM AND KATY BRINGING THE RUSHES TO CAMP.

It was tedious labor all around, and the wind began to blow in a way they would have thought very cold had they not been so warm and busy with work. As fast as a rod or two of road had been cleared, the four took hold and dragged the boat ahead. These slow advances used up so much time that when the plateau had been crossed, the sun, peering through dark clouds, was almost level with the horizon. It now remained to get down the sudden pitch and rough slope on the further side. But this was a task of no small importance, and Aleck called a council on the subject.

"My lambs," he began (the funny word took the edge off the unfortunate look of affairs, as it was intended to do)—"my lambs, it is getting late, and it's doubtful if we can get this big boat down that pair of stairs before dark. Don't you think I'd better order Jim and Katy to pack up the small sled with tent and bedding and kitchen stuff?"

"'Twon't hold it all!" interrupted Jim.

"Then, Youngster, you can come back after the bedding. Take the cooking things first, and you and Katy go back to the island where we lunched, and make a fire. Tug and I—eh, Tug?—will stay here and chop away till dark, and then we'll go back to camp with you when you come after the blankets, and help carry the tent."

"Are you going to leave the boat here all night?" asked Jim, in alarm.

"Why, of course; what 'll harm it? Now be off, and make a big fire."

So the younger ones departed, and by-and-by Jim returned for a second load. He found the two older boys cutting a sloping path through the little ice bluff on the farther side of the hummock, and pretty tired of it. They were not yet done—the shovel not being of much service in working the hard blue ice—but it was now getting too dark to do more, so they piled the snug bundles of blankets into Jim's sled box, and gave him the rope, while Tug and Aleck put their shoulders under opposite ends of the tent roll. Then together they all skated away through the thickening windy twilight, and over the ashy gray plain of ice, toward where Katy's fire glowed like a red spark on the distant shore.

It was a weary but not at all disheartened party that lounged in the open door of the tent that night, while a big fire blazed in front, and supper was cooking. This was the first time the sail had been spread as a tent, and it answered the purpose nicely, giving plenty of room. The straw Katy had been so anxious about had to be left in the boat, so that they got no good of it. Jim chaffed his sister a good deal about this, and Tug rather encouraged him, thinking it was a fair chance for fun at Katy's expense; but when he saw that Katy really was feeling badly, not at Jim's teasing words, but for fear she had made the boys useless trouble, Aleck came to the rescue. Seizing The Youngster by the shoulder, he spun him round like a teetotum, and was going to box his ears, when Katy cried out, "Oh, don't!" and saved that young gentleman's skin for the present.

"Then I'll punish you in another way. Take your knife, go over there to the marsh"—it was perhaps a hundred yards away—"and cut as many rushes as you can carry."

The Youngster never moved.

"I don't want the rushes," said Katy, trying to keep the peace.

"Did you hear what I said?" asked Aleck.

"Yes, I did."

"Well, that was a Captain's Order, and I advise you to obey."

"Do it yourself!" shouted the angry Jim, sitting down by the fire.

Aleck looked at him an instant, saw his sulky, set lips, and then walked over to a willow bush near by. From

the centre of this bush he cut a thriving switch, and carefully trimmed off all the twigs and crumpled leaves. It was pliant and elastic like whalebone. It whistled through the air when it was waved like a wire or a thin lash. It would hug the skin it was laid upon, and wrap tightly around a boy's legs, and sting at the tip like a hornet. It wouldn't raise a welt upon the skin, like an iron rod or a rawhide, but it would hurt just as bad while it was touching you.

Jim knew all this, and it flashed through his brain, every bit of it, as he saw Aleck trim the switch.

"Better scoot, Youngster," Tug advised, with a grin that was meant kindly, but made Jim madder than ever.

"Please get the rushes," coaxed Katy.

But when Aleck had come back the boy still sat there defiant of orders.

"Now, James," he said, as he stood over him, "you have been ordered by your Captain to go and get some rushes. You refuse. You are insubordinate. I'll give you just one minute to make up your mind what you will do."

Jim glanced up, saw the determined face and stalwart form of his brother; saw Tug keeping quiet and showing no intention of interfering; saw the awful willow. He rose quickly from his seat, and darted away into the scrub alders and willows as hard as he could run, but not toward the rushes.

Aleck didn't follow him. "Never mind," he said. "Go on with your supper, Katy. That boy gets those rushes before he has any grub to eat or blankets to lie in, unless you both vote against it, and I don't think you will, for it was a reasonable order."

"Well, Captain," said Tug, "I think we might ease up on it a little. It was a little rough on The Youngster sending him alone in the dark to get the stuff. If you had sent me with him, I suppose he'd have gone fast enough. If you'll say so now, I allow he'll surrender and save his hide. For that matter, I don't mind getting 'em alone if you'll let the kid go. I was going to propose it myself just as you gave the order."

"That's very kind of you, Tug; but I couldn't allow you to get them alone. You may help if you want to."

"May I tell him so?" Katy asked, eagerly.

"Yes, if you can find him."

"I'll find him—look out for the bacon," and the girl went off into the gloom and the bushes, calling, "Jim! Jim!"

It was a good while before she came back, and the boys, tired of waiting, had forked out the bacon, and were eating their meal, which was what the poets call "frugal," but immensely relished all the same.

Suddenly Katy and the culprit stalked out of the ring of shadows that encircled the fire, bearing huge bundles of yellow rushes.

"That ain't fair!" cried Tug. "You ought to have let me gone, Katy."

"Oh, I didn't mind, and I wanted Jim to hurry back."

"I didn't want her to carry none," said Jim, more eager about self-defense than grammar. "If I give up, I want to give up all over, and not half-way."

"Good for you, Youngster," Aleck shouted, leaping up. "Give us your hand!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE WILD RICE AND ITS TENANTS.

THUS peace was restored, and the boy sat down happily to his well-earned supper, while the older ones spread the crisp reed straw. Finding there wasn't quite enough, they went off to the marshes and brought two more armfuls, which made a warm and springy couch for the whole party.

These "rushes" were not rushes properly speaking, but

the wild rice which grows so abundantly on the borders of the great lakes, and throughout the little ponds and shallow sheets of water that are dotted so thickly over Wisconsin and southern Minnesota. It is like a small bamboo jungle, for the close-crowding stiff reeds often stand ten feet or more above the water. They bear upon the upper part of their stalks a few ribbon-like leaves, and each reed carries a plume which in autumn contains the seeds, or the "rice."

This rice formed an important part of the food of the Indians who lived where it grew. Through these great marshes run narrow canals that the currents keep open, and through these the Indian women would paddle their canoes, seeking the ripe heads, which they would cut off and take ashore, to be threshed out in the wigwam, or else they would shake and rub out the rice into a basket as they went along. At home the rice would be crushed into a coarse flour in their stone mortars, then made into cakes.

The stalks, round, smooth, and straight, were of service to the Indians also. Out of them they made mats and thatching for their lodges, and they served as excellent arrow shafts, a point of fire-hardened wood, of bone, or of flint having been fixed in the end.

It is very interesting in summer, and even more so in the autumn, to paddle through these vast marshes, upon the outer limit of which our friends were encamped, and they had often enjoyed it. They would have preferred to skate across these marshes to going outside upon the open lake, but there was a report that warm springs came out of the ooze in many parts of the rice morass, keeping the ice so weak (though not melting it quite away) as to make the skating very unsafe. This danger was not so great, perhaps, in a winter so unusually cold as this one was proving itself to be, but they did not want to run risks.

"How still it is!" cried Katy, as they sat a few moments "between bed and board," as Tug expressed it.

"Yes; but how noisy it will be around this islet in three months from now!" said Aleck. "Then you will hardly be able to hear yourself speak for the frogs."

"Before there were any light-houses on the lake," said Tug, "sailing was pretty much guess-work; but my father told me the sailors, when they approached the shore, used to know where they were by listening to the bullfrogs. The bulls would call out the names of their ports, you know: San—dusk—y! To—lé—e—do! Mon—roe! De—trot-i-i—it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAIRIES.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

TEN little dancing fairies white,
Moving quick as a glance of light
Over a shining floor of snow:
Cheerily now they go, they go.

Up and down in a lively chase—
Who shall win in the merry race?
Tripping, springing, frolicking gay,
Light as a vapor, blithe as the day.

Now, as they tread with dainty feet,
Scarcely you hear the tinkling sweet;
Now with a bound at once they come
Down with a hearty thrum, thrum, thrum.

Now they laugh like a child at play,
Ripple now like a streamlet gay,
Now like a zephyr softly hush,
Now in a careless gambol rush.

Can not you guess their names? Why, then,
Take a peep at my fairies ten—
Mabel's dear little fingers light
Dancing over the key-board white.

OLD SOBERSIDES'S HERO.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

IT was study hour, and the dining-room table had been cleared off for the boys who were hard at work.

Tom was at his history, Jack deep in geography, and Vincent was supposed to be busy with several lessons; but underneath his pile of books had been a cheerful-looking red-bound volume, which somehow or other had contrived to lure him into looking through it.

This was noticed by Ned, or "Old Sobersides," as they called him, more than once, and he looked up from the map he was drawing to tell Vincent that it was getting late, and he would have to look out for "deficiencies" on the morrow if he did not hurry up and study. But Vincent's only reply was, "Oh, bother! this is too good to leave."

"What is it?" asked Tom.

"*Lives of Illustrious Men.*"

"Any explorers or navigators among them?" asked Jack, fresh from the wilds of Africa.

"No; they are principally soldiers."

"I heard Billy Buttons say he did not like his last new book because the boys had not enough fight in them."

"Yes, that is about all that makes a fellow anybody nowadays."

"But Billy is too little a chap to have those ideas."

"What is anybody good for who hasn't plenty of fight?"

"Good for?" repeated "Old Sobersides," thoughtfully.

"I can imagine a man good for a great deal who never so much as smelled gunpowder."

"Your heroes are always Miss Nancys."

Ned colored up, but he was not of a hasty temper, and made no angry retort.

"My hero is Gustavus Vasa," put in Tom, "the pluckiest fellow that ever lived. Do you remember how they stuck him with bayonets once when he was secreted in a cart; and they never discovered he was there, although they wounded him in the hip very badly?"

"And my hero is Mr. Livingstone," said Jack, "the African explorer and missionary. I think the way he died, all alone in that savage country, is one of the grandest things I ever read."

Vincent's ardor was all for Napoleon.

"Who is your hero, Sobersides?" asked Jack.

"Well, I am not sure that I have any particular one," replied Ned; "but I was reading not long ago of a man, whose name I forget, but whose work seemed to me worth more to the world than many a hero's whose record glitters in history. He was a poor shoemaker living alone, I believe in London, and having much time to think and observe, he noticed how many children of the poor were growing up in ignorance, for it was before the time of public schools. One day he called in a couple of youngsters and asked them how they would like to learn their alphabet; they were not unwilling, and became so interested that he taught them to read. As fast as one set of children learned to read, he would send them away that others might fill their places, and so he really gave to hundreds of poor children all the teaching they ever received, and yet he was never anything more than a shoemaker."

"I know about him. He was John Pounds, of Portsmouth, England," called out Vincent.

"How did you come to know?"

"I read about him in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE nearly a whole year ago."

The boys made no end of fun over Sobersides's admiration of so plain a character.

Ned said nothing, but he stuck to his shoemaker hero.

In consequence of all this talk, and the fascinations of *Illustrious Men*, Vincent did not know his lessons next day, was detained after-hours, which made him cross, and he got into a quarrel with one or two fellows who laughed

at him. He was getting a good pommelling, just as Ned happened to come up.

Old Sobersides was of slow temper, but when he saw little Vin, as he called him, getting the worst of the quarrel, he put down his books, collared one fellow and flung him into the gutter, gave another a persuasive cuff which sent him howling, and the third he tripped and made him sit down to peacefully consider his recent dispute. Vin was too mad to be grateful; but as they walked home, and his anger cooled, he said to Ned,

"I say, old Sobersides, I thought you didn't approve of fighting?"

"Nor do I," answered Ned. "I think it is about the most senseless thing men or boys can engage in; but I never could stand by and see the weak overpowered by the strong, or the gentle submissive to the rough, and when it is necessary I mean to use the weapons God gave me—just these two fists; but when you want to know who my hero is, I shall always choose one who serves the world with his brains rather than with his muscle."



GOING TO MEET PAPA.

THE BABIROUSSA.

THE babiroussa is an Indian hog, not a very pleasant sort of animal to look at, and an exceedingly disagreeable one to meet when it is not in the best humor. As shown in the illustration, it has two pairs of tusks, those in the lower jaw being somewhat like a wild-boar's, but the pair which spring from the top of the upper jaw are very long, and curve inward, almost touching the skin of the forehead. The upper tusks do not spring from between the lips, but cut their way through the skin, and have the appearance of growing out of the upper part of the snout.

The animal usually grows to the ordinary size of wild

hogs, but some have been killed that were as large as a donkey. It can run very fast, and is a most dangerous enemy when brought to bay. It is of a gray color, the skin hanging in folds or wrinkles about the body, which is covered very thinly with short bristles. The tail is nearly without hair, save at the end, where it forms a sort of tassel.

The female has the merest apologies for tusks, the bone hardly showing through the skin, and in many cases she can not even boast of that much.

These animals hardly ever have a regular home; they wander from one part of the forest to the other, but always in the wet, marshy portions, feeding on leaves, grass, and water plants. They are remarkably good swimmers, and often cross large lakes rather than walk around them, and they never hesitate to take to the water when in flight. Swimming appears to be as much an instinct with the young babiroussas as with ducks, for they plunge boldly into the water as soon as they can walk.

If suddenly roused in its lair, instead of seeking safety in flight, the babiroussa rushes out upon its assailant with the utmost fury, and although its tusks are curved so nearly to the flesh, it can inflict most dangerous wounds. By the natives its flesh is considered a great delicacy, and all the more so because they rarely succeed in killing one save at the expense of several lives.

These hogs usually are found in herds of six or eight, and the males as well as the females care for the young, petting them in their swinish way as human parents do their offspring. Savage as they are, there is no more dangerous time to approach them than when the young are small. The females will gather around the young ones, while the males will rush out to give battle without waiting for an attack.

Funck, the naturalist of Cologne, tells of an encounter with a babiroussa which was related to him by a sea-captain. Two sailors and three natives came suddenly upon a herd of five full-grown hogs and two young ones. The two females of the party immediately covered the young with their bodies, while the males dashed forward with such fury that all the party, save one of the sailors, were overturned, and at the mercy of the savage brutes.

One of the natives was instantly killed, the lower tusks of the hog being driven through his eye into his brain. Another was fatally wounded, and not one of the party escaped serious injury. During the affray, which did not last many minutes, the hunters had had an opportunity to fire among the herd but once, and that without inflicting any injury. It was almost impossible for the party even to drag their wounded companions out of the reach of the infuriated beasts, and they did not succeed in doing so until after several more severe wounds had been inflicted by the hogs, which pursued them quite half a mile.

The traveller Brun, writing of the fortunate chance which gave him an opportunity of carefully examining the babiroussa, was much more successful. He says:

"I was once in a low, damp forest on one of the Malaccan islands, when one of my guides drew my attention to a noise as of the grunting of hogs but a short distance away. It was more of a low, whistling sound than a grunt, although now and then could be heard the squeal peculiar to the common hog when angry or frightened."

The guides were familiar with the sound, and without stopping to explain their course, or even to give any advice to the traveller in their charge, they started off at full speed, leaving the explorer with no weapon save a light gun, and no ammunition save the two charges it contained.

Brun knew from the stories he had heard from the natives that his guides had been frightened by the hogs, and he was all the more anxious to capture one because of their rareness.

"The noise, which at first seemed near by, was farther away than I had thought, for it was not until I had walk-



A FAMILY OF BABIROUSSAS.

ed quite a mile and a half through the thick underbrush that I could distinguish any living thing. Then the gray forms of several hogs could be indistinctly seen through the foliage, and I determined to risk everything for the sake of bagging the largest of the herd."

Whether the hogs were startled by something other than the hunter, or whether it was because they were in no mood for fighting that day, can not be told, but certain it is that, contrary to their usual habits, instead of rushing upon the intruder, they ran swiftly past him to a brook

near by, leaping in as if in the greatest excitement and fear.

"They certainly swam under the water at least forty yards, for from the time they plunged in I could see no more of them until they scrambled out, squealing and whistling, on the other side. My gun was loaded with large shot, and since, owing to the absence of my ammunition carrier, I had no bullets, I gave the largest of the party my compliments in the form of a charge of shot."

The animal was hit just behind the fore-leg, and tumbled over dead, while his companions, instead of continuing their flight, surrounded him as if to aid him in his trouble.

A second shot had the effect of dispersing them, and the brave hunter had the satisfaction of examining the prize at his leisure. It proved to be a full-grown hog, "weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds, while its thick, round body measured three feet in length, and over two feet in height."

THE KING OF GAMES.

HOW TO LEARN CHESS WITHOUT A TEACHER.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

I.



AMONG quite a large number of quiet parlor games chess is by far the best; so much the best, indeed, that nobody who has once learned it ever cares much for any other. It is a game that you never grow tired of, because it has so much variety in it, and because it is purely a game of skill.

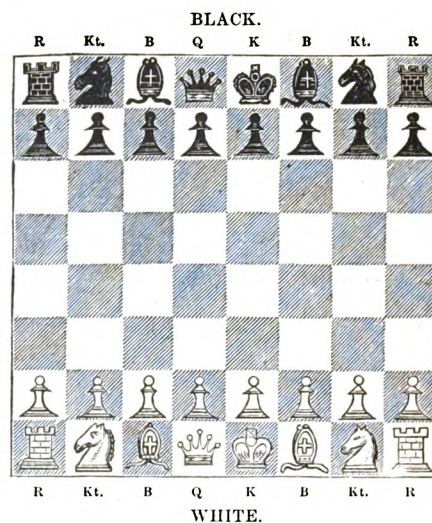
To a person who does not understand the game it seems a hopeless puzzle, but it is in reality far from being as difficult as it appears. I have taught many a boy to play in half an hour, and I believe the game can be so clearly explained, even on paper, that every reader of *YOUNG PEOPLE* may learn to play it without a teacher. To do that, however, you must read all I have to say with a chess board and men at hand, and must do on the board everything I describe on paper.

THE BOARD.—A chess-board is the same as a checker-board; but in playing chess you must turn it so that each player will have a white corner on his right hand.

THE MEN.—Now look at your chess-men. There are two sets just alike, except that one is black and the other white, as in checkers. In each set there are eight pieces and eight pawns. The pawns are the eight little men, all shaped alike. The pieces are the larger men, made in different shapes. There are one king, one queen, two bishops, two knights, and two rooks, or castles, as they are sometimes called. The king is the tallest piece of all; the queen is the one next in height, and you can easily recognize her by the coronet on her head; the bishops have tops like a mitre (in some sets they merely have a slit in their tops); the knights are those which have horses' heads; the rooks are in the shape of old-time castles or towers. By looking out the several pieces you may easily learn to know them at sight.

PLACING THE MEN.—The next thing to be learned is how to place the men on the board, and this, too, may be learned in a few minutes if you will carefully carry out the following directions. First place the board, as I have already directed, so that the corner square to your right is a white one. Next, take your king and queen and place them on the two middle squares of the first row, placing the queen on the square that matches her in color, and the king by her side. The white player will thus have his king to the right of his queen, while the black will have his to the left, and each king will have a king

directly opposite him. Next place your bishops, one to the right and the other to the left of the royal pair. Then go on in the same way with your knights, placing them to the right and left of the bishops. This will leave only the two end squares vacant, and in them you must place your rooks. Finally, arrange your pawns in a line in the second row of squares, placing a pawn in front of each piece. Now if you have done all this correctly, your men are arranged as in this diagram:



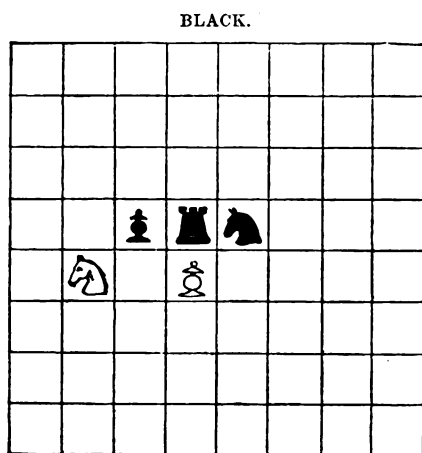
By removing the men and setting them up again you will soon learn their proper places. Practice this till you can do it readily before going on to anything else.

THE MOVES.

PAWNS.—The pawns always move straight forward toward the opposite side of the board. Usually they can move only one square at a time, but so long as a pawn stands where it was placed at the beginning—so long, I mean, as it has not been moved at all in the game—its first move may be either one square or two squares straight forward. After it has been moved once, whether the move was one square or two, it can only be moved one square at a time, and no pawn can ever be moved backward. All the pieces may go backward as well as forward, but the pawns can not retreat in any case.

But how does a pawn take another pawn or a piece? There is no taking by "jumping" in chess. When one piece or pawn takes another, it takes the place that the other occupied. You remove the piece or pawn that is captured, and set the one that takes it in the place made vacant. The general rule is that a *piece* can take any other which stands on a square which the taking piece might move to if it was vacant; but with the pawns the case is different. They always *move* straight forward, but they always take other pawns or pieces *diagonally*. If there is a vacant square next in front of a pawn, the pawn can move into it; but if another pawn or a piece stands just in front of a pawn, the pawn can not take it. It can only take pawns or pieces which stand on the next square *diagonally* in front. On the next page is a little diagram which will show you what I mean.

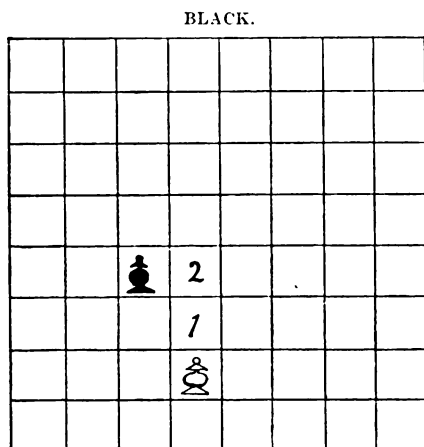
In this diagram you see a white pawn and a black one with other pieces around them. The white pawn can not take the rook just in front of it, although it might move into the square held by the rook if that square was vacant. But the white pawn can *take* the black pawn or the black knight, moving into the place of either, although if their squares were vacant the pawn could not move diagonally into them. So the black pawn can take either the white knight or the white pawn, or it can move into the vacant square in front of itself without taking anything.



WHITE.

From all this we get the following *rule for pawns*: A pawn moves straight forward, one square at a time, except on its first move, when it may move one or two squares, as the player chooses; but a pawn always *takes* diagonally, one square at a time.

PASSING PAWNS.—If in moving a pawn two squares you skip a square on which one of your adversary's pawns could have taken yours, it is called "passing his pawn." When that is done, he may, if he chooses, take your pawn "in passing"; that is to say, he may take your pawn off the board, and move his diagonally into the square where yours would have stood if you had moved one square instead of two. Here is a diagram to explain this:



WHITE.

If the white pawn in the cut is moved forward one square, the black can take it, as you see. But if it is moved forward two squares at once, so as to stand by the side of the black, the black pawn can still take it, moving for that purpose not into the square marked 2, where the white pawn will stand, but into that marked 1. But if a pawn is to be taken "in passing," it must be done at once. If black makes any other move after you have passed his pawn, he loses his right to take it in that way.

QUEENING PAWNS.—If a player gets one of his pawns into the other player's rear row of squares (which is the king row in checkers), he is said to "queen" the pawn. He can make it a queen or a knight, no matter whether he has lost his queen or knight or not. The rule is that he may make it anything he pleases, no matter what pieces he may have on the board. Generally he makes it a queen, because that is the most powerful piece in chess, but sometimes it is better to make it a knight, because the knight has a peculiar power of moving which no other piece has.

THE KING.—The king can move one square at a time in any direction, backward, forward, diagonally, or to the right or left.

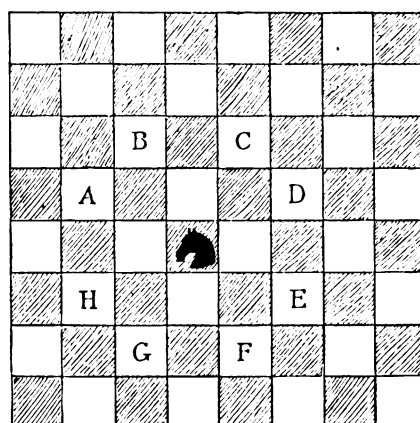
THE QUEEN.—The queen can move any distance in a straight line, in any direction, backward, forward, diagonally, or to the right or left.

BISHOPS.—The bishops can move any distance on diagonal lines. They can never move except on diagonal lines, but they can advance or retreat on those lines at will.

ROOKS.—The rooks move any distance in straight lines, backward, forward, or to the right or left, but never diagonally.

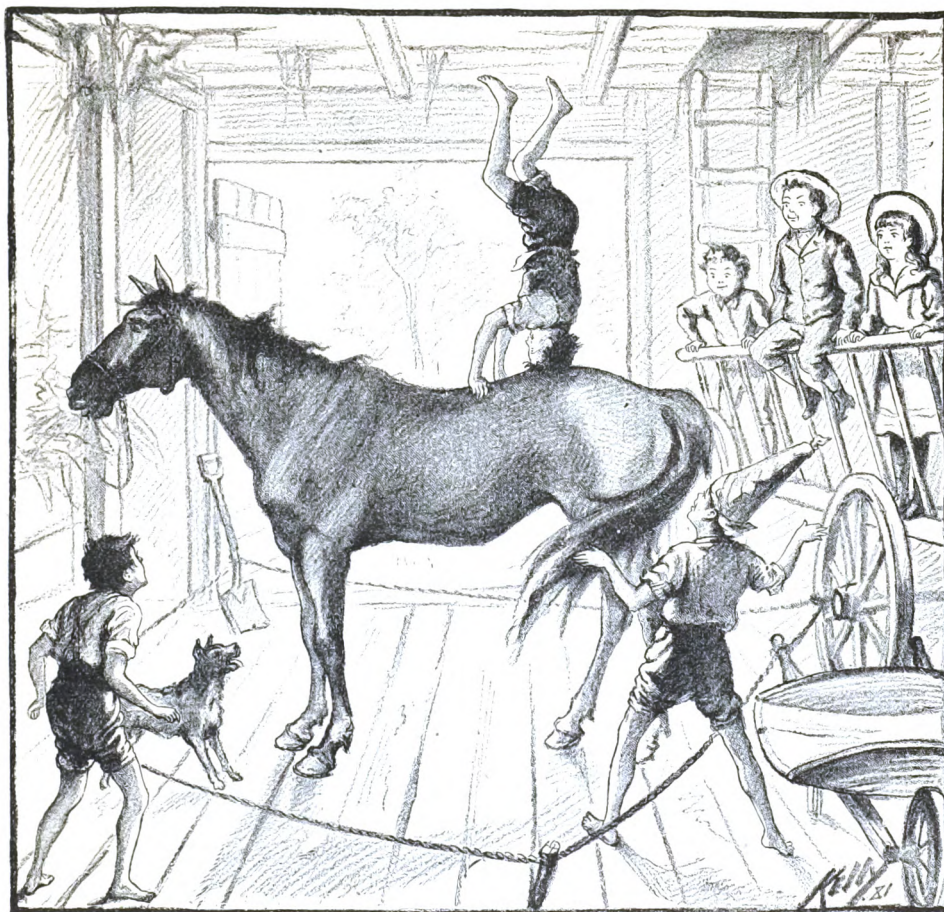
None of these pieces can jump over any piece or pawn. They must have a clear track always. They can take any piece or pawn belonging to the enemy which stands in their line of movement with nothing between, and in taking, they must be placed on the square held by the piece or pawn which is taken.

KNIGHTS.—The knights have a move of their own, which is different from all other moves. They can not move straight forward, straight backward, or in straight lines to the right or left or diagonally. A boy of my acquaintance says they move "skiwinkety"; that is to say, no matter where a knight stands, it can move to any square which stands two squares off in one direction, and one square off to the right or left. That is not very clear, but here is a diagram which will make it so:



A knight placed as the one in the diagram is could move into any of the squares that are marked with the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H, and nowhere else. Now look at the diagram, and you will see that to reach A the knight must travel two squares to the left and one square forward; to reach B he must go two squares forward and one to the left; C stands two squares forward and one to the right; D, two squares to the right and one forward; E, two to the right and one backward; F, two backward and one to the right; and so on. If the knight stood near the edge of the board, he would not have so many moves open to him; but no matter where he stands, he can move to any square which can be reached by travelling two squares in one direction, right, left, backward, or forward, and one square in a direction at right angles to that. In making his moves the knight can pass over the heads of any men that stand in his way. He can take any man belonging to his adversary which stands on the square to which he moves. A little practice in moving a knight about on a clear board will make his powers familiar to you.

These are all the moves except one, which can not well be explained until you learn how the game is played. Next week there will be another article explaining the game, and telling you about the other move. Practice what I have explained to you till you know it well, and next week you will learn how to begin playing.



"‘START THE HORSE,’ URGED TWO OR THREE."

"HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES."

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and all the boys had congregated, as was their custom, in Mr. Lindell's barn. They were stretched in every attitude on the hay, and Tommy Dunn was lying in a very dangerous and therefore very delightful position on one of the big beams.

"What are you going to do when you get to be a man?" inquired Tommy, as he gazed at the family of swallows that had made their nest in the ridge of the old barn.

"I suppose I'll help father run the place," replied Jimmy, soberly.

"I'm going to keep store," announced Eb Parsons, who was in the habit of making the most advantageous "swaps" of any boy in school.

Many of the boys had no clear idea of what they were going to do; but all were surprised when Tommy announced, boldly, "I'm going to be a circus rider."

Several had longings to become lawyers or physicians, but none had hoped to become one of those gorgeous gentlemen in pink tights and spangled trunks who had appeared in the circus which was in town the week before.

"But father says that a circus actor has to begin to practice when he is a boy," objected Jimmy.

"Of course," agreed Tom. "I practice every day."

"On what?" asked Jimmy, with a sly smile; for he knew well that Mr. Dunn would never allow Tom to drive his team, much less practice circus acts on their backs.

"Well, I haven't tried a horse, so far," Tom admitted; "but," he added, regaining his composure, "I swing on a trapeze and jump over boxes almost every day."

"Guess you'd find a difference if you tried a real horse," remarked Eb Parsons.

"Say, Jimmy, couldn't you get one of your father's colts to let me have a try on?" asked Tom.

"I don't know; I'll ask him," said Jimmy.

He went to look for his father, and found him directing some men who were building a wall.

"Father, can we have the colts to ride a little while?"

"The colts!" answered his father; "why, my boy, they are not half broken yet. Take old Jack."

"But old Jack looks so bad," objected Jimmy.

"Handsome is that handsome does, Jimmy; and old Jack will do better by you than the colts would."

Jimmy went back to the barn, not at all satisfied.

"Father says we can have old Jack."

"Old Jack!" exclaimed Tommy; "a pretty circus horse he would make!"

"He looks more like a horse than your dry-goods box that you have been practicing on."

"Well, I suppose if we can't have what we want, we've got to take what we can get," muttered Tom.

Accordingly the horse was led out.

"He'd make a good subject for a horse-doctor," commented Joe Fisher. "You ought to put him on a package of horse liniment, and label him 'Before using.'"

Meanwhile the boys were busily engaged in clearing the barn floor, and putting up a rope to make the ring. At last it was finished. Tom dropped from his perch on the beam on to the horse's back, and losing his hold, slid down on the floor.

"He's got a slippery back anyhow," Tom remarked, as he climbed on a manger in order to mount again.

Jack stood perfectly still, surprised, no doubt, by these strange proceedings, but evidently having a clear idea that his first business was *not* to hurt the boys.

"Stand on his back," urged one.

"Stand on your head, the way the circus man did."

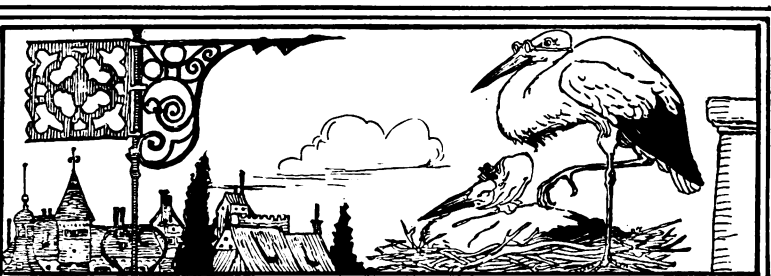
The latter seemed to be the most difficult, and consequently the most attractive to Tom's disposition. He scrambled up, and after several unsuccessful efforts, finally succeeded in balancing himself on his hands. The boys were in a fever of excitement.

"Start the horse," urged two or three, and before Tom could let himself down, Jack had taken a step forward in obedience to some one's order to "G'lang."

It was only one step, but that was enough to make Tom lose his balance, and fall heavily to the floor. Jack stood perfectly still, and allowed the boys to drag Tom, who was stunned by the fall, from between his feet.

Fortunately Tom was not seriously injured, but it cured him of all desire to be a circus rider. When he told his father about the accident, he finished the story with:

"And if old Jack hadn't had more sense than all of us boys put together, I'd have been killed. 'Handsome is that handsome does,' Mr. Lindell says, and old Jack must be a beauty, for he certainly acted handsomely by me."



The accident of birth.

SAINT NICHOLAS used to send, so I am told,
All new-born babes by storks, in days of old.
1

King Friedrich Max, of Stultzenmannenkim,
For many years unto ye Saint did pray,
That he would send unto his Queen and him,
A baby boy, to be ye King some day.
At last ye Saint ye King's petition heard,
And called to him a sober long-legged bird.

2
Quoth he, "Good Wilhelm Stork (such was its name),
Here is a baby boy to take away.
It is for Fritz; so bear him to ye same,
Or rather to his Queen, without delay.
For one grows weary when one always hears
Ye same words daily dinning in one's ears."

3
Now Wilhelm Stork was old, and dull of wits,
For age not always sharpens wisdom much,
So what does he but bear ye gift to Fritz
Ye cobbler, who had half a score of such.
And so ye baby, through a blunder, passed
From being first of all, unto— ye last.

4
From this I gather that a new-born Prince, know,
From new-born cobbler's somewhat hard to
For which of us could tell ye difference, since
One thus experienced was mistaken so?
Also, perhaps, I should be great, instead
Of writing thus, to earn my daily bread

HP. MDCCC LXXXIII



SUMMER AND WINTER.

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Southern sun?—

Oh, the roses fair in the balmy air,
And the vines that climb and run.

What are the bright eyes watching
Under the Northern sky?

Feathery snow, while the chill winds
blow,
And the clouds go drifting by.

What are the children doing,
Alike in the cold and heat?

They are making life gay on the
darkest day
With the sound of their little feet.

What are the children learning,
Alike in the East and West?

That a Father's hand guides sea and
land—
That of all things Love is the best.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I write to ask you a question, which I hope that you can answer. It is this: My friend and myself have been collecting stamps for a long time, and would like to know if we can get anything for them. We were told that if we sent them over to England we could get \$500 for a million. Can you answer this question, and if so, put the answer in the next number? I take the paper, and like it very much.

F. M. C.

I am sorry that you have taken the trouble to collect so many stamps. They are valueless, and you can not obtain money for them, though numbers of people, like yourself, have been under an impression that they would receive a large sum of money could they succeed in collecting a million.

It is very seldom possible to answer a question or insert a letter or exchange in the next number of the paper, dear children. Usually I am obliged to keep you waiting several weeks, so please always have patience, and wait till your requests are attended to.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I am a little boy nine years old. I have a brother four years old; his name is Robert. I have eleven pets: a squirrel, three dogs, a gold-fish, an alligator, and five canary-birds. I live two miles from Louisville, Kentucky. I am reading two books, *Gulliver's Travels* and *Stories of English History*; the former I received for a Christmas gift. I go to school, and study reading, writing, German, spelling, arithmetic, and geography. I go to school in the country. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much.

FRANCIS H. M.

You have an odd assortment of pets. Do they live together like a happy family?

JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY.

I am a little girl fourteen years old. I have two little sisters, and two brothers—one is big and the other is little. My big brother takes *Young People* for me, and I like it very much. My mother has been dead almost a year now, but we have a housekeeper to take care of us. I have no pets except my little brother Tommy, and he is a very cunning little boy.

EMILY LEANORA L.

There is a warm place in my heart for all motherless children. I am glad you have a kind "big brother."

BUFFALO, NEW YORK.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—In all this wide, wide world, there is, in my opinion, nothing more lovely or more lovable than a little child, and I am therefore intensely interested in all that is done for the little ones. I feel an ever-increasing

affection for *Young People*, and as I turn its bright, cheery pages, I sometimes think of the days when such delights were unknown, and I picture to myself the pleasure with which little Peregrine White would have listened to one of its charming stories, or fancy how little Love Winslow's eyes would have sparkled at sight of its attractive pictures.

I wish to tell your readers a story of a little friend of mine, whose name is Gertrude. Her mother dresses her little daughters in a very pretty and dainty way, but considers it vulgar for children to wear silks, satins, and velvets—in other words, to be overdressed. One day Gertrude was in company with a little girl who was dressed in an expensive style unsuited to her age. A gentleman standing near said, "That little girl is better dressed than you are, Gertrude," whereupon my little friend, who was not more than seven years old at the time, replied, "That's as one thinks." Query: Could Solomon himself have given a better answer?

The school-house in which I teach commands a fine view of the beautiful Niagara River and of the great International Bridge between Queen Victoria's dominions and our own. I have "camped out" at a spot four miles above the great Falls of Niagara, where the never-ceasing roar of the wonderful cataract could be plainly heard. I believe in being very kind to dumb animals, but for pets I prefer children. Since I last wrote you God has given us two more dear little ones. I now have three little nephews, Roswell, Edgar, and Arthur; two little nieces, Marjorie and Helen; a dear little pet in Plymouth, Michigan, named Myrtle; and besides these darling children, two dearly beloved little nephews whom our dear Lord has taken to live with Himself, and whom I hope some day to see.

J. B. H.

Many thanks for this beautiful letter. Little Gertrude's mamma and myself are of the same opinion so far as the dress of the little ones is concerned. Simplicity is more appropriate than splendor for children, who really need no dress to add to their charms. I am always sorry for wee tots whose costly dresses are a real trouble, because they are expected to take great care not to tear or harm them. The little girl gave a very good answer to her injudicious friend.

Here is a composition from a little writer under ten.

SUN, RAIN, WIND, AND STAR.

"I am kinder than you, Rain," said the Sun; "you wet all the men, boys, girls, and women."

"But," said the Rain, "I give water for the men and women to drink, and make the things grow."

"I give the heat and light," said the Sun, proudly.

"No! I am nicer than Rain or Sun," said the North Wind; "I give the cold and bring the snow."

"Now, see here," said a pretty little Star, kindly; "you are all as good as one another."

Then they all kissed the Star, and thanked her. "Good-by," they said, as the pretty little Star floated away on the dark blue sky.

"Good-by," said the Star to them all.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

T. C. C.

WILLIMANTIC, CONNECTICUT.

As I have never seen a letter from this place, I thought that I would write to you. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have two brothers, Arthur nine, and Freddy six years old. For a pet I have a large cat fifteen years old, which weighs thirteen pounds. It can do many tricks. We had a dog, but he died; his name was Snipe. He was very small, and could perform tricks. We have his picture, and in it he is standing on his hind-legs with a pipe in his mouth. It is vacation now, but in the school term I go every day, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic, grammar,

writing, drawing, geography, oral lessons, and music. We take *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* and *St. Nicholas*. We all read them, and enjoy them very much. Please print this, so as to surprise my papa.

EDITH M. D.

No doubt you love puss very much. She has known you all your life.

We have published several other letters from young correspondents in Louisville, telling about the Exposition, but we think Guy deserves to see his in the Post-office Box too, as he proved himself to be an enterprising boy.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Although our great Southern Exposition has been over for some time, I will write and tell you about it. It was splendid, and comprised a great display from many parts of the country, particularly from the South. I am only thirteen years old, but I worked in the Exposition, selling medals, and thus made nine or ten dollars, besides having a pass, so that I could go in and out at pleasure. The consequence was I saw the building and displays nearly every day during its continuance. The music was grand, and was furnished by the New York Seventh Regiment Band, and Gilmore's Band, of New York.

The entire building was lighted by electricity, making everything light as noonday. There was an electric railway running all around the park in which the Exposition was situated. The trains on it stopped at the Art Gallery, which is some distance from the Main Building, afterward going through a tunnel to the station from which they started. The buildings are very large, covering thirteen acres of ground.

I live in the west end of Louisville, adjoining the beautiful suburb called the Homestead. I have a lovely home, and large grounds, in which my little friends often come to play with me and my little sister.

I spent a very pleasant Christmas, and hope you did also. We had a Christmas tree, and I received a number of nice presents from its generous branches—Santa Claus having been extremely liberal to me.

I have a sister younger than myself, and twin brothers only three years old; they are very cunning, very naughty, and very sweet. My little sister has a bird that an uncle brought to her all the way from Alabama; it is a real Southern mocking-bird, and sings beautifully.

I have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* but a short time, and like it very much. I have a cousin who has been taking it for four years, which, I think, shows how well he likes it.

GUY P.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

I send this story that I have made up. I am nine years old.

THE LUCKY HATCHET.

Once, a long while ago, there was a boy by the name of Peter Peddlekins, and his great-great-grandfather had a hatchet that would bring almost anything he called for. The hatchet by-and-by came to Peter, and he always carried it with him, no matter where he went. One day he was wandering out in the woods very far from home, and he saw a tall tree without any limbs except at the top, but the top was a long way from the ground, and while he was looking at the tree he saw a great big wolf. He told the hatchet to kill the wolf. If it refused, he said, he would throw it at him; but the hatchet would not, so he threw it at the wolf, and it hit a rock, and glanced and flew to the top of the tree. Peter was so frightened that he did not look to see whether he had hit the wolf or not, but took to his heels, and the next day, when he went to look for his hatchet he could not find it, and so he thought that it was in the top of the tree. So he tried to climb it, but it was so big that he could not; and then he thought of a bean, and he planted the bean, and the next day he climbed it, but it was rather hard work, and it took him a long while, and when he got up to the top there was a lot of chopped hay, but he could not see his hatchet.

When he wanted to go down, the sun had wilted the vine, and he could not go down. So he braided the hay into a rope, and climbed down to the end. He found it was not long enough, so he went to the top and cut off a little of it and spliced it to the other end, and he kept doing so until he got about half-way down. The hay then broke, and he fell down, and there was a high wind blowing, and it blew him over his house, and he went down so swiftly that he went a quarter of a mile into the ground. He tried to get out, but in vain. At last he got out, and he saw a large stone building without any windows. He walked half-way around, and saw a big gate which read over the top in big letters, Fairy-Land.

"Oh," he said, "how I wish I could get in!" At last he saw a knob, and he gave it a pull; then the band struck up; then he gave it another pull, and the band stopped, and the great gate opened, and he heard a sweet little voice say, "You may go where you please." He looked all around him, but he couldn't see anybody. He pinched himself to see if he were awake, but it hurt him so he walked around and went into a brick building. Here he saw the elves make cake of all

kinds. He got up on a table, and the elves gave him quite a feast, which he enjoyed. Then he went out into another building, and saw more elves making toys of every description, and they gave him anything he asked for, and at last he got so tired he fell asleep with all the toys around him. When he woke up he found himself in a nice bed. He got up and looked around, and saw as many as a hundred fairies in a half-circle, and the fairy queen in the middle of that. Then she told him how his grandfather got his hatchet, and she gave him one just like it, and that night she sent two of her fairies to take him home. The next morning, when he woke, he found that he was at home and the hatchet was on the floor beside the bed.

RALPH W. E. P.

Ralph's mother assures me that the little boy composed this pretty story entirely by himself, without any help, which was quite an undertaking for one so young.

ROCKPORT.

I wrote to you once before, but it was not published, so I thought I would try again. I had a lovely time Christmas, and had eighteen presents. In the evening we had company, and made cornballs. I am lame, but I have a nice wheeling chair to wheel around in. My mother has been dead almost two years, and I live with my aunt, who is very kind to me, and fills my mother's place as well as she can. I have no pets except a little sister nearly three years old; her name is Marion Barnes. She had seventeen presents on Christmas. I study at home. I have had a vacation this week, but shall begin again to-morrow. I study history, reading, spelling, grammar, geography, and arithmetic. I am twelve years old. I have made one quilt, and have another of the log-cabin pattern almost done. I think "Our Christmas Tree, and How It Grew," is the best story I have read in *YOUNG PEOPLE*. My father is a sea-captain. I am knitting him a pair of stockings.

EDITH S. Y.

I see you like to make presents as well as receive them, and I know your father will like stockings knit by your careful fingers.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

My sister and I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a long time, and we like it very much. I am thirteen, and my sister Jessie is ten. I have been wanting to write for a long time, but was afraid my letter would not be printed. I haven't any pets except my bird. His name is Frank; he is a splendid singer. I go to school, and am in the Fifth Reader. I have never been in one classroom two years in my life. I study geography, spelling, arithmetic (both problems and principles), writing, drawing, music, reading, and grammar. My teacher is Professor B. I like him very much. I thought "Nan" just splendid. I wish there would be more about her. I like the Jimmy Brown stories very much. We had a Christmas entertainment at our school the Friday before Christmas, and I read "Santa Claus." I made them all laugh, I tell you.

FLORA W.

DEFIANCE, OHIO.

I am a little boy nine years old. I like to read the stories and letters. I have been a little sick to-day. I go to school, and have a very nice teacher. I have been going to the Union School for three years, and have been late but once, and then our clock was too slow. I have two pets, a dog and a bird. The dog's name is Mac, and he is just now wanting to get up in my lap. The bird's name is Jim Blaine.

CHARLIE E. S.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a girl eleven years old. I have no pets now except nine dolls. I went to New Jersey last summer, and my aunt had a dog named Prince, a cat, and a good many chickens. One is a pet, and its name is Phœbe; it will sit on your shoulder, and go to sleep.

LULIE S.

Cunning little Phœbe,

Chick that goes to sleep

On Lulie's shoulder, waking there,

And crying "Peep! peep!"

GEIMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since the first number, and like the stories in it very much. I have six dolls, four of them are French, and I also have a trunk for their clothes. I have written to you once before, but did not see my letter printed. I hope you will print this one soon.

GERTRUDE P.

BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

I live in Bridgeport, opposite Wheeling. My father has a planing-mill and lumber yard. I have two sisters, one fifteen and the other twenty-two. I am twelve years old. I like to go to school, and am in the grammar room, and study arithmetic, grammar, spelling, general exercises, reading, writing, geography, and history. My big sister teaches me music, and is going to teach me Latin and drawing. Among my presents for

Christmas I got a book entitled *An Old-fashioned Girl*. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for nearly two years, and like it very much. It comes on Wednesday, and I never miss calling for it on the way home from school. We have had Christmas vacation for a week, and school begins to-morrow.

MARY B.

An Old-fashioned Girl is one of Miss Alcott's most winsome stories. I am glad you have it.

A happy new year! I hope that every little girl and boy likes to read *YOUNG PEOPLE* as well as I do; I look for it every week, and when it comes read to my little brothers and sisters all the pretty stories that are in it. I am nine years old; and we have had a new baby sister at our house: her name is Carrie. I go to school every day, and try to say all my lessons right, so I can grow up and know something.

R. A.

Very glad I am, dear, to hear of that new little sister, who will grow sweeter and sweeter every day.

CARROLL, IOWA.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for three years, and have read many letters in the Post-office Box, and I like to read them. This is my first letter to you, and I hope you will give it a place in your paper. I am a little girl, and live in the northwestern part of Iowa, where we have many cold storms in winter. Papa has promised me a trip to Salt Lake City next summer, and when I return I will write and tell you what I have seen.

MATTIE W.

Don't forget that promise, Mattie.

YREKA, CALIFORNIA.

I am ten years old, and I have a dear little sister named Baby May. She has a little pet kitty, and I have one also. I have just begun to take music lessons; my older sister has been taking them for a year. I go to school, and I like my teacher very much. I study reading, grammar, geography, arithmetic, mental arithmetic, and writing. Our school is going to have two weeks' vacation. I think it will be nice; don't you? Some Saturdays, when I have nothing to do, my little sister learns a few pieces on the piano; mamma or I play, and she sings. I will name a few; there are "Jack Horner," and "Jack and Jill," and "I Love Little Pussy." "Jack and Jill" has a pretty tune, but the words are rather silly. I like to do fancy-work. I had a grandma who taught me how to sew, but she died some months ago. I have another grandma, who taught me how to write. I was left-handed in almost everything. I remember one of the copies that grandma taught me to write from was "Father, mother, sister, brother." I think that is rather a nice copy; don't you?

CLARA B. B.

Let me tell you a funny copy that I used to write when I was about your age:

"Command you may
Your mind from play."

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a boy of nine years. I liked the "Lost City" very much, and was very sorry when it ended. I live in Harlem, and the paper reaches me every Tuesday. To-day we (my brother and I) built a snow man in the yard as big as myself, and we threw snow-balls at it until it fell down. I am in the third class in school. Grandma says that *YOUNG PEOPLE* is enough for a little boy like me to read every week, and she says I should ask you what you think.

JOE C.

I think so too.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

My sister takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and I like it very much, especially the Post-office Box. My sister has written before, but it was not published, and so I thought I would write. We have no pets, except a bird, which sings very sweetly, though it is ten years old. I had a kitten, but it tried to catch the bird, so mamma would not have it. I also had a pure white rabbit, but it died. We spent Christmas in New York. My cousin got a Japanese dog, named Fussy Yama; it is white, and has a black ring around its tail, and a black eye; it is so small that the man who brought it carried it in his pocket; it cries like a baby, and is very frolicsome.

MAMIE T.

Many children will wish they had a pet like Fussy Yama, but I should prefer the dear old bird myself.

LUKA, MINNESOTA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—You said you wanted us to write and tell you how we spent Christmas. I had the nicest time I ever had any Christmas, and got more presents. Christmas night I went to my Sunday-school Christmas tree at the Episcopal church. The tree was very pretty, and had many presents on it. I received a nice tea-set, a very pretty pitcher, and a beautiful Christmas card. Santa Claus brought me a doll buggy, a plain gold ring, and lots of candy, oranges, and apples; and my aunt gave me a beautiful doll chamber-set. The next evening the little folks had a party. I was invited, and we had a gay

time. I am nine years old, and live with my uncle and aunt. I have been taking *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* two years, and like it very much.

ANNIE S.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

I want to tell you about our Christmas, and some of the funny customs of the negroes here. It was just as warm as spring on Christmas day, and so it has been ever since. We can sit with the windows and doors open. The negroes here have a way of dressing up as kooners on Christmas and New-Year, and go about dancing and singing.

ED. PAYSON W.

AUBURN, NEW YORK.

My little brother has broken his arm. Six weeks ago he broke it by falling out of his crib. He was a naughty boy, and did not go to sleep. He has both of the splints off; next week he will have the sling off too.

In the summer I go to the lake, almost always to Ensenore. I throw stones in the water, and float pieces of wood, and go up in the glen. Sometimes I go to Cascade. When we go to Fair Haven Bay, on Lake Ontario, in the afternoon we go out in the tug on the lake four miles. Generally when I have been out the water has been smooth; but once it was very rough, and I was almost seasick.

I am only seven years old, so papa has to copy this for me.

ALICE T. B.

Dollie S.: In reply to your inquiry I must answer no.—Louise B.: You and Emily B. have happy times together.—Jennie M. A.: I am very, very sorry that a little girl like you should suffer so much from the asthma; perhaps you will outgrow it.—Tom S. J.: It is very nice to have a twin sister.—Thanks to Jennie P., May W., Lucy T., and Arnold K.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

CONCEALMENTS.

1. Fish.—1. James can fish a deal better than I. 2. I want this red pepper changed, sir. 3. Has Mary lost her ring? 4. Look, Flo; under that stone is a snake. 5. Tell Sal Monday will do just as well. 6. He took the right route after all. 7. Thou shouldst urge on that horse. 8. Stop that car, please. 9. Hark, James—hark! do you hear nothing? 10. Can you find a cedar-tree? 11. Is Adolph in town? 12. James Mack, E. R. Ellis, and you are invited. 13. Keep Ike home to-day. 14. Has our dog Nero a chain? 15. Is Sam in now?
2. Birds.—1. I was at the window last night. 2. I saw her on Monday. 3. Hogs wallow in mud. 4. Seth rushed from the house. 5. He looked at his van face. 6. Mr. Barlow renewed his insurance. 7. He has gone to Dover. 8. Is Mr. Provost richer than you? 9. Her bit is torn. 10. Please crack it, Emma.
3. Beasts.—1. Ghosts and ogres are imaginary beings. 2. I met you a year ago at London. 3. Send the sixth or seventh boy to town. 4. Have you a penny? 5. It was as still as a mouse. 6. The mast, if found, will be brought. 7. Jim will be arrested. 8. Do end that game! 9. The havoc at the battle was great. 10. It is hotter here than there.

C. H. BURR.

No. 2.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. Heroic. 2. A spiracle. 3. A metal. 4. A United States coin.

GAZETTA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 219.

No. 1.—
C r a G
A l t e R
M o n t e r i d o O
P e r U
I n d i a N
N i p p e D
G r a s S

No. 2.—Labor shall refresh itself with hope.

No. 3.—Whip-poor-will.

No. 4.—
P O N D E C H O
O V E R C R O W
N E R O H O L E
D R O P O W E N

No. 5.—May.

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Ernest Harlow, Jennie Seymour, Lucy Dow, A. B. Blunt, Arthur C. Gertrude N. Griswold, Grace Nettleton, Robert L. Albee, Clara B. R., Elsie Beach, Jennie Luttrell, Hervey Anderson, Fred Comstock, Bangs, Daisy H., and Martha Rose J., M. F. To Plitz, Artie Clark, Edwin T. Pollock, Harry J. Besanck, Flo Kennedy, Charles Percival Selden, and Clara B. R.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]

HEART, DART, AND KEY.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE.

BEND the heart as in diagram Fig. 1, so as to cause the tongue to rise up.

Next pass the hole in the key over the loop formed by the tongue, as shown in the diagram. Then push the head of the

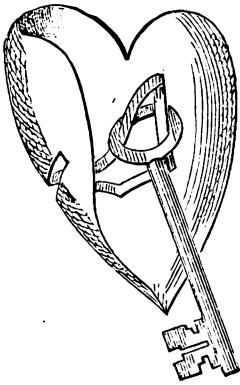


FIG. 1.

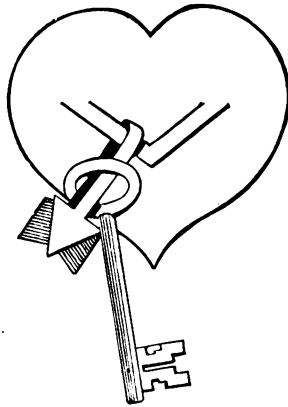


FIG. 2.

dart gently through that portion of the loop which looks in the diagram like the upper part of the letter A.

The heart is then to be flattened out again.

This also solves tongue, dart, and ring.

To complete the solution of heart, dart, and key, the shaft of the dart is now to be bent or folded, and pushed through the hole in the key. If the key is then drawn down the folded shaft of the dart, it will hang as shown in diagram Fig. 2.

CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I DON'T like Grandma at all," said Fred—

"I don't like Grandma at all,"
And he drew his face in a queer grimace,

The tears were ready to fall,
As he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft warm rug.

"Why, what has your Grandma done," I asked,

"To trouble the little boy?

Oh, what has she done, the cruel one,

To scatter the smiles of joy?"

Through quivering lips the answer came,

"She—called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."

"She did? are you sure?" And I kissed the tears
Away from the eyelids wet.

"I can scarce believe that Grandma would grieve

The feelings of either pet.

What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred,

"She—called—my—kitty—a—'Quad-ru-ped!'"

THE CAT AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

MANY years ago, at a certain farm-house, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of spring cleaning. The looking-glass being on the floor, the cat, on entering, was confronted with its own reflection, and naturally concluded that he saw before him another cat. A fierce growl was the result, followed by a rush to the mirror, and then meeting an obstacle to his vengeance, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This was more than once repeated, with, of course, equal lack of success.

Finally the cat was seen to walk deliberately up to the looking-glass, keeping its eye on the image, and then, when near enough to the edge, to feel carefully with one paw behind for the supposed intruder, while, with its head twisted round to the front, it assured itself that the other had not escaped. The result fully satisfied the cat that he had been deceived, and never after would he condescend to notice a cat in a looking-glass.



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JEALOUS PUG ATTACKS HIS RIVAL.

"KEPT TILL CALLED FOR."

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

I.

"IT'S all well enough for your 'highly-tighty rich folk to keep Christmas. Where's the use in our a-doin' it? I 'ain't had a square meal in a month, an' I'd rather have baked beans than plum-puddin' any day. Shake the ashes out o' that old rusty pot, Doll, an' pick out what ye can fur the fire. Lor! how the wind howls, an' the old roof creaks! Listen! what's that noise?"

Was it the surf beating on the rocks, or a hungry demon howling through the storm?

"I don't hear nuthin', Pop."

"But I do. Hark! there it is again."

The boy flung a handful of half-burned coals on the fire, and then flattened his nose on the window-pane in the effort to hear what his father's keener ear had caught.

"Tain't no use, Doll; these here coals ain't no good. I'll go out an' git some drift-wood."

"It's all wet, an' won't burn." Doll had lugged the coals all the way from the village ash-heap on account

of the storm, and in hopes of having a little cheerful warmth.

"So you won't keep Christmas, Pop?" he asked, again returning to the subject they had been discussing.

"Keep it?—no. There's that noise again. I'm goin' out. Jist you stay here, an' hold on to things, or mebbe we'll be drowned out afore mornin'."

Doll held the door as his father plunged into the darkness, or the wind would have prevented its being shut again.

Wrapping himself in an old pea-jacket much too big for him, Dick sat down to await his father's return. It was after this fashion that his thoughts ran:

"Me an' father's lived all alone here as long as I can remember. We ain't had much to eat an' drink an' wear, an' I ain't had no schoolin'. Clams is about all we've got, an' ef it warn't fur clams we might as well be drowned, an' done with it."

Then he drew from his pocket a crumpled half-sheet of an illustrated paper, and gazed longingly at the picture of a Christmas dinner party on it. Around a bountiful table were the chubby faces of well-fed children, looking with delight at an immense plum-pudding. Sprigs of holly and wreaths of evergreen, with the usual branch of mistletoe, decked the page. Besides this there was the old story in the corners—the three Wise Men on their camels in the desert, the bright star above guiding them, the old inn at Bethlehem, the manger, and the Blessed Babe.

What did it all mean? In vain he spelled out a word or two. He could not understand it.

Meantime the wind rattled at the latch, and howled down the chimney, and shrieked through every loop-hole. Doll was getting sleepy, and the fire was almost out. Why didn't Pop come back? Should he go to bed, or would he wait? Fatigue soon settled the question, for he fell asleep in the old rocking-chair.

Waking late in the night, he found that the wind had died down, and the storm was over.

Where was Pop? He must find out, for he and Pop were all in all to each other. Opening the door, he crept out.

He had not gone far when he saw something queer. Under a jutting rock a big bundle seemed to be lying, all twisted up with ropes and sea-weed and broken timbers.

Doll looked and looked; then he went nearer, then a little nearer still, and at last he touched the bundle cautiously. As he did so, something cried. What was it? and who was it that hugged something so tight? Surely not—yes, it was Pop!

II.

Doll's curiosity and fear were about equal. He knelt down and put his hand on Pop's cold face; he tried to get at his heart, but as he did so there was that cry again, and he jumped back in a fright.

How glad he was to see a little flutter of Pop's neck-tie, and a tiny little hand pulling at it, and Pop's eyes unclose and shut again, and his old waistcoat give a great heave!

"Pop! Pop!" cried Doll, bursting into tears, "please wake up—please do." And then Pop really did try to speak, but his voice was very low and faint.

"Take this home first, Doll," he said; and he put the strange object he was hugging into Doll's arms. "Take it home and put it in your bed; be very careful; and then come back and help me."

Doll did as he was bidden. The queer little thing struggled, and struck him with its tiny fist, and kicked against his breast with all its small strength, but he did not let go; and after putting it on his cot, and tucking it up carefully, he hastened back to his father. Pop was badly hurt, but with Doll's help crawled home and got to bed, meanwhile giving the boy directions what to do.

Doll must go over to Granny Crane's and get the cent's worth of milk which she always let them have when they could afford the luxury, and he was to warm a few spoon-

fuls and feed the baby. And he wasn't to say a word about it. It was a rule among the rude people of the shore to say little about the wrecks in their vicinity; there was no life-saving station there, and they wanted none—for reasons of their own.

So Doll got the milk, and after he had made the fire burn, took the little creature on his lap and tried to feed it. He wished it had been a kitten, for then it could have fed itself; but it winked its great blue eyes at him, and spluttered and choked until he was scared out of his wits. It wakened his father, who was now groaning with pain, and to quiet it Doll thought of a way of feeding entirely original with himself: he dipped the end of a towel in the milk, and the child sucked it.

It was slow work, but it succeeded, and Doll had the happiness of seeing the hungry little creature satisfied. Then he fondled and caressed it just as he would have done a kitten, and its warm breath was sweet as it snuggled against his rosy cheeks. All day long this was repeated, and at night he built a big fire, and drew his bed beside it, keeping the child still in his arms.

The next day he warmed water and tried to bathe it; but between the soap-suds and the kicking and screaming, he was glad to wrap it up again in one of his own coarse but clean garments, and quiet its cries.

Still Doll was supremely happy in his new possession. He had often wished for brothers and sisters, but this was much better; it was all his own, and he took the tiny fist in his grasp with fatherly fondness, only one thing marring his joy, and that was Pop.

Poor Pop was very ill; all day long he moaned and moaned, and refused food; nothing but a little clam juice passed his lips; and Doll began to think something must be done. What the something should be he did not know, but he would try—just as he had done for the baby.

When he went over to Granny Crane's for his next pennyworth of milk he asked her for some boneset, and she gave him a big bunch of the herb. This he steeped in hot water, and gave his father to drink. Pop certainly did get better after he had swallowed a big pitcherful; but there seemed to be something the matter with his legs, and Doll did not dare to touch them; so there was nothing to do but to travel off five miles away, and ask Dr. Perkins to come over. It would have been too great a trial to Doll to leave the baby, so he didn't do it; he just bundled it up in an old piece of bed-quilt, and started on his journey. Fortunately he did not have to go the whole way, for he met the Doctor on the road.

The gig was going slowly, and when Doll stopped, it stopped, for the Doctor's horse knew when to do this quite as well as his master.

"So something's the matter with Pop, eh?" said the Doctor. "Well, I'll come down that way before I go home. What have you got there?—clams?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I was in hopes you had some—they're wanting them at home."

"I'll bring 'em sure, Doctor—soon as you take a look at Pop," answered Doll, in a great hurry to get off, and scudding away as fast as his legs could carry him.

"That was an odd sort of a bundle he carried," thought the Doctor, as he tickled his horse with the whip.

He still thought it odd when he was gently but firmly handling Pop's poor bruised body, finding one leg broken, and the other one almost as badly hurt.

Doll was crouching over his bundle in the most remote corner of the room, unaware that the Doctor's keen eye was watching him. He thought the Doctor wouldn't find out what it was, but his little charge was hungry, and he could not prevent its crying.

"Hello, Doll! that's a queer kind of a kitten," said the Doctor.

"Tain't no cat," said Doll, indignantly.

"What under the sun is it, then?"

There was no use in trying to conceal it any longer.

"It's a baby, that's what it is, an' it's mine; ain't it, Pop?" said Doll, holding his treasure closely, but still proud to show the little fair head, and fists like crumpled rose leaves.

"A baby! Good gracious! Where did you get that, Doll?"

"I didn't find it—Pop did; but I'm going to keep it till it's called for."

"It 'll be a long while 'fore that's done," said Pop, feebly. "It was the only one I could save—all the rest went down. There were three men an' a woman, an' I might have saved her but for the baby. She couldn't hold on long enough, though, an' the wind was orful."

"Ah! I heard there was a schooner ashore the other night."

"That was it."

"I must make inquiries. And this child—poor little thing! 'twill have to go to the county house."

"No, it sha'n't," sobbed Doll. "Pop says I may keep it. It's his find, an' nobody wants it. I say, Doc, I'll bring you clams every day ef you'll let it alone with me."

"Nonsense, child! How can you bring up a baby?"

"I can, an' I will," said Doll, proud and defiant.

The Doctor laughed, and turned toward his patient, who, laying his hand on his arm, said, softly, "Let him be, Doc; it's Christmas, ye know, an' I ain't got nuthin' else ter give him."

III.

Years passed, and it was Christmas-eve again, and again there was a storm beating on the coast, and rearing its angry waves high upon the shore; again the old rafters shook, and the shutters rattled, and the door seemed about to burst open; but it did not, for in place of the rusty latch was a good strong bolt, and within was light and cheer and comfort. A bright fire of drift-wood leaped in clear flames, the floor was covered with rag-carpet, and all about the chimney, and over the windows, and half burying the dresser, with its row of shining platters, were boughs and branches of spicy cedar.

In a big easy-chair in the warmest corner of the room sat an old man, with a mass of seine twine beside him, netting; opposite him a young man and a boy were playing checkers; while a young woman with a pleasant face was moving about to the tune she was humming, alternately arranging the supper table and giving a stir to the pudding spluttering in the pot.

Presently she called them all to the table, and took the pot from the fire. The boy gave a cry of delight as he saw the plums, and even the old man hobbled a little faster as the steam curled up about the savory mess.

"It's all owin' to Dick that we keep Christmas; isn't it, Doll?" said the old man.

The child looked up curiously.

"Yes, Pop," said the young man, nodding; "it's all Dick's doin's."

"How is that?" asked the young woman, with a smile toward the child, who was holding up his plate for a good thick slice of pudding.

"Why, ye see, Doll an' me jist sort o' crawled along anyhow till Dick come. We didn't care for nuthin' nor nobody so long's we dug the clams an' kept the fire goin'; but when Dick come, it sort o' give us a start. I never saw nuthin' like Doll arter that; he nussed that boy like an old hen with its chicks, an' ef any one looked at Dick, it riled him an' ruffed up his feathers. He watched him night an' day; he l'arned to read, so's he could teach Dick; he l'arned to sew, so's he might mend Dick's clothes, an' he l'arned 'rithmetic, so's he could earn money to pay Granny Crane for doin' chores for Dick. I never saw nuthin' like it, an' atween Doll an' Dick, Pop's a happy old man."

The child had listened and eaten until he could eat no more. He now pushed away his plate, and sprang into Doll's arms, while the young woman looked proudly at the fair head leaning its curls against her husband's shoulder. At this instant there came a loud rapping at the door, and she hurriedly rose to open it, for above the din of the storm came a familiar voice.

"Hello, there! let me in," it cried. "Merry Christmas to you all!"

"Why, what on airth, Doc, has brought you out such a night as this?" said Doll, still with Dick in his arms, but rising to meet the visitor.

"Somebody a-dyin'?" suggested Pop.

"Not just at present," answered the Doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, and pulling off his wet things—"not just at present. I've only called in with a little trifle for Dick, seeing it's Christmas, and to say that somebody wants—"

"Nobody wants Dick—nobody can have Dick," put in Doll, hurriedly; and the child clung to him still closer.

"Wait till I have said my say," replied the Doctor.

"How do you know anybody wants him?"

"I don't. I beg your pardon, Doc. But I'm always afraid of somebody claiming him."

"Nobody shall," whispered the boy, kissing Doll.

"Suppose somebody wants an heir to some property?"

"Well, what of that?"

"And suppose that heir happens to be a boy called Dick?"

"Nonsense!"

"Is it, indeed? Well, just read this advertisement, and this, and this"—pulling out paper after paper and cutting after cutting, and ending with a bundle tied with red tape. "Here have I been writing letters to lawyers and all sorts of people, using all my spare time, doing my best to unravel a very much twisted skein, and these are the thanks I get."

Doll said no more, but opened the papers and read. Pop, too, got out his spectacles, and plodded through a line or two, but gave up in despair. And then they all waited, with only the crackling of the fire and the hissing of the tea-kettle breaking the silence.

At last Doll stopped reading while they all looked expectantly up at him. His face had a strange expression as he again took the fair-haired boy in his arms.

"Dick," he said, "I'm afeard it's true, an' that ye'll be a rich man."

Dick's blue eyes filled as he saw Doll's grave face, and he put his arms around Doll's neck.

"Yes, Dick, there's no doubt about it. We little thought, Pop an' I, ten years ago this very night, that the little hungry crying baby we brought home from the sea would live to be a big boy such as you, nor that, bein' a boy, ye might grow to be a man, an' a rich one at that. No, Dick, we didn't, but we loved ye all the same. An' now, Dick, ye must promise me that ye'll never forgit what ye owe to the One who gave ye to Pop, and that ye'll be good—be—"

Doll could not say another word, but buried his face in Dick's curls, and there was again silence in the room, until the Doctor jumped up and made a great racket getting his things together, and coughing, and saying it was time for him to be off.

It was really true. The wealth was not so very great, but Dick being the only survivor of both his parents, a nice little sum had been growing all this time. Had not Pop carefully saved a handkerchief and a ring with letters inside it, which he had found in a trunk washed ashore at the same time that he found Dick, there would have been much trouble in proving who the child was.

Dick, of course, had to be educated, and after a while left his humble home, but he never forgot Pop or Doll, and always spent Christmas-eve with them.

FAMOUS PIANISTS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

WE have considered in former papers the growth of the piano-forte, its final perfection, and the various masters who composed works to be performed upon it, both with and without orchestral accompaniment; and I feel sure my young readers, especially if they be students, will like to hear something of the famous pianists of their own day as well as of those who immediately preceded them.

Musical study now holds so very high a place in science and art that not only is a pianist criticised for his *method* of playing, but also for his *interpretation*, as it is called, of the composer's meaning. After any concert you may hear critics or connoisseurs remarking upon how the performance compared with that of this or the other master

posers would have given the same works does not count in criticism, since in many instances they were far poorer performers than those who execute their works. For instance, Moscheles played the works of Mendelssohn far better than Mendelssohn could himself, being a much finer performer, and certainly Rubinstein and Von Bülow give Beethoven's sonatas as the great master never could have performed them.

A poet may not be able to explain his meanings and read them to the public; it takes another kind of genius to do this for him; and so the fine pianist, even though he be a composer himself, has a genius entirely his own, a talent which can be recognized and criticised without the least reference to the intention of the composer.

Among the famous pianists of this day, Liszt, I suppose, may be considered the leader. He is Hungarian by birth, and has had every advantage of musical tradition and surrounding. He was born in 1811, and his father, who had been an intimate friend of old "Papa Haydn," and was passionately fond of music, determined his boy Franz should be a musician. Happily the child had genius, else his life might have been ruined. He studied under the best masters, and as a boy astonished all who heard him. When he went to London in 1823 his playing was pronounced the marvel of the age, and from that time steadily Liszt has been celebrated as a teacher, a composer, and above all as a pianist.

He played as a youth for Beethoven, who declared that a glorious musical future awaited him, and now in Liszt's possession is Beethoven's long-used piano-forte, and also the great master's harpsichord.

Liszt no longer cares to have pupils, yet he spends much time in listening to and advising students, and all who have studied under him declare his method and manner to be most inspiring.

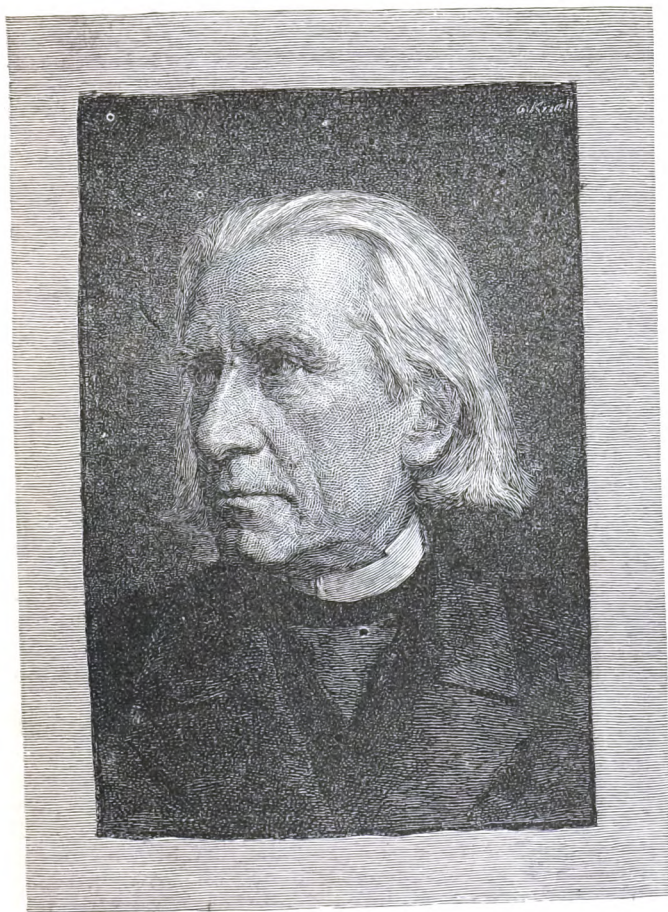
A friend of mine, wishing very much to receive lessons from him, went timidly to beg the favor, but the master told her it was not possible. He could make no such engagements. However, she played for him his own "Rhapsodie Hongroise." He expressed himself pleased, yet said much more could be done.

Soon after, at one of his small concerts, she was present, and near the front. What was her astonishment to see the master beckon to her to come upon the platform. Once there, he placed a seat behind the piano for her, and then, beginning the Rhapsodie, bade her listen critically, and in the pauses of his concert pointed out its peculiarities and her defects. In this way she sat by him at many concerts, he really giving her instruction which he felt he could not in any other way.

Next in rank to Liszt we might place Rubinstein, the brilliant Russian pianist, whose career from his first public performances has been so remarkable.

Rubinstein is one of those players who seem to defy everything but their own ideas, and he dashes into his work with *abandon*, and what might seem a wild flourish. But listen; you will hear that his touch is like the falling of pearls. He *seems* to be careless, but in reality he is only impassioned, swift, and fanciful. By no means is such a performer to be imitated by a young student. Without absolute genius, just of his own kind, no one could venture upon playing as he does.

Von Bülow, the most careful of all living pianists, gives a great deal of thought to each individual bar of the work before him, and he intends that his listeners shall listen carefully from the very beginning. I remember an occasion some time ago in London when Von Bülow was playing for a small audience. The audience well knew that he demanded their strictest attention from the outset. Well, every one seemed to have assembled, and out upon



FRANZ LISZT.

—whether, for instance, Rubinstein played it or "took it" so fast or so slow, or so *andante* or *allegro*.

Criticism, properly speaking, should only come after the most careful training, study, and experience; but the experience may and should begin by observing every performer carefully, and comparing his or her rendering of the work with that of some one else. I know of a young student who made it a point to hear the glorious Ninth Symphony of Beethoven as often as possible by good orchestras, and compared the time and style of performance, so that she learned better and better to understand this marvellous work.

Then, again, in matters of expression. Different artists differ as to how certain portions of well-known works should be rendered, and all may have truth in their idea if they be conscientious, artistic workers. How the com-



IGNATZ MOSCHELES.

the platform came the master's trim little figure. His eyes were fixed on the piano, and just turning an instant as he gave his quick bow to the audience, he seated himself, and presently there arose the exquisite opening strains of the Moonlight Sonata.

At this point a movement was heard, and up the aisle came a fashionably dressed lady. She arranged her silk gown, and prepared to take one of the front seats. But suddenly the music ceased. Von Bülow turned around, banged his left hand down on the keys, and glared at the offender, who sank into her seat, while thump, thump, thump went the artist's hand on the keys, the whole audience being fairly terrified into silence. This over, he sat perfectly still, fairly glaring at us all, after which he went back to his work. But he did not give the sonata; on the contrary, he dashed off into a gavotte of Bach's. I suppose the different measure relieved his feelings.

Next to Von Bülow in delicacy and precision are Clara Schumann and Charles Hallé. At one time the concerts presided over by the latter were among the great musical features of a London winter. Neither Hallé nor Madame Schumann has ever visited America. The latter is the daughter of one of the most famous German teachers, Herr Wieck, and was born in Dresden in 1818. In 1840 she married the famous composer Robert Schumann. Her education was probably the most perfect ever given an artist. Her father drilled her hour by hour, day by day; and although many stories are told of his severity—keeping her five hours at a time at the piano—I scarcely believe that he could have been so harsh, since better than most people did he know the wisdom of avoiding overfatigue in musical study.

Madame Schumann lives at Stuttgart, but she visits London yearly for concerts, and, although no longer young, still delights all who hear her. Perhaps "grand" would be the word to apply to her playing. It seems to me like some perfect piece of lofty

architecture, every piece solemnly put in, no detail considered unworthy of care and finish, yet the whole lifting itself high up toward heaven.* This, I think, is the result of the patience and zeal with which she always studied. She says herself that having a scale to practice, she never hurried it, never slighted it, nor left it until she had mastered it thoroughly. Having discovered that a *toccata* was a peculiarly good exercise for her fingers, she made a rule of practicing it at least once every day of her life.

A host of other names arise as those of popular pianists of our time. The best are certainly Scharwenka, Madame Schiller, Miss Mehlig, Baermann from Munich, Saint-Saens of Paris, and Sherwood of Boston.

Among the famous pianists not long passed away I must mention to you Carl Tausig, the strange, capricious genius who died in early youth, but who had lived a lifetime in talent. An English friend told me that when she was visiting a friend's house in Berlin there suddenly dashed into the dimly lighted drawing-room an elfish-looking boy of about twelve years, who straightway seated himself at the piano, and began the most wonderful performance. Never had she heard such strains except from a great master. And this was Tausig, the boy who lived only to the first years of manhood, but of whom his pupils now tell most wonderful tales; how he would play to them, leading them like the famous Pied Piper, yet who was never like other mortals—always seeming to be more than half elf or sprite.

I fancy I can hear some of my young readers say, "But it is so *hard* to appreciate classical music and good performances!" And I would say yes, very decidedly, to the first. Through no defect in mind, there are many to

* A famous pupil of Clara Schumann's is Ganotha.



MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

whom classical music must always be dull and uninteresting; but, on the other hand, the performance may be appreciated as an art, if we choose to enjoy what is melodious and good. And here I will add an anecdote recently told me by an old lady who knew Moscheles in his prime.

My friend was on her way toward a German town where she expected to visit the musician's family, and meet him for the first time. Having heard so much of him as a husband, father, and friend, and not being interested in musical matters, she forgot that he was the famous musician. She reached the station at L—. There stood Moscheles, who welcomed her with outstretched hands, and exclaimed, as he led the way toward their abode: "We shall have delightful times. B— and A— are here. We will give you *such* music. Are you fond of it?" he asked, suddenly. Mrs. — confessed that a dreadful feeling came over her. Could she venture to avow her ignorance? What should she say? Then, well knowing how false is an *affectation* of enjoyment in anything, she looked at him, saying: "No, candidly I am not. I care nothing for *harmony*, but I love *melody*."

Moscheles was delighted. During her visit she found how entirely he appreciated her frankness; he gave her all the most enchanting *melody* he could summon up, and she came away feeling she had taken a decisive step toward the real appreciation of *harmony*.

A LION-TAMER'S EXPERIENCE.

"WHILE with Robinson's circus," said Mr. Neylan, the celebrated lion tamer, "I became acquainted with Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion performer, and became a fast favorite with him. He was sick quite often, which made it necessary to withdraw that feature of the entertainment.

"I was in the habit of playing with the lions outside the cage, and one day I asked the keeper who had charge of the cage if he would let me go inside. He laughed at me, and said that I would be glad to come out mighty quick. I looked about for a cowhide, and being unable to find one, seized upon a broom handle, and started in. There were three animals together in the cage, the famous lion Old Prince, the pet lioness Jennie, and a beautiful tiger. I was about sixteen years of age at the time, and very strong.

"The moment I entered, the animals regarded me as an intruder, and Old Prince began to look warlike. I beat him vigorously with the broom handle, and before I left the cage he was humbly submissive, and, with the other animals, would promptly do my bidding. I told the manager that I had found a man to take Reynolds's place, and would produce him that night.

"Evening came, the cage was drawn into the ring, and at the appointed time I appeared, greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of the manager. As I started toward the cage he shouted:

"Come away; you'll be eaten up."

"But I went on with the performance, and the animals behaved beautifully. At another time Robinson had a young lion, three years of age, of great strength and ferocious disposition. I determined to tame him, and selecting an empty cage with two partitions, I had it drawn into the woods one bright day. There I had a terrible encounter with him for three hours. The enraged beast refused to obey the lash, and it became necessary to use hot irons instead of a raw hide. After he had been subdued I petted him for a time, furnished him with a good meal, and we became the best of friends. At the close of the encounter I was almost entirely stripped of clothing."

Mr. Neylan was asked if ever he found himself in extreme peril.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Neylan; "I was placed in a most uncomfortable situation. One day I had occasion to enter the cage of Jennie, the pet lioness, to repair it. The sound of the hammer employed in driving nails appeared to frighten her, and suddenly she fastened her teeth in the calf of my leg. I had the presence of mind to let her alone, although she was tearing my flesh terribly, and seizing my hammer, I watched my opportunity, when she had caught my wrist between her teeth, and thrust the handle down her throat, choking off her hold. Then she sought to leap upon me, and stripped me of my clothing, besides leaving the bloody imprint of her claws upon my back. The blows of the hammer did not seem to have any effect, and at the right moment one of the keepers, seeing my danger, seized an iron bar and belabored her vigorously, while I kept up an accompaniment with my hammer. We conquered her at last, and I left the cage to dress myself and my wounds. She never disturbed me again, and was always tame and gentle.

"The best time to begin to break lions," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they are cubs eight to ten months old. My practice was to devote an hour a day in the training, always exercising them on empty stomachs, and feeding them immediately afterward. If the animal is gentle and submissive, he should be treated kindly; but if he is inclined to be stubborn and ugly, then you must obtain the mastery by a vigorous use of the cowhide. They are inclined to be treacherous even when most frolicsome and gentle, and it can be shown that the majority of lion performers who have been killed have allowed their pets too much liberty.

"The place to use the cowhide is over the face and eyes, to blind and confuse them. It must not be thought for an instant that one can look them steadily in the eye and thus disarm them. The lion does become somewhat blinded by a steady gaze, but the moment he lowers his head and gives it an ominous shake, then look for danger, and the more promptly the lash is applied the better.

"The tiger is more inclined to be treacherous than the lion, and it is more difficult to train one. I have trained Asiatic, African, and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable powers of intelligence and sagacity."

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THERE'S something I'd have you remember, boys,
To help in the battle of life;
'Twill give you strength in the time of need,
And help in the hour of strife.
Whenever there's something that should be done,
Don't be faint-hearted and say,
"What use to try?" Remember, then,
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win;
But though at first they fail,
They try again, and the earnest heart
Is sure at last to prevail.
Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your mind to reach the top;
For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those
Who never could bear defeat;
Their failures only made them strong
For the work they had to meet.
The will to do and the will to dare
Is what we want to-day;
What has been done can be done again,
For the will finds out the way.

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER X.

SKATING BY COMPASS.

THE next day was Sunday. Fortunately the sacred day had found them in such a position that they could spend it quietly. Katy persuaded Jim and the two young men to listen while she read them some chapters from the little Testament she had carefully packed among her "necessary articles."

This, together with the work that *must* be done, took up a good part of the morning, and the afternoon was spent in making a trip to the boat, looking the situation over carefully, and laying plans for a very early start the next day. Supper over, they soon crawled into bed, and woke at daybreak, ready for work, and all the better for their day of rest.

After a hasty breakfast camp was broken, and work was resumed at the hummock. All hands labored with such a will that long before noon they had let the boat down to the smooth white plain upon the other side; and though it got away from them at the last, and went spinning off on its own account, no harm was done.

The onward march was resumed, and splendid headway was made. At noon a short halt was called and gladly accepted, all lounging upon the straw and boxes in the boat, munching crackers and cheese and drinking Katy's cold chocolate. The sun had been out all the morning, and the ice was not only a trifle soft, but frequently rough, which had made the skating and dragging a little harder work than before.

No land appeared ahead, but Aleck knew the name and position of a light-house just visible upon an island at the mouth of a river away off at their right. He therefore took out of his pocket a small map of the western end of the lake that he had copied from a big chart, and began to study it. He found that it was about fifteen miles across the end of the lake to a certain cape on the southern shore, which lay beyond the great marshy bay into which emptied the river just mentioned. He took the direction of this cape from where they were at present by compass, and made a note of it in his pocket-book. It was almost exactly southeast. Aleck reckoned on reaching so near there by sundown that the party could go ashore if very hard pushed by any misfortune or bad turn of the weather, though it was too long a march to make unless they were compelled.

"But supposing we find open water, and have to change our course?" asked Katy.

"Well, we shall know, at all events, that we mustn't go east of southeast, and must try to keep as close to that direction as possible. I don't like this sunshine and westerly breeze. I had much rather the weather kept real cold."

"Why?" said Jim. "It's much nicer when it's warm."

"I'm afraid of snow and fogs, Youngster. Now let us be off."

No snow or fog came to bother them, however, and at sunset they were out of sight of any landmark, and travelling by the compass like a ship at sea.

You may ask, How could they be sure they were following it truly, since they had no object, like a long bowsprit, to guide the eye in ranging their course into line with the needle point, as the steersman on a ship does when he glances across his binnacle?

This is the plan they took: The compass was a small one, but it was hung in a box so as always to stand level. It was, in fact, an old boat compass which Mr. Kincaid had had for many years. This was set exactly in the

middle of the seat at the stern of the boat, where Katy still skated, with her hands resting upon the stern-board. Here she could keep her eye easily upon the face of the compass, and make a straight line from its pointer through the middle of the boat. When the compass point "southeast" and the stern-post of the yawl were in line, she knew they were going on a straight course. When these were out of line, she knew her team had swerved, and she called out "Right!" or "Left!" to bring them back to the true course, just as a quartermaster would order "Port!" and "Starboard!" to his helmsman.

The sun went down slowly at their right hands as they rushed along, and as Jim saw his shadow stretching taller and taller, he found it difficult to keep pace with the older lads. Noting this, the Captain ordered a halt, and put Jim into the boat as a passenger, tying his sled behind.

"Don't you want to ride also?" asked Tug of Katy, very gallantly.

Katy was tired, and one of her skate straps chafed her instep a little, but she didn't propose to give up.

"Oh no," she said, cheerily. "I have so much help by resting on the stern of the boat that I can go a long time yet before I give in. Besides, who would steer?"

So they rushed away again, the clink-clink of their strokes keeping perfect time on the smooth ice. All at once—it was about four o'clock in the afternoon now—a dark line appeared ahead, and in a few moments more they could plainly see open water across their path.

When they became sure of this they went more slowly, and in about ten minutes had approached as close as they dared to a wide space like a river, beyond which white ice could be seen again. Here all knew they must spend the night, for it would be foolish to attempt to cross before morning.

"Well," remarked Tug, as they came to a halt, "according to orders, it's my duty to take the axe and cut fuel; so I can loaf, for there's no wood to chop round here that I see," and he pretended to search in every direction.

"Not a bit of it," shouted Aleck, with a grin. "My order to you is, Unload that tent, and set it up on the ice. Jim will help you. I'll help Katy make a fire."

"I wish you would," said the girl. "I'm 'fraid I shouldn't make it go very well out here. I have never built a kitchen fire on ice."

"This is the best way."

Saying this, Aleck took two of the largest pieces of wood from Jim's sled, and laid them down a little way apart. Then he laid across them a platform of the next largest sticks, and on top of this arranged his kindling, ready to touch a match to.

"We won't set the fire going till we are quite ready for it, and—"

"But I'm cold," said Jim.

"Well, Youngster, I've heard that the Indians never let their boys come near the lodge fire to get warm, but bid them run till they worked the chill off. You'd better move livelier if you want to get warm, for we can't afford any more fire than is necessary for a short bit of cooking. Katy, what do you propose to have?"

"I thought I would make tea, boil potatoes, and bake some johnny-cake in my skillet. May I?"

"Oh yes, but you must economize fuel."

With this warning, Aleck struck a match, and the little fire was soon blazing merrily in the "wooden stove," as Katy called it. Only one or two sticks had been burned clear through before the fire had done its work, and was put out in order to save every splinter of wood possible. They sat down in the shelter of the boat to eat their dinner, and enjoyed it very much, in spite of their loneliness and the gathering darkness.

Meanwhile the tent had been set up. Over its icy floor were laid the thwarts taken out of the boat, the rudder, and two box covers which nearly covered the whole space.



"THE LITTLE FIRE WAS SOON BLAZING MERRILY."

On top of this was placed as much straw as could be spared, and upon the straw Aleck and Tug spread their blankets.

Dinner out of the way, the after-part of the boat was cleared out, and re-arranged, until a level space was left. Here a heap of straw and beds for the younger ones were arranged. Then the spare canvas was spread across like an awning, and was held up on an oar laid lengthwise. This made a snug cabin for Katy and the wearied Jim, who were not long in creeping into it. Rex followed, and slept in the straw at their feet, which was good for them all.

With the coming of darkness came also a damp sort of cold, that caused them to huddle close in their blankets; and though they presently fell asleep, it was with a shivering sense of discomfort that spoiled the refreshment.

Midnight passed, and Aleck, only half awake, was trying to tuck his blankets closer about him without disturbing his bedfellow, when the tent was suddenly struck by some large object, and considerably shaken. Alarmed and puzzled at the same time, Aleck paused to listen an instant before rising, when the shrieks and barks of the sleepers in the boat came to his ears. He sprang out of his blankets only in time to see two shadowy objects rise from the camp, and drift away across the face of the moon, which was just rising.

"Wh-what w-was that?" came from two scared figures sitting bolt-upright in the yawl, their tongues stuttering with terror and cold combined.

"I don't know." Aleck was as bewildered, if not quite as much frightened, as they.

"Humph!" cried Tug's voice behind; "you're a pretty set to be scared out of your wits and wake everybody up on account of two birds. They're nothing but snow-owls. Go to bed, or we'll all freeze."

"Wh-wh-what are they?" asked Jim, failing completely to keep his jaws from playing castanets with his teeth.

"Tell you in the morning," was the reply. "Go to bed. Come in, Cap'n. Owls are nothing. Come to bed."

This seemed good advice, however gruffly given; but you can hardly expect a person to mince his phrases at two o'clock of a winter's morning on an ice-floe. Aleck was ready to comply, but he was too cold.

"I must get warm first, and so must you, Jim." Katy had wisely disappeared some time before, and said she was pretty comfortable. "Come and run with me till we get our blood stirring."

Neither of the boys had dared undress at all, so it only remained for Jim to creep out from under the canvas, and limp stiffly to his brother's side. Then hand in hand they raced up and down the ice half a dozen times in the pale greenish moonlight. Once or twice they disturbed an owl perched on the ice, or heard wild hooting—a sound so hollow and unearthly that they could not tell whether it came from near by or far off.

This strange voice and the gray, silent half-light on the wide waste gave them a very lonely and dismal feeling. When they had put themselves into a glow by exercise, they were very glad to creep back into their beds.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



“THE DAYS KEEP COMING.”

“THESE days keep coming, Mamma,” said little Serious Eyes, As he looked out of the window at the rosy morning skies; “So many days keep coming, that soon I’ll be a man”; Then Mamma dressed her little boy, and off to play he ran.

He was not a philosopher, this boy of summers three,
But just as full of mischief and frolic as could be;
He loved his rocking-horse and drum, and all his pretty toys,
And was sometimes very naughty, just like other little boys.

But from morning until evening of that long sunny day,
While Mamma sat at sewing, and watched her darling play,
To herself she kept repeating what the little rogue had said
When he peeped out from the curtains of his snowy little bed.

“Yes, the days keep coming, darling,” she whispered, bending there
To lay her gentle hand upon the tangled golden hair:
“May days for thee keep coming, and growing into years,
And bring thee naught of evil to wake thy Mother’s tears!”

THE KING OF GAMES.

HOW TO LEARN CHESS WITHOUT A TEACHER.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

II.—THE GAME.



E will suppose that you are seated with your opponent opposite, your chessmen in their place, and that you are all ready to begin your game.

The single object of each player is to checkmate the other's king. A king can never be *taken*; but when any piece or pawn is so placed that it could take the adversary's king, that king is said to be "in check," and the player who checks it must cry "Check." Then the other player must rescue his king at the next move. He is not allowed to leave it in check. Sometimes he can release it by taking the pawn or piece that checks it, and he may do this with the king or any other man. Sometimes he can interpose a piece or pawn; that is to say, he can move a piece or pawn so that it

will stand between the king and the checking piece, and so relieve the check. But he must get his king out of check in some way, and if that is impossible, he is checkmated, and loses the game.

CASTLING.—There is still another move, as I told you last week, called "castling." When the space between the king and either rook is clear, if you have not yet moved either the king or the rook, you can "castle"; that is to say, you can move the rook to the square next to the king, and jump the king over it. This is counted as only one move. The diagram will show you how it is done. Here,



in order to castle, you must bring the rook to the square marked A, and place the king on the square marked B. You are free to castle at any point in the game, if you have not yet moved the king or the rook. You may castle on either side. But you can not castle to get out of check, nor can you castle over a square on which one of your adversary's men is bearing. For example, if a bishop or other piece is bearing on the square marked A in the diagram, so that your king could not move into that square without being in check, you can not castle on that side. Of course you could not castle if any piece or pawn were bearing on the square marked B, for that would put your king in check, and you must never do that by any move.

Checkmate wins the game, and there is no other way of winning.

Games may be drawn, so that nobody wins, in two ways; first, by perpetual check, and secondly by stale-mate. When the pieces are reduced to two or three, and these get so penned up that one player can give check at every move and keep it up forever as fast as the other player moves out of check, but still can not checkmate him, it is a case of perpetual check, and the game is drawn. When a player's king is not in check, but it is his turn to move, and he can not move either the king or any of his men without putting his king in check, he is stale-mated, and the game is drawn.

NOTATION.—Before I can tell you how to begin a game at chess, you must understand what is called chess notation, so that when I give you a move to make you will know what I mean.

The square on which the king stands at the beginning of the game is king's square; that on which the queen stands is queen's square; and so on with the eight pieces. The square in front of the king is king's 2d, the next in front of that is king's 3d, and so on across the board, and we count in the same way with all the pieces. In giving moves for the white, we count from white's side of the board; in giving moves for the black, we count from black's side. Thus queen's 6th of the white is queen's 3d of the black. In order to understand this clearly, look at the board and see.

In writing out games we use abbreviations, as follows: K for king; Q for queen; B for bishop; Kt for knight; R for rook; P for pawn.

These letters are combined thus: K B for king's bishop, meaning the bishop which stood on the king's side at the beginning of the game; K Kt for king's knight; Q B for queen's bishop, etc. So we write K B 3 for king's bishop's 3d, and so on. Each pawn belongs to the piece it stood before at the beginning; thus Q R P means queen's rook's pawn, or the pawn which stood in front of queen's rook at the beginning. Sometimes, where no mistake can be made, we shorten all this. For example, where there is only one pawn which can take a bishop we say P takes B, instead of K P takes Q B.

BEGINNING A GAME.—There are many ways of beginning a game, but most of them require a good deal of skill and experience to make them successful, and young players will do better to begin somewhat in the way which I shall indicate.

The first move is generally K P to K 4, and this is met by the same move on the other side. Young players who have had no teaching nearly always *spoil the game* at the second move. After moving K P to K 4 on both sides, they move Q P to Q 4 on one or both sides. This leads always to a poor and uninteresting game. It brings on the fight before either side is ready for it, and makes it a fight between single pieces instead of a grand battle between strong combinations of the forces. After such a beginning neither player can bring out his pieces well, and the game never becomes interesting. It is well to avoid such an opening. Even if you can not yet see why, it should be enough to know that no good player ever makes it.

Now replace your men for a new beginning, and play them as follows:

White.

1. K P to K 4
2. K B to Q B 4

Black.

1. K P to K 4
2. K B to Q B 4

That is an excellent opening, which insures a lively game, and it may be followed up in several ways. A good way to continue it is as follows:

White.

3. K Kt to K B 3

Black.

3. Q Kt to Q B 3,

and sometimes the other knight on each side is brought out also. In any case, the first two moves given make a good beginning to the game; but there is a danger to be looked out for, a trap into which new beginners sometimes fall in making this opening. It is called the scholar's mate. Let me show you what it is. Set up the men, and play as follows:

SCHOLAR'S MATE.

White.

1. K P to K 4
2. K B to Q B 4
3. Q to K B 3
4. Q takes K B P—checkmate.

Black.

1. K P to K 4
2. K B to Q B 4
3. Q Kt to Q B 3

There are many ways in which black might have avoided this. If his third move had been K Kt to K B 3, or K Kt to K R 3, or Q to K 2, he would have escaped checkmate. Of course no good player would fall into such a

trap, but you may have some fun trying the trick on your young friends. If it does not succeed, you are still in a good position to go on with the game. You can vary the mode of this attack by making your third move Q to K R 5, instead of Q to K B 3. Try it on the board, and you will see that your queen now threatens king's pawn as well as king's bishop's pawn, and your adversary may think that is your real point of attack.

There is still another checkmate shorter than this. It is called the fool's mate, because it never occurs except when the player, in trying to invent a new opening, blunders into it by his own foolishness. Here it is:

FOOL'S MATE.

White.

Black.

1. K B P to K B 4
2. K Kt. P to K Kt. 4

1. K P to K 4
2. Q to K R 5—*checkmate*.

I have shown you the scholar's mate and the fool's mate, partly to warn you of the danger, but more because they show you the game in its simplest form, teach you how checkmate is given, and may give you some notion of how you must look for danger from distant pieces in chess.

If you have carefully worked out all the directions given to you in these articles, and practiced each thing upon the board until it is familiar to you, you know all that is needed for a beginning in chess. As you go on playing, you will steadily improve, and there are books from which, after you have learned to play tolerably, you may get a good deal of instruction. One of the best ways of improving your play is to work out the chess problems which are given in many books and newspapers. In these problems you are shown how the men stand on the board, and are required to find out how one player may force a checkmate within a given number of moves. If you begin with problems of two moves, and go on gradually to harder ones, your skill will rapidly improve. But, after all, actual play is the best and surest teacher in chess.

THE END.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY DAVID KER.

WE were a merry party, one bright morning in December (which is the height of summer in South Africa), at the little railway station of Hottentot Camp, upon one of the half-finished railroads of Cape Colony. A branch line to the Dutch market-town of Zwartberg (Black Mountain) had just been completed, and the first train was to be run over it that morning.

In Africa, where the making of railways advances as slowly as everything else, the opening of a new line is a great event, and must be celebrated accordingly. The excursion party which was to make the trial trip in this pioneer train included almost every English settler within several miles of the spot.*

The locomotive looked as gay as a circus, with the bright-colored Dutch and English flags that fluttered over it. The children, whose round, ruddy faces peeped from every window of the cars, made the air ring with their shouts and laughter. Ten or twelve Caffre servants, whose black faces were lighted up with a continual grin, were bustling about with sun-shades and lunch baskets, while a crowd of gaunt, half-clad natives clustered in the background, watching the show, and chattering among themselves like so many monkeys.

Besides the passengers in the cars, there were five men

on the tender—the engine-driver, his two mates, myself, and the engineer who had built the line, and was now going to see how it worked.

The merry party in the cars were well employed with the contents of their lunch baskets. The cool lemonade was a treat, plentifully peppered though it was with hot African dust; and the fruit and sweet biscuits were thoroughly enjoyed, in spite of the swarms of black flies that settled upon them.

The children fairly shouted with glee as a huge brown locust came swooping with outspread wings through the open window, right in among them; and when two full-grown ostriches, startled by the passing train, crashed suddenly out of the nearest thicket, and scampered away, the delight of the little people knew no bounds.

"Put on steam, Sam, and run her over it at twenty miles an hour."

Turning round to see what had occasioned this order, I found that we were rapidly approaching a bridge. I had barely time to wonder whether this extra speed was meant to please the passengers or to lessen the chance of the bridge breaking down under us, when I found myself hanging in mid-air over a vast black chasm, through whose jagged rocks a foaming water-fall (now dried up to the last drop) had gone rushing and roaring only a few months before.

But the bridge stood the test bravely, and in another moment we were skimming over the dusty flat beyond, in the midst of which rose half a dozen great mounds of red clay, very much like overgrown ant-hills. Indeed, it would be hardly fair to call them "overgrown," for in Central Africa and South America one often sees ant-hills as big as a small hay-stack.

Each of these mounds had a hole in one side close to the ground, and the black bony creatures that came crawling out might well have passed for monster ants, had any such existed. But they were not ants; they were Caffre children, and these queer clay heaps were really Caffre houses, or *kraals*, as they are called here. At the sight of the train the little savages raised a shrill shout, and tried to run alongside of it, to the great delight of the children in the cars, who shouted back at them, and threw them biscuits and fruit from the windows.

On went the train through the dust and glare, while as the bare plain fell behind, and the clump of bush grew thicker, swarms of flies came buzzing through every window, until all the cars were filled with waving handkerchiefs and slapping hands, trying in vain to beat them off.

Little by little the surrounding country got higher and bolder, the barren plain gave place to a succession of steep rocky ridges dotted with dark green clumps of thorny under-growth, and already we could see plainly the great purple mass of the Zwartberg, from which the town whither we were bound took its name. We were almost there now, for the town itself lay just at the other end of a deep, gloomy gorge in the mountain-side, shut in on either hand by vast masses of crumbling rock. A few moments more, and our train was at the entrance of the gully, and went rattling and screaming in.

As we entered, everything seemed to grow dark around us, and the very air felt chill as a grave, after the hot, cloudless glare of the unsheltered plain. All was deadly still save the hoarse shriek of some passing bird of prey up among the huge gray precipices that overhung us on either side. Even the light-hearted excursionists seemed to feel the dismal influence of the place, and their merry talk died away by degrees into a dreary silence.

We had gone about a mile up the gorge, when all at once I saw the engineer's bold brown face *harden* suddenly like frozen clay. He sprang forward, and screamed rather than shouted to the engine-driver,

"Full steam, Sam!—it's our only chance!"

* The total length of the railways completed in South Africa is a little over 1100 miles.

The words were hardly uttered when a strange dull rumble was heard far away up among the rocks. A wide cleft yawned suddenly in the mountain-side, broadening every moment, and disgoring a torrent of dust and gravel. Then came a deafening crash, through which were plainly heard the shrieks of the terrified women and children, and an enormous mass of clay slate, many tons in weight, came thundering down the slope, just missing the train by a few feet.

How we got through that valley none of us could ever have told. It was all like a troubled dream—the train rushing along at its utmost speed; the once merry passengers screaming and crying in their agony as rock after rock came thundering down; the driver and his mates standing at their posts with clinched teeth and set, stern faces, knowing that at any moment a tumbling rock might break or block the line, and leave them at the mercy of this cannonade of falling mountains.

Away we went, through a whirlwind of flying dust, and leaping boulders, and stunning uproar, running the gauntlet of a bombardment one shot of which would have sunk a line-of-battle ship, for the higher crags, loosened by the rain, were giving way on every side. Blinded by the dust, deafened with the din, we saw nothing and felt nothing until our headlong train darted between two vast overhanging cliffs, and right before us, in the hollow of a quiet little green valley, lay the low white houses and single spire of Zwartberg.

"Thank God!" said the engineer, solemnly; and his thanksgiving found an echo in the heart of every one who heard it.

AN EXHIBITION OF PETS.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

EVERY little reader of YOUNG PEOPLE, if we may judge from the letters received by the Postmistress, has his or her especial pet, and I only wish I could have had each one by the hand during the visit I have just made to the Exhibition of Pets, which opened at the Madison Square Garden, in New York, on the afternoon of January 23.

Cock-a-doodle-doo! Quack, quack! Coo-coo-coo! Miaow!

greet one's ears as he enters the great amphitheatre. Besides the crowing of the roosters, the cackling of the hens, the shrill cries of the Guinea-fowl and the peacocks, the harsh quack of the ducks, and the soft cooing of the pigeons and doves, one hears the continual hum of many voices, the twitter of small birds, the plaintive cheep of the wee chicks which are hatched out in the patent "incubator," and which, poor things, know no mother.

We pass the long rows of cages of fancy fowl, the White Leghorns, the Black Spanish, the Brahmas, the Plymouth Rocks, and all the rest, until we reach a cage containing a large striped cat. This is one of the great attractions of the Exhibition, the tiger cat belonging to the International News Company; he is said to be the largest cat in this country, probably the largest in the world. He is a massive fellow, and weighs forty-five pounds, is striped like a tiger, and looks more like one of those savage beasts of prey than like an ordinary pussy.

Here is another cat, which at first glance looks like a young kitten, but we soon see by its actions that it is long past the age of babyhood. The manager tells us that it is the smallest cat in the show, and though five years old, is no larger than a two weeks' kitten. Tom Thumb, as he is called, is a fitting contrast to the great tiger cat.

But such a quantity of cats as we see!—cats with long bushy tails like foxes, and Manx cats with no tails at all; jet-black cats with green eyes that gleam like emeralds in an onyx setting, and white cats with pink eyes like an albino rabbit. There are cats with six toes, and cats with none; in fact, all sorts and conditions of cats, except the tramp cat.

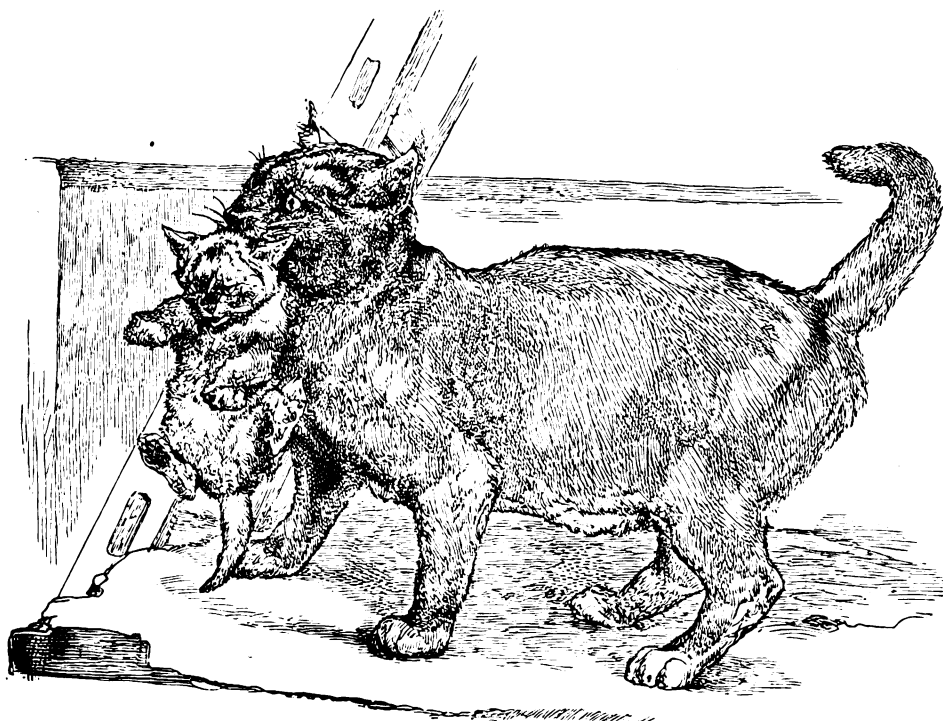
A cat with a brood of chickens attracts general attention, and after watching her for some time, expecting every minute to see her make a meal off one of the downy little cheepers, we pass on, sorry to leave the sleek and graceful pussies, yet anxious to see the rest of the Exhibition.

The special exhibition of fish interests us but very little. Fish are not intelligent; they have little or no recollection of persons, and if by chance they have

learned to eat from the hand, they will come up to an entire stranger as readily as to their master.

One of the most amusing and at the same time the most pitiful sights is the steam hen, as it is called, or, as it is marked, "the artificial hatcher." Here fifty or a hundred young chicks are hatched by the heat of steam-pipes, and here we see the comical little balls of down running back and forth, scratching for dinner. It seemed mournful to watch them nestling under the hard steam-pipes, and cheeping piteously, as if inquiring why modern science had robbed them of the sheltering wings of some motherly old hen, which was their natural right.

Next come the birds, and we gaze in awe at a linen which can whistle sev-



A CAREFUL MOTHER.



"BLOWING UP A POUTER."

en tunes correctly, so painfully conscious are we of not being able to whistle even one.

On visiting the space occupied by pigeons we pause in amazement at the numberless varieties which are exhibited—fan-tails in all colors, tumblers, carriers, pouters, and a great many more which I can't remember.

The carriers were of special interest, because, while they have been used in all ages for carrying messages, it is of late years that the subject has received especial attention at the hands of the fanciers, and trials of "homing pigeons," as they are called, are becoming more frequent each season. They proved to be of great use during the siege of Paris, and it is only lately that a gang of smugglers were discovered who used pigeons to smuggle diamonds across the Canadian frontier.

Though the carrier is the most useful, the pouter is to my mind the most wonderful, of all the pigeons. He fills his crop with wind, and struts up and down his cage, looking very dignified and important. In front of this cage two or three ladies are watching one of the attendants who is "blowing up a pouter," as it is called; for when alarmed or sleepy, the pouter will not exhibit the accomplishment for which he is valued by fanciers; then the attendant takes him in his hands, and taking his bill in his mouth, he proceeds to blow him up, just as one would inflate one of those small rubber bagpipes in which children delight.

Black, gray, red, and flying squirrels, and chipmunks, white mice and white rats, monkeys, and a raccoon are

among the other pets exhibited. They all seem to be very gentle, though they look very unhappy and out of place cooped up in these little cages, when in all probability they have been used to plenty of freedom and petting in their homes.

A huge raven, which gazes down upon the visitor with a sarcastic look in his beady black eyes, and hops across his cage, glancing around now and then in a contemptuous way, as if he felt superior to everybody near him, is well worth watching. He seems to chafe in his confinement, yet he has no respect for those who confine him.

The cats alone seem to take to their cages kindly, and curl themselves up, lazily winking and blinking at the visitor, in perfect contentment, or stretching themselves and yawning as if consumed by ennui, but at the same time rather liking it.

The hens and chickens, of which the majority of the show is composed, do not know, I should judge, whether they are shut up or at liberty, and seem to be just as well contented to scratch and strut in the few square feet which they are allowed as if they had the freedom of the entire hall.

But we can not remain here always, however interesting it may be, so we say "good-by" to the imprisoned pets, and soon find ourselves in the street, where the cackle of the fowl and the sounds of the barn-yard which had rung in our ears are drowned by the rattle of the omnibus, the jingle of the street cars, and the buzz of the busy city.



THE BABY'S DANCE.

DANCE, little Baby, dance up high;
Never mind, Baby, Mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow;
There, little Baby, there you go,
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backward and forward, round and round;
Then dance, little Baby, and Mother will sing,
While Baby's soft arms round her neck shall cling.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

I am a little boy nine years old, and live on a farm eleven miles from Little Rock, Arkansas. I have one brother, sixteen years old, who took Young People last year. It was sent to me as a birthday present, the year before, by my dear kind sister, who lives in Little Rock. This year mamma will have it sent me as a Christmas present. We all enjoy reading the nice stories and the charming little letters so much that we could not well do without it. I go to school, and walk two and a half miles. When the weather is bad my brother takes me on Mollie, our pony. I have a dog named Guess and a cat named Toby. I am very fond of hunting. I was bitten on my toe by a dry-land moccasin snake last August. I went to look at some traps I had set to catch the coons and opossums that were eating our corn and peaches. I saw the snake after he bit me, but did not stop to kill it. I ran home as fast as I could, and papa bandaged my leg from my ankle to my knee, and gave me an antidote. My foot pained me terribly, and swelled almost to bursting, and was sore for several weeks, but, thanks to the kind Father above, I did not die. I hope you will not think this letter too long to print.

PEACEY M.

JEWELL CITY, KANSAS.

I am a boy ten years old. I go to school, and like my teacher. There are four departments in our school; I am in the third. I have not been absent or tardy this term. I have no brothers or sisters. I have four pets of my own—three pigs and one chicken. The latter is named Strouby; she is black, and her feathers all stand toward her head. My grandpa gave her to me three years ago, when I went on a visit back to Illinois. I had her picture taken on Thanksgiving. I wish all the little folks that take Young People could see it, it is so cute. I bought a pig last fall for one dollar, and sold it for seventeen dollars and seventy-seven cents; it weighed three hundred and ninety-five pounds. I liked the "Cool-headed Boy," "Nannie's Thanksgiving," and "The Lost City," very much. FIDELLAS S.

You made quite a large profit on your pig.

SHERIDAN, NEVADA.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and I live in "barren Nevada," as it is sometimes called, but it does not seem barren to me, for I like it here. My papa has a large dairy, and takes it up to the mountains in the summer, and mamma and I go up there too; we go to a place called Hope Valley. It is found in the depths of the Sierra Nevada, and it is a beautiful little valley. May I write a description of it if I go there next summer? My brother takes the *Youth's Companion*, and I take HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I love to read the dear paper, for I often read letters from far distant lands about which I study each day. My sister teaches our school, and we have a horse and buggy, and ride to school, one mile, a trio of

brother, sister, and I. I have two pet cats, Tiger and Toby Tyler. My brother has a little dog Teddy; he sits up, rolls over, and shakes hands.

EDNA M. M.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

I have been thinking for a long time of writing and telling you how much we all enjoy Young People. Papa reads it aloud to us after tea. I am nine years old, and my brother Arthur is seven. While I was sick with scarlet fever last September Arthur's velocipede was stolen from him. I thought I would write a story, and tell how he had to go to court to find it, and send it with my letter, but as I am in school all day, and have very little time for writing, a friend of ours said she would write a long story about the velocipede, and I know that she will make it more interesting than I could. I wish you a happy New-Year.

EDDIE N. A.

I am glad the velocipede was recovered.

NEW YORK CITY.

I thought that I would write a little letter to you. I wrote a letter once to another paper, but I never saw it in print, and that rather discouraged me, so I never wrote again. I like Young People very much. I take it every week. I take a great deal of interest in your receipts, and I agree with Edna S. that those cookies do melt in your mouth. Don't you like the Swedish custom of putting sheaves of wheat on the roof, and letting the little birds eat them? I do, and I think that any one else would too who took any interest in birds. I am a little girl without brother or sister. I fared very well this Christmas. I received a great many presents, one of which was a real watch. I hope you got what you wanted to. I must say good-by now to the Post-mistress and my little friends, wishing them a happy New-Year from

CHRISSE W.

PITTSFIELD, ILLINOIS.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have eleven dolls, a kitten, and a canary-bird. I have no brothers or sisters. I go to school all the time. I like the story of "Dick and D" and Jimmy Brown very much, but I think little Harry has lots of trouble. I like best of all to read the letters in the Post-office Box. I thought I would write one, and I would like to have it published, as I have never written one before.

ANNA G. S.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have wanted to write to you for a long time, but never found an opportunity as good as the present. I like your paper better than any I have ever seen for little folks, or for old ones either, and I want to take it as long as I can. We are having very pleasant weather here, although the thermometer is below zero most of the time. We have a little dog by the name of Mug, who, when my mother has a headache, will not let any one approach her, for fear that she may be disturbed. I think that it would be a good plan for every one who takes this paper to have a motto. Don't you? My motto is "Ready and willing."

II. MC. E. K.

A very good motto.

CORNWALL, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and my sister is two years older. We go to school, and study history, grammar, writing, arithmetic, and spelling. We take your paper, and enjoy reading it very much. I was very much pleased when I read Annie W.'s letter from Nyack, as she has been my classmate for a long time, and we all thought she wrote a very nice letter for her age. I always look for the pictures the first thing, and copy them. Everybody says I am going to be an artist. Some day my sister will write to you. We spent the holidays very pleasantly here, and we both received a good many presents. I am very busy collecting pictures for my scrap-book, which I wish you could see.

MAMIE B.

LUCY'S MISCHIEF.

Once there was a little girl whose name was Lucy. She was not naughty, but careless. Every summer her mother used to go to her sister's, and take Lucy with her. Her aunt lived on a large farm, and Lucy used to have grand times.

One day Lucy and her cousins were playing by the brook, and, because she was not careful, she fell in. Her mother asked her how she came to get wet, and Lucy told her. Her mother said, "Lucy, I did not tell you that you could go to the brook; why did you?" Lucy said she did so because her cousin did, and she wanted to go.

Next she was playing with her cousins, and spilled a bag of flour over her, but she got along the rest of the day without any more mischief. But next day she was in the room alone, and saw her father's watch on the table. She thought she would find out what made the noise in the watch, so she took it to pieces. When her father came in for the watch, which he had forgotten, he was very much displeased, and said, "Lucy, I can not stand this any longer; we must go home the day after to-morrow."

So Lucy had to go home. Everybody was sor-

ry, for, though very mischievous, she was very bright. She went home with many good resolutions, and we will hope she grew to be a good little girl. But we must say good-by now.

MAY D.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—“The HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is mine.” I couldn't read it or know much about it at first, but now I can read some, and mamma reads all the rest. I just begin to like the Post-office Box and you. I have such a good papa, he is just too good for anything. He does buy me such lovely things, but most of all I like the chemical [mechanical] toys. Mamma tells me that word isn't just right, but I forget. And I want to tell you I am saving up money for a Shetland pony. Wasn't I astonished when I opened my bank to get the money for my Christmas presents to find great half-dollars and quarter-dollars? I first thought "Santa Claus," then I said "Papa." Well, I did have the loveliest time, and I didn't care much when my papa said the six extra dollars in my bank he wished I would give to the little children without any papas and mammas. He wanted me to send two dollars to the babies in the crèche (how I would like to tell you about them—I was there one day with my mamma), two to the Orphan Asylum, and two to the Boot-Blacks' Home. It was my own money, he said, and it could go with all my pennies and five-cent pieces for Christmas presents, but that it would be a present just the same as if I had bought toys or candies, and he thought I ought to begin while I was a little fellow to think of those homes where little children lived, and try to let them have a part of the good time that all little children should have. I am just glad I did do it. I had enough anyway. Oh, such a tree, such lots of presents, and such fun! But what I wanted to know was if you would print a little verse or two I said to my papa a few days before Christmas, when I gave him his birthday present. It was a first-rate present. It lasted me three or four days, and would have lasted longer, only mamma let me take the box to give some to my friends Charley and Harry, who had come in to play with me. I forgot to take it back, and next day, when mamma remembered, the box was empty—of course. I am six years old. I don't go to school, but I can read some, spell some, write some, know about arithmetic, and geography too, and know where the Shetland Islands are, where my pony is to come from. Please, do mountains run? I said the Rocky Mountains ran north and south, and Dr. P., who was taking dinner with us, just laughed and said he never heard of mountains running. There are so many questions I want to ask, and so much I would like to tell you, but this time I will only tell you I like you very much—very much indeed. Good-by.

WAID R.

Oh yes, the verses; we call them

PAPA'S PRESENT.

Oh, papa, dear papa,
You're such a good man,
I'll try to be like you
As hard as I can.

I want so to tell you,
On this your birthday,
I'm so happy I've got you,
And this more I will say:

In spring-time and summer,
Cold weather and snow,
You're the very best papa
I ever did know.

I am sure there is something
For which I shall pray:
'Tis that you, my dear papa,
Have many a birthday.

Now here is your present,
A box full, you see,
Of the very best candy;
'Tis for you—and for me.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY.

I am not going to tell about my pets, as the others do, but, instead, I am going to tell you what I got for Christmas. When I came down-stairs Tuesday morning, mamma took me into the parlor, where my presents were. The first thing I saw on entering the room was a lovely book-case. I was delighted with it, as I wanted one very much. Then I looked on the sofa, and there was a very nice little iron stove with a lot of pans for cooking. Then a very small box was handed me, and on opening it I found a lovely gold ring set with turquoise, from my aunt, who lives in Kentucky. On the book-case was a light blue plush box containing four glass bottles for cologne, and three other ornaments. From my grandma I received a very handsome Bible and \$15. Mamma gave me two splendid books, and a Prayer-book and Hymnal. To finish up the whole, a very pretty scrap-book was given me, with a lovely pen-holder, paper-cutter, and a box of candy.

LIZZIE W. A.

OID CENTRE, NEW YORK.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have three pets—a large dog named Rover, a lamb named Fanny, and a bird named Joe. I go to school in summer-time, and study reading, arithmetic,

spelling, writing, and geography. In the winter grandma teaches me at home. I have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE two years. I like it so well that I can hardly be patient for Tuesday to come. I have written before, but my letters have not been published.

MAGGIE P. C.

OVID, NEW YORK.

I have often thought of writing a letter to the Post-office Box. I have had YOUNG PEOPLE ever since its first publication; my uncle in Buffalo has sent it to me. I live in a pleasant part of the country, overlooking Seneca Lake, also the Wildard Asylum for the Insane. There are six buildings in all, about eighteen hundred patients, and nearly two hundred men and women are employed to care for them. This is a State asylum. The farm contains six hundred and fifty acres, and the farm and grounds are kept in perfect order. I do not have any pets, unless I may call some of my three little brothers, Tom, Clem, and Claud. Tom is seven years old, Clem is five, and Claud is almost three years old. They are nice boys, and they look very much alike. All have black eyes, and are very full of fun. I am just learning to write my own letters. I was eleven years old in November. I am afraid my letter is too long, but I hope you will have room for it in the paper. I will now say good-by.

KATIE A. C.

PALMETTO PLANTATION.

I am very fond of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. A kind cousin who lives in Boston sends it to my sister Nina. We had a nice time Christmas week. I suppose we enjoy Christmas in a different way from children who live North. We have plenty of fire-works, fun, and frolic, but I have never seen a sled, a pair of skates, or heard a sleigh-bell in my life. It is very seldom we have any snow. I would like to have some little boy write me a letter. Long life and a happy New-Year to all of Harper's Young People! A Dixie boy,

JOHN CAL VANCE,
Benton, Bossier Parish, Louisiana.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

I am a little German girl twelve years old. I have four brothers and sisters in Germany. My mother died, and I went to strange people, and they made me tend geese on the hill-sides and in the woods. I used to pick huckleberries and wild strawberries, and eat them. I came to America alone, and when I got to New York I did not know where to go, and some people took me away to take care of their baby; and my uncle wrote to them for me, but they did not answer him, and after I had been there three or four weeks he went to New York and brought me here, where my aunt and my two little cousins Harry and Frankie live. Miss Emily W., a young lady who lives across the street from us, teaches me an hour every day in English. I study reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and spelling. Her father takes YOUNG PEOPLE for me and for Margaret, his little girl. I play with her. She wrote you a letter once. My aunt takes my two little cousins to Canada for a while every summer, and I keep house for my uncle. I forgot to tell you that when my uncle went to New York after me I could not speak a single word of English, except *match*, and he could not speak any German at all. I should like to belong to the Little Housekeepers' Club. My name is

JOHANNA MCN.

Do you not think the great All-Father has taken good care of you, dear child? I do.

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I like "The Ice Queen" and the Post-office Box very well. My brother is very sorrowful that "The Lost City" is ended. I go to school, and study arithmetic, spelling, geography, and reading. I like my teacher very much. Her name is Miss Jennie F. She reads in YOUNG PEOPLE to us every Friday afternoon.

GUSSIE G.

JONES CORNERS, OHIO.

I have been wanting to write before this time, but mamma always said to wait until I got larger, and now I will do my best. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE three years, and I like it better every time it comes. I have two little sisters, Cora and Mand. We live on a farm; have lots of pets, and jolly times playing with them. We had a Christmas tree, and old Santa Claus came in with a coat and hat covered with cotton, long white whiskers, and two large baskets filled with popcorn balls and candy. I tell you he was a fright. Some of the little ones rushed up in the corner, and said, "Let me out! let me out!"

CLIFFIE and CORA B.

If the little ones took a second peep, I am sure they got over their terror of their merry old friend Santa Claus.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

My auntie's family and ours all live together. My auntie has two little boys; one is nine years old and the other one is seven. We do not take YOUNG PEOPLE directly from New York, but my uncle brings it home every week. He has done

so for a year. He brings it home at night, just before we have dinner. After dinner the first question to me is, "Mamie, will you read to us?" My cousins ask me this, for they enjoy the paper very much. I also enjoy it. I am four years older than the elder of my cousins. MAMIE V. N.

OSCODA, MICHIGAN.

I am a little Michigan girl, and live on the shore of the great Huron. When it is smooth it looks like glass, but when it is rough it is very fierce. It is now covered with floating ice. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE ever since it was published, and like it very much. I was very sorry when our Cot was endowed, for I had my money all ready to send. I will keep it until there is a call for something else.

This is a salt and lumber manufacturing town. I would like to show some of the little readers the mill full of machinery near us. The logs cut in the great pine forests in the winter come in at one end looking wet and slippery, and go out at the other end nice clean lumber. It is shipped to cities, and perhaps makes homes for some of the readers of this paper. The operation of making salt is very interesting. The great bins of salt look like bins of snow.

I inclose five cents, for which please send me the Nautilus sailor costume, size 12 inches.

HATTIE H.

This is a very good letter indeed. Miss Hattie uses her eyes, and knows how to describe what she sees. The Nautilus was promptly sent.

WADE'S MILL, KENTUCKY.

I go to school, and study spelling, reading, history, arithmetic, and geography. We like our teacher very much. I have no brother or sister to play with me. The stories I like are "Raising the Pearl" and "Prince Lazybones." I have no pets. I went to the Zoological Garden at Cincinnati. I went on a steamboat while I was at Cincinnati, and crossed the Ohio River on the bridge; it is a mile across it. I am ten years old.

JOHN R. S.

DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

I like very much to read the letters in the Post-office Box, but this is the first one I have ever written. I have a brother and sister both older than myself, and as they do not know that I am writing this, I would like to have them see it in print. I am spending Christmas week at my aunt's, and am having a very good time. I have no pets. I had a cat named Betty, but she went away, and I have not seen her since. I am ten years old. I go to school; I study reading, spelling, geography, and arithmetic. Dalton is a very pretty place. There are a good many paper and woollen mills here. I have taken YOUNG PEOPLE for several years, and like it very much.

EDITH L. C.

HENDERSON, NEW YORK.

I have been without YOUNG PEOPLE six months, and now I have commenced to take it again. I wrote a letter to you last year, but it was not printed. I write this letter, but mamma copies it. I am nearly seven years old, and my only sister is four. We had a lovely gray Angora cat named Pauline, but a dog injured her so that papa had to kill her. Our cat's name is Peti. I live part of the time in a jail with my grandpa, who is not a prisoner, but the sheriff.

RICHARD L.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—A friend sent me a box containing the game of Corn and Beans for a Christmas present, but never having seen it played, I do not know how to use my present. Will you or some of our many little letter-writers be so kind as to enlighten me?

I love YOUNG PEOPLE so much! and watch eagerly every week for its coming.

Yours lovingly, JULIA B.

Please send Miss Julia full directions, if any of you understand the game she mentions.

Will the little author of the following stanzas please send her name to the Postmistress?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

I met an old couple
Who were with age bent;
A thrilling sensation
Was to my heart sent.

The wife was grinding an organ,
And the husband could not see;
She was leading him along,
Attentive as she could be.

As they begged amid the throng
Along the avenue wide,
People were constantly giving
To the blind man by her side.

But they deserved it all—
Yes, and even more too;
I hope where you are poor
The same be done to you.

Marta D., Stell M., Willie D., W. H. T., Gertie F., Eddie T., Flora M. W., Alice S., Martha C., Annie B. B., Blanche Van R., Jessie E. H., Jennie C., Esther M. W., Lettie T., R. L., Charlie E., Maud C., George W. R., Earle H. R., Claudia, Eugene C. H., Mamie E. M., Burnell C., Madge H., Annie S., Minnie M. P., Helen G., and Bettie F., will please accept thanks for their letters.

Jean, Jessie, and Joan W.: Your friend Mabel is not at all kind in trying to make you think that you will not be happy after the coming of your new mamma. Instead of thinking of this lady as a step-mother who will probably be cross, try to think what you can do to make her feel welcome in her new home. It is very sweet of her, in my opinion, to be willing to take the charge of three little girls, and instead of feeling that she will be severe and "horrid," you should receive her as one who is kindly taking up the work your own dear mother dropped when she heard the call to enter into rest in heaven. I have known a number of step-mothers, and they have generally been very lovely and unselfish persons. Mabel is mistaken in her ideas, and you must not listen to her. —EMME S.: Thanks for the beautiful Christmas card. —E. A. W.: It is not necessary to send answers to all the puzzles. Send as many as you can obtain. —A. W., Box 30, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, would like to receive a small stone from White Rock, Nevada, if Lucy C. A. will kindly send it. Something equally interesting will be given in return. —Will John Putnam, Jun., of Lewiston, write again to his Baltimore correspondent, giving the name of his State, so that he may receive the articles for which he wrote?

Exchangers will please be brief. Give name and post-office address fully and plainly.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO ENIGMAS.

- 1.—My first is in song, but not in wail.
My second in rosy, not in pale.
My third is in ruin, but not in snow.
My fourth is in rake, but not in hoe.
My fifth is in deck, but not in prow.
My sixth is in mule, but not in cow.
My seventh is in spoon, but not in fork.
My eighth is in lead, but not in cork.
My whole is a city in the State of New York.

GAZETTA.

- 2.—My first is in basket, not in pail.
My second in anchor and in sail.
My third in orange, and not in peach.
My fourth is in talk, and not in speech.
My fifth is in end, but not in aim.
My sixth is in Rachel, in May, and Jane.

LULU C.

No. 2.
TWO EASY SQUARES.

- 1.—1. Formed. 2. To own. 3. A bird. 4. A large pitcher.
- 2.—1. Condition. 2. Absent. 3. To spare. 4. A part of the body.

GAZETTA.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 220.

No. 1.—The old oaken bucket. Old. End. Bunk.
Cat. Table. Hen. Coal. Boat. Cake.
Kate.

No. 2.—

	M				
	B	A	A		
M	A	M	M	A	
A	M	Y			
	A				

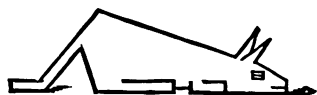
	H				T
P	O	T			A
R	O	R	S	E	R
A	S	K			E
	E				N
					D
					K

No. 3.—

S	P	E	C	I	A	L
F	A	P	E	R	S	
E	P	O	D	E		
C	E	D	E			
I	R	E				
A	S					
L						

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Minnie Goodnow, Olive and Lidie, Esther M. W., Jack Thompson, Ernest F., John Dix, H. D. Appleton, A. F. Mims, Maggie P. Coppins, Benjie Williams, Madge, Robert L. Alice, Gussie Geller, Lena Hepp, Jack F. Spaulding, Cora Hoffman, Maude and Lena, M. F. To Plitz, and Bessie and Mabel Gibson.

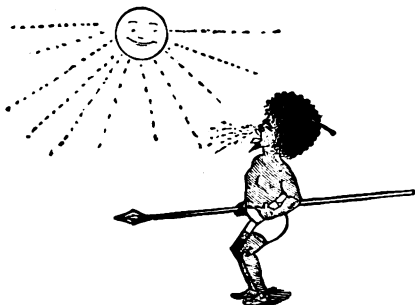
A KANGAROO HUNT.



A LAZY kangaroo there was
Asleep one morning in the grass.



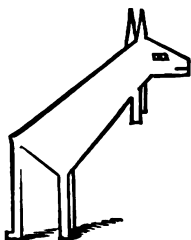
But soon along the pathway ran
A merry hunting Pap-u-an.



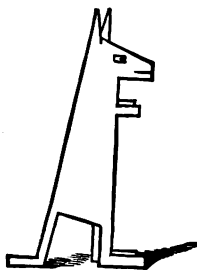
There was a chilly morning breeze
That made the lively Pap-u-an sneeze.



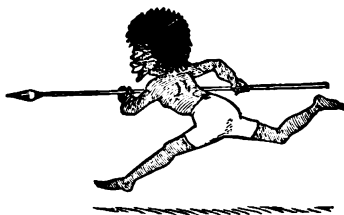
The kangaroo the warning hears,
And in alarm pricks up his ears;



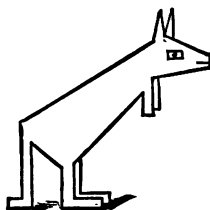
His little heart goes pit-a-pat,
And to himself he says, "What's that?"



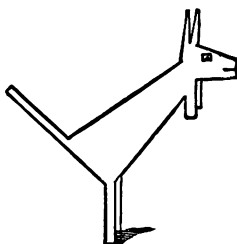
And then, assisted by his tail,
He rises up and snuffs the gale.



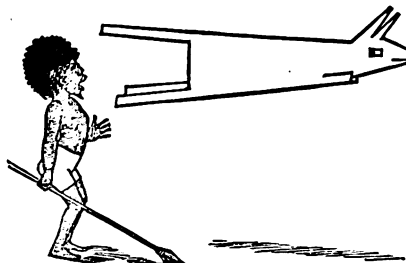
The Pap-u-an is very near,
And just about to throw his spear.



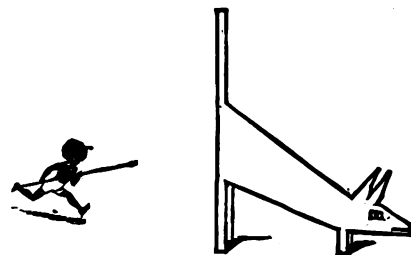
The kangaroo can't see the fun,
But says, "I guess I'd better run,"



And starting with a sudden bound,
He clears full twenty feet of ground.



The Pap-u-an, in sore dismay,
Beheld him sailing fast away,



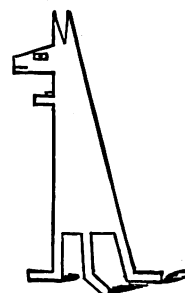
And when he to his senses came,
Far out of spear-throw was the game.



He followed fast as he could run,
But got so heated in the sun,



Although he was a plucky chap,
He laid him down to take a nap.



Loud laughed that cunning kangaroo—
"My boy, I guess I've done for you"—



Then stretched himself upon the ground,
And fell into a slumber sound.
All which doth prove the saying true,
"Tis hard to catch a kangaroo."

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CAMPING AGAINST AN ICE WALL.

THE ICE QUEEN.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER XI.

AN UGLY FERRIAGE.

THE sun had been up an hour when Aleck woke again and pulled Tug's ear, at which that young gentleman sat up, and was going to fight somebody right away.

But Aleck pounced on him, and pinned him down before he could stir or strike.

"No time for fooling," he laughed in his chum's face; "but if there were I'd like to take you out to the creek here and duck you for your disrespect to your superior officer. Will you touch your cap if I let you up?"

"Ye-e-s," Tug replied, as he felt the strength of the Captain's grip; "but I'm not sure about your duckin' me!"

"Nor I," laughed Aleck, and he leaped away, to go

and wake up the others by kicking on the side of the boat.

The morning was beautiful, and by the time breakfast was ready the tent had been struck, and the big boys had come back to say that they could go almost to the brink of the open water.

"It must be a 'lead,'" exclaimed Katy. "That's the name Arctic travellers give to a wide crack in the ice, by taking advantage of which, whenever it leads in the right direction, vessels are able to make their way through the 'packs' and 'fields.'"

"Probably their *leading* vessels through is where they get the name," Aleck remarked.

"Shouldn't wonder," said Tug; "but however well that plan may work in the Arctic regions, we must *cross* this one."

Getting everything ready at the brink of the canal occupied fifteen minutes. Then, all the cargo easy to be moved having been taken out, the boat (sledge and all as an experiment for this short trip) was launched without mishap. The sledge bobs hanging on her bottom weighted her down, and canted her so much, though the water was perfectly smooth, that it was necessary to make the trip very carefully. The young voyagers were thus taught that for any real navigation the boat must always be removed from the sledge. By noon, however, they were packed up, and ready to go on again as soon as they had eaten a "bite." While discussing this, Katy suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, I have never once thought about our visitors last night. I'll confess I was dreadfully frightened. How did you know they were owls?"

"Saw 'em," Tug replied, shortly, with his mouth full of dried beef. "Couldn't be anything else, anyhow, this time o' year."

"Where do they come from?"

"From 'way up north. Don't your Arctic book say anything about 'em? Maybe it calls 'em 'great white' or 'snow' owls."

"I think I remember something about them. The Esquimaux have a superstitious fear of them, haven't they?"

"Yes, and lots of other people, for that matter. Why, only last winter one of 'em lit on the roof of a house out in the country where I was staying, and the old woman there began to rock back and forth, and whine out that some dreadful bad luck was coming. But that's all nonsense."

"I guess its cry has given it a witch-like reputation," said Aleck. "It sounded uncanny enough last night; didn't it, Jim? But what were they doing away out here?"

"Oh, I suppose they were flying across the lake, and stopped to rest on our tent ridge till we startled them. I fancy they were worse scared than you were. You see, their proper home is in the Arctic regions. That's where they build their nests, putting them in trees and in holes in rocks. But when winter comes up there, and the snow gets so deep and the cold so severe that all the small animals he feeds on have retired to their holes or else left the country, Mr. Owl has to get up and flit too, or he will starve to death. So he works his way down here. They say these great white owls—why, they're bigger than the biggest cat-owl you ever saw—never go far south of this, and I know that we don't see many of 'em except when we have a very severe winter. But I've talked enough. Let's get out of this."

The sunshine by this time was interrupted by dark clouds that rose in the west, and puffs of damp, chilly air began to be felt by the skaters, who wrapped themselves a little closer in their overcoats as they measured their steady strokes. Still no land came in sight, but they thought this must be owing mainly to the thick air to the southward. Once they thought they saw it, but the dark

line on the horizon proved to be a hummock, not so bad as the one lately passed, but still troublesome, and closely followed by a second. The lifting and tugging tired them all greatly, and after the second barrier had been climbed they found themselves on ice which was incrustated with frozen snow, and exceedingly unpleasant to skate upon. But a few rods farther on there was a narrow stream of open water, beyond which the ice looked hard and green.

"Let us cross and camp on the other side," said Tug.

"Yes," Aleck answered in a troubled voice. "Do you see that snow-storm coming over there? It'll be down upon us in a jiffy, and there's no telling what next. Yes, let's cross before it gets dark, if we can. There's a hummock over there that will shelter us a bit from the wind, I think."

The anxious tone of his voice alarmed his companions, and all set to work with a will. But the snow-flakes had come, and were thick about them by the time the second ferriage had been made, and the wet and heavy boat lifted out upon the ice.

CHAPTER XII.

CAMPING AGAINST AN ICE WALL.

"Now what?" asked Tug, holding his head very high to prevent the snow going down the back of his neck.

"Now what?"

"Now," Aleck answered, in a tone of command, "get the boat up there under the lee of that hummock. Everybody take hold."

The ropes were seized with a will, but the heavy boat could not be dragged in the snow until it had been lightened; then by great exertion it was taken over the fifty yards that lay between the water and the hummock. At that spot the ice had been thrust up like a smooth wall about fifteen feet high, and it overhung slightly, so as to form a cozy shelter from the storm. The bow of the boat was swung close against its foot, while the stern was slanted away until there remained a space of about eight feet between it and the smooth face of the hummock at that end. Tug and Jim went back after the sled and what baggage had been left behind at the lead, while Aleck and Katy began to contrive a shelter.

To manage this they cleared out the movable things in the boat, arranging all the cargo (except the mess chest), as fast as it was removed, in the shape of a wall extending across from the stern of the boat to the hummock. In this way, with the help of thwarts, two oars, and some blocks of ice, a rough wall was raised about four feet high, inclosing a three-cornered space eight feet in width, having the hummock and starboard side of the boat for its sides, and the cargo wall (through which a hole had been left for a doorway) for its end or "base."

Next a roof must be contrived. The mast and two oars were set in a leaning position from the outer gunwale of the boat, where they rested firmly upon the thwart cleats up against the hummock, to which they were firmly wedged.

It had now become dark, and Katy lighted the lantern. Tug and Jim, covered with snow, brought their last sled-load and added it to the wall, throwing all their little stock of fire-wood, which amounted to about three bushels, into the hut. Then all hands set to work in the wind, which blew sharp gusts now and then over the crest of the hummock, to stretch the sails upon the rafters formed by the mast and the oars.

The handling of the heavy mainsail proved an extremely difficult matter. Once it blew quite away from their grasp and went off in the darkness, but Jim and the dog gave chase, and soon caught it, Rex grabbing it with his teeth, and so holding on to it till the others came to the rescue. At the next attempt they succeeded in fastening one end, after which the task grew easier.

The mainsail fairly in place, the jib was next hoisted

across the end, and here its leg-of-mutton shape was a great advantage, for when the broad lower part was hung against the hummock wall the narrowing peak just fitted between the sloping roof and the top of the wall.

When the two sails had been fastened, the party found themselves covered rudely but pretty tightly, and the spare canvas remained to serve as a carpet, which was greatly needed. Plenty of snow and cold were "lying round loose" yet, but to be inside was far better than to be out-of-doors. That this safety and warmth were possible to their frail structure was owing, of course, to the fact that it stood under the lee of the tall ice wall, which acted as a shield.

"Really the wind does us more good than harm now," Aleck remarked, "for it drifts the snow under the boat sledge and against the wall, and, if it keeps on, will soon stop up all the holes, and leave us boxed into a tighter house than our old snow-chinked cabin back at the mouth of the river."

"Mebbe it'll bury us," said Jim, in an awful whisper.

"Guess not. Anyhow, we can have a fire first—there are holes enough left yet to let the smoke out. Tug, just shovel the drifted snow out of the house, or pack it between the bobs under the boat, while I whittle some kindling. There won't any more blow in—the drift's too high now."

"Shall I boil tea or coffee?" asked Katy.

"Coffee, I guess; and give us some fried bacon and crackers—but lots of coffee."

"Why couldn't we use our oil stove now?"

"We don't really need to. We have some wood, and can build a fire well enough inside here, and the oil is easier carried than the wood for a greater need. Ready, Tug?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"All right. Here are our kindlings. Katy, open your lantern, and let me set these shavings afire. Matches are too precious to be wasted or risked."

A minute later a brisk little fire was burning, snow was turning to water, and cold water to hot, and coffee was thinking that presently it would be in the pot, and slices of bacon were saying good-by to their fellows, as one by one they dropped into the frying-pan.

It was a strange scene, but the actors in it were too tired and hungry to notice how they looked, and they watched with eager interest the progress of supper-getting. They were not cold, and wraps were all thrown aside, for the wind was cut off, and the fire, small as it was, made a great deal of heat in the confined space. The atmosphere of an Esquimaux house of ice, though there is no better fire than a little pool of train-oil in a soapstone saucer in which a wick of moss is smoking and flaring, will become so warm that the people remove not only their furs, but a large part of their under-clothing, and this when the temperature outside is fifty degrees or so below freezing-point.

"It is just about big enough for a play house," Katy remarked, as she jostled one and another in moving about.

"I'm glad the snow blows over, and doesn't settle on the roof. If it did, I'm afraid the canvas would sag down awfully, or the oars break."

"How will we sleep to-night?" asked Jim.

"Well," said Aleck, "I think we must all sleep in the boat somehow. Katy and you can lie on the straw in the stern-sheets as usual, and Tug and I will bunk in somewhere forward. If we had plenty of wood to keep the fire going, it would be comfortable out here, but we must economize. If this snow keeps on, I don't know when—"

"Supper!" called Katy, and Aleck didn't finish what he was saying; but they all felt a little more serious about their situation. Though Jim objected, Aleck ordered him to put out every bit of the fire, and they ate their supper by the light of the lantern perched up in the boat.

"It's precious lucky we found this straw in the cabin," said Tug, as he leaned upon it, with a tin cup of coffee in one hand, and in the other a sandwich made of two pieces of cold johnny-cake and a slice of bacon.

"That's cool! The *luck* is that Kate had the good sense to make us bring it. I know two young fellows who objected."

"I know *three*," Katy spoke up. "Fair play. You sneered at me at first, Mr. Captain, as much as anybody. You needn't play goody-goody over the rest of them."

"Go in, Katy!" they both cried. "Give it to him! He was going to leave every bit behind—and the rushes too."

"Well, well," pleaded Aleck. "I know now it was a good idea, and I'm not always so—"

"—big a fool as you look, eh?" exclaimed Tug, making them all laugh at the face the big fellow made, who was thus cheated out of his smooth apology.

"Never you mind; I'll get even with you before long."

Then the Captain took out his watch and wound it. Holding it in his hand he said: "Now it's *my* turn. I'll give you merry jesters just four minutes to finish your supper and make your beds. Then I blow out the lantern. Oil is precious."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"THE PRETTIEST GIRL."

BY MARY D. BRINE.

WE had such fun on Valentine's Day
With the little girls who live over the way!
Teddy and I, and Jed and Joe,
Picked out the prettiest girls, you know,
And wrote 'em things about "Violets blue,
And sugar is sweet, and so are you,"
And only that Bobby said it was mean,
I wanted to write, "The grass is green,
And so are you," and send it out
To a girl we fellers don't care about.

But Bobby he's queer, and doesn't go
For fun like the rest of us chaps, you know.
Why, who do you think he chose to be
His Valentine? Now, if I'd been he,
I'd rather have chosen— Never mind;
I'll tell you about it, and you will find
That if ever you want a feller that's queer,
You'll get him in Bobby, never you fear.

You see, we boys we had all picked out,
As I told you, the prettiest girls about.
But Bob he said there wasn't a girl
As pretty as his, and there wasn't a curl
On any girl's head that could half compare
With his chosen Valentine's soft, fine hair.
And he said her eyes were a whole lot bluer
Than any skies, and double the truer.
And that he was going to be her knight,
And take care of her always with main and might.

He wouldn't tell us his Valentine's name
Till the regular day for Valentines came,
And Mamma had hers, and Sister, you know
(Of course from Papa, and Sister's beau).
Then Bob he told us to come ahead,
And he'd prove the truth of all he had said.
And where do you think he took us boys?
Hushing us up at the leastest noise,
And making us promise not to laugh,
Nor quiz him, nor give him any chaff?
Why, he opened Grandmamma's door. "See there!"
He said.

It was Grandmamma, I declare!
Grandmamma sitting and knitting away:
Sweet Grandmamma, with her hair so gray,
Lying all soft on her forehead in curls
Just as pretty as any girl's.
And I never had noticed before how blue
Were Grandmamma's eyes. It was really true,
As Bobby had said, that there never were skies
One bit bluer than Grandmamma's eyes.

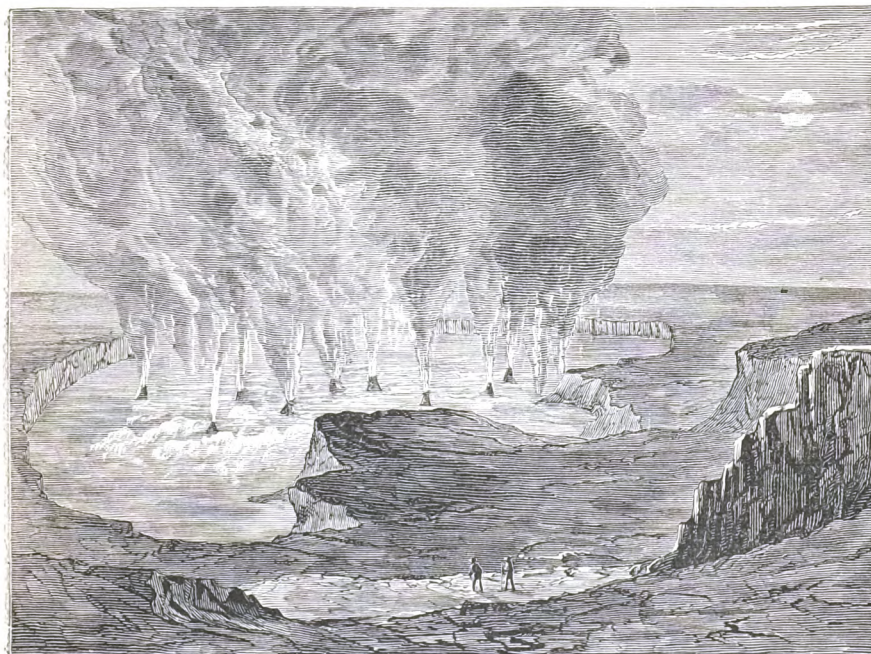
So she was his Valentine, he was her knight,
And somehow we all thought Bobby was right
When he kissed her hand, and cried, in glee,
"Dear Grandma's the 'prettiest girl,' you see;
Of course I chose her instead of Mamma,
For she, you know, belongs to Papa.
But Grandpa's in heaven, and so I knew
That Grandma must be my Valentine true."

A CHAT ABOUT VOLCANOES.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

VOLCANOES, or burning mountains, as they are sometimes called, are elevations on the surface of the earth, which act as chimneys for the great fires deep underground. There are nearly three hundred at present which are hot and smoking mountains. The great crater, or opening, is generally near the summit.

As volcanoes are not always active, the crater sometimes becomes dead, and is filled with great masses of cold black lava. Mountains have been known to remain in this quiet state for centuries, when suddenly noises like thunder are heard, and the crater begins to throw up



KILAUEA, THE GREAT CRATER OF MAUNA LOA.

boiling lava and hot ashes and smoke. A volcano in eruption is one of the grandest sights in nature. Vast quantities of heated matter are thrown hundreds of feet in the air, great bombs explode with a terrific noise, and at night the sky appears like a sheet of flame.

The volcanoes of North America are all situated near the Pacific coast. There are none of them very active at present. Mount Saint Elias, which stands on the boundary of Alaska and British America, is a volcanic peak nearly 19,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is the highest point in the northern half of the Western continent.

Popocatepetl, which is the next highest, is less than 18,000 feet. It is the largest volcano in Mexico, and although it is crowned with snow all the year, its crater is still very hot, and all the snow which falls inside the great hole melts as soon as it touches the warm field of black lava. The last great eruption of Popocatepetl was two hundred and seventeen years ago, but as late as 1827 it would now and then throw up dirt and small stones. Now nothing rises from the cracks and crevices of the crater but little spirals of hot vapor, which smell like a burning sulphur match. The whole crater of Popocatepetl is filled beneath the surface with beautiful yellow sulphur. Deep holes have been dug there, like wells, and Indians go down to gather the sulphur, which is carried down the mountain and sold. The air is so hot underground in the crater that the Indians can not stay long, and they wear big wooden shoes to keep their feet from becoming blistered.

The peak of Orizaba is another famous volcano of Mexico, almost as high as Popocatepetl. It has not been active for more than three hundred years. Now it is very cold, and the great valley of its crater is filled with ice and snow.

The highest volcano in the world is Sahama, in Bolivia, which rises 23,000 feet above the sea; but the largest crater is that of Mauna Loa, one of the great volcanoes of Hawaii, in the Sandwich Islands. Mauna Loa has two craters, one near the summit, about 13,000 feet high, and the large one, which is called Kilauea, about 9000 feet lower down the mountain-slope. The great lower crater is nearly eight miles around, and about eight hundred feet deep. The sides are steep and rocky, but there is a zigzag

path by which people go down to see the great lake of liquid fire at the bottom. The wind on the mountain is very cool, and sometimes it hardens the surface of the lake so that it appears like a great plain of black earth, just as the cold air in winter forms a coating of ice on the rivers and ponds. But the fire is underneath the black crust, just as the water is under the ice, and it is constantly breaking out into little fiery lakes, which, as the heat increases, overflow the whole bottom of the crater and form a great boiling mass.

Mauna Loa is full of strange rumbling noises like thunder. Several times great fissures have suddenly opened in the mountain-side, from which fountains of fiery lava have sprung several hundred feet high, and, in falling, formed rivers of fire which poured down into the sea.

These hot streams of lava which burst from volcanoes sometimes come so suddenly that whole villages near the mountain are swept away in an instant, before the inhabitants can escape. Great clouds of hot ashes are often thrown from the crater, which cover the plain around the mountain many feet deep, burying all the cities and towns, together with their inhabitants. In 1835 the volcano of Cosequina in Nicaragua threw out such vast quantities of ashes and powdered stone that the air was filled with them for hundreds of miles away. The surface of the ocean was so thickly covered that ships sailed with difficulty, and in the island of Jamaica, eight hundred miles from Cosequina, ashes fell on the fields. The people who lived near the mountain ran wildly in all directions in search of a place of safety, and it is said they were joined in their flight by hundreds of monkeys, and by tigers and other wild beasts, whose savage nature was completely subdued by fright.

The largest volcano in Europe is Mount Ætna, which stands in the island of Sicily in the Mediterranean Sea. It is nearly 11,000 feet high. It has always been a very active volcano. A little more than two hundred years ago a stream of boiling lava poured down from its crater, and completely destroyed fourteen large towns.

Mount Vesuvius, which stands on the shore of the Bay of Naples, is also one of the most active volcanoes of modern times. It has a very curious history. At the time of the birth of Christ the whole mountain, which is only about four thousand feet high, was covered with forests. The people called it the "Burnt Mountain," because they knew from the old crater that it had been a volcano at

some time, although it had never been known to smoke, and even the crater was a green valley full of trees.

About sixty-three years after the birth of Christ the cities near Vesuvius were startled by an earthquake, and sixteen years later the whole southern half of the mountain burst with a terrible explosion, and a vast cloud of hot ashes sprang forth, which covered the country to a great depth for miles around. It was at this time that the beautiful cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed. They were buried in the volcanic ashes so suddenly that very few of the inhabitants escaped. Even the highest houses were covered, and nothing could be seen but a great bare plain of volcanic matter. Centuries passed away, and the buried cities were forgotten, until in 1748 some workmen who were digging a well discovered remains of ancient buildings. Now a large part of these old cities has been dug out, and many wonderful relics of their former inhabitants have been discovered.

Since that time Vesuvius has often thrown out lava and ashes and flame. At one period it was dead and still for five hundred years; then it began once more to thunder and tremble, and now smoke and flame are often seen rising from the crater.

Many of the islands in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans contain lofty volcanoes. On the island of Nippon in Japan is a famous volcano called Fusi-yama. It is 14,000 feet high, and has often thrown out quantities of lava. The Japanese look upon it as a sacred mountain, and their native artists are fond of drawing its picture. On Japanese fans and boxes and screens the rude outline of a mountain is often seen combined with other designs.

JIM'S VALENTINE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.

"SHINE, sir—shine?"

"No," said the gentleman addressed; and he was just passing on, when a second look at the boy with the shoe-blackening kit stopped him.

"Yes, I will," he said; and he watched steadily the face of the boot-black as the boy busily polished away, not with a lively whistle, nor with the air of light-hearted carelessness with which many of his brethren seem to forget the hardships of their lot. His thin features wore a sober expression, and his frame showed a very large amount of bone to a small allowance of flesh.

"Are you in good health, my boy?"

"Yes, sir." But it was the poor kind of health that is built upon half starvation and nourished by foul air.

"We are sending a number of boys and girls into the country," went on Mr. Brown. "They go and stay awhile with people who wish to give them a taste of fresh air and sunshine"—the speaker looked for some lighting up of the boy's face, but none came—"and flowers and plenty of fruit, and fishing, perhaps, and riding." Surely something of boy nature must have been left out when this boy was made, for he went on with his work as if all this had been said in a strange language. "Well, wouldn't you like to go too?"

"No, sir."

"Why not? You would find it very pleasant, and it would do you good."



JIM AND KATIE AT FARMER WARD'S.

"It's mesilf as niver could be lavin' little Katie," said the boy, quietly.

"And who is little Katie?"

"Me sister, an' it's only me she's got in the worruld."

"Well, couldn't Katie go?"

The boy shook his head. "Katie couldn't be lavin' me."

"But I mean couldn't you both go?"

"Is it the two of us?" Jim bounded up with an energy which sent his blacking-box rolling down the street, as, with face aglow, he cried out, "Is it ye're manin' Katie can go, and mesilf to take care of her?"

"Yes; I mean just that. Take this card."

The gentleman gave a few directions, and went on, leaving Jim in a maze of delight. Through street and alley he rushed, then up several dark stairways, until he flung open a door and threw his arms around a slender little girl who had turned a bright face at sound of his steps.

"Oh, Katie, Katie, it's the grand news intirely I've got for ye. Hear till I tells ye a shitory, Katie. Wanst there was a little gurrel, and she went to the counthry—the *counthry*, Katie—where her poor mother used to live, an' her big gossoon of a brother could jist remember the darlin' little chickens an' the ould shnarlin' goose as used to rin afther him, an' the cow—oh, Katie, it's yersilf 'll have milk to dhrink. There, now! bad luck to me, it's the sacret I'm lettin' out, like the big blundherin'—Katie, hear, now, the little gurrel's name was Katie."

Katie listened and laughed as Jim told her everything he knew, and some things he thought he knew, of the wonderful land to which they were going. As she knew nothing herself, she believed it all, and had a light heart full of very pleasant thoughts by the time Jim went out to give up their wretched room, and to tell the whole story over again to Mrs. Murphy, their good-natured landlady. Two weeks' rent for nothing was not to be thought of.

Jim and Katie were great favorites with Mrs. Murphy, in spite of frequent troubles about the rent, and on the morning of their leave-taking the good soul rose long before light to see that both were dressed in their shabby best, and never lost sight of them until they turned the corner on their way to the cars.

Jim carried his kit, for he had reflected that there must be boots everywhere, and that they must need blacking. But this did not prevent his taking such tender care of Katie that a few turned half in anger to see who stood so firmly, and planted his foot so squarely, that, as others pressed and crowded, she might not be jostled. And then each one softened at sight of the patient little face turned toward Jim, as he eagerly described everything about them, but without ever raising the drooping eyelids, which told the sad tale of blindness.

II.

Jim and Katie were lying under the trees in Farmer Ward's great orchard. Jim was taking in all the wealth of country sight and sound, and Katie dreamily enjoying all that could be enjoyed without eyes. The two talked of their return to the city on the next day. It was not a pleasant prospect. The goings after the cows, the rides to mill, the berrying and fishing frolics, would live as bright memories, but just now seemed to make the idea of going back to his round on hot streets and hard pavements very gloomy to Jim.

But how much worse to Katie was the thought of returning to those long days in the stifling garret! She had lately been learning how many beautiful things the earth had even for such poor little darkened lives as hers. The song of the birds and the whisper of the wind, the smell of the flowers, and the voices of the home animals to whom Jim had led her that she might lay her gentle little hand on them, had opened a new life to her. Both were already looking forward to a promised visit next summer.

Mrs. Ward, the mistress of the house, came out, and

first stooping to stroke Katie's head, with a look of even more than usual sweetness in her always sweet face, sat down on a bench beside her.

"You needn't get up, Jimmy. No," she said, laughing, "my shoes *don't* need blacking. I want to talk to you." She looked at his face; it was healthier and brighter than before, but still bore its old look of half-dogged resolution, which she knew meant a constant watch over Katie's well-being, to the utter forgetfulness of his own.

"Jimmy, could you do without Katie for a while? Could you go back without her?"

"Is it lavin' the little gurrel ye'd be manin', ma'am?" Jim sprang to his feet with a dismayed expression.

"Some time ago," she went on, "I saw a little girl who was like Katie. The good Lord had seen fit not to bless her with light in her dear eyes; but she had been with some kind people who had taught her to do many useful and pleasant things in spite of her blindness. Now, Jimmy, what should you think of it if Katie could learn to read and write and sew—"

Jim gave a jump and a whoop.

"Katie is it! Katie!—a-radin' an' a-writin' an' a-sewin'! But she couldn't, ma'am." His voice fell, and he shook his head, as he softly laid his hand on the drooping lids.

"She could, Jimmy. She ought not to be allowed to grow up in helplessness, when her life can be made useful, and, in being so, happy. And some of us want to send her to a place where she can be taught, if you can let her go."

"Would it be for long, ma'am?"

"I can't tell you how long, Jimmy. It would take a good while, I think. But I'll tell you: if it takes very long you shall come here some time, and Katie shall be here too, and you shall have a nice visit together then."

Poor Jim hardly knew what to think. His heart was swelling with pride and joy at the thought of Katie doing such wonders, while the prospect of a long separation quite overcame him. But, as always, his first thought was for her.

"Could ye be doin' widout me, Katie?" he said, wistfully.

"I'd like to be learnin', Jim," she said.

Jim turned toward Mrs. Ward, with eyes full of gratitude, as if about to speak; but his voice choked, and he darted across the fields, and disappeared among the trees. The lady talked quietly with the little girl, filling her heart with such bright hopes for the future as gave her courage to entertain the dreadful idea of going among strangers without Jim.

So the next day Jim, with a heaviness in his heart, and a lump in his throat, and tears behind his eyes which he would not let fall, freed himself from Katie's clinging hands, and went resolutely back to work and to self-denial.

III.

Day after day Jim toiled and looked forward, going very often to Mr. Brown, through whom he was to hear of Katie.

Once every week at least he would go to that gentleman's office, and always with the same inquiry. "Is it yersilf's been afther hearin' o' Katie, sir?" The question would be in a tone of almost pitiful appeal. At the sound of it Mr. Brown would turn from two or three dozen others who were claiming his attention.

His words were always kind, even though he did sometimes think that Jim was a good deal of a bother.

"Patience, my boy, patience," he would say; and Jim was obliged to have patience, even though it came very hard.

One day it came into Jim's head that he would attend night school. There was one not far away, and Mrs. Murphy would clean him up some way, so that he could be decent enough to go among the other scholars.

To night school he went, and it was in this way that one day in February, when Mrs. Mulaney's little candy

store began to have some wonderful pictures, with verses underneath them, hung up in the window, Jim could almost read what they said.

"Them's funny things," said Jim. "I wonder what people would be doing with 'em?"

"Sindin' 'em to each other, sure," said Jim's crony and particular friend, Tim Mulligan.

"Cur'us, that is," replied Jim.

But on the 14th of February a most wonderful thing happened. The postman, making his way among carts and ash barrels, stopped at Mrs. Murphy's door. In his hand was a large envelope directed to "Mr. James O'Niel."

"Shure that's me!" shrieked Jim. "Did yez iver hear the loikes o' that? 'Misther,' is it? Hip! hip! hurrah!" and Jim turned a somersault, standing on his head several seconds, and utterly forgetting the envelope and what it contained.

It was the postman that brought him to his senses with a smart blow on the calves of his legs.

How that envelope was ever opened and read I can't pretend to describe. It took half the neighborhood to help Jim, and even then an appeal had to be made to the teacher of the night school. Finally the contents proved to be as follows:

"Shine, sir—shine?"
Says my Valentine.
I love him with all my heart,
Never was a boy so good and smart
As this one of mine,
With his 'Shine, sir—shine?'
My own best Valentine.

"They call him Jim,
And there isn't any brim
To his cap so old and torn;
But from eve till morn
He is all, all mine,
With his 'Shine, sir—shine?'
My own best Valentine.

"I'm a little girl,
And my hair won't curl,
But he loves me all the same;
And I've told his name
In that other line,
And he's all, all mine,
My own best Valentine."

"It's a valentine shure," shrieked Jim, in a voice that threw the whole school into disorder. Then he ran out to give vent to his feelings in another somersault.

But if this was a wonderful thing to happen, something nearly as strange came the next day.

Jim went to make his usual inquiry about Katie. Mr. Brown hardly waited for him to speak, when he said:

"Ah, Jim, I've been expecting you, my boy. Yes, Katie's well, and wants to see you."

"An' would they be tellin' ye any more about the rad-in' and the writin', sir?" Jim's great anxiety led him to forget that he was venturing to interrupt.

"Well, they didn't stop for that; but you're to go out to Mr. Ward's next week. Here, take this card to this address, and they'll give you a coat. Take this railroad ticket, and be off next Tuesday. Good-by."

IV.

The wide country, in its robe of white, seemed more wonderful, if not more lovely, than when dressed in summer green. Jim thought what an amazing number of white aprons it would cut up into, and then began trying to calculate how long it would take Katie to sew them, in case she ever should sew. Then he tried to fancy how her voice would sound if she should be able to read him a story. By the time the ride was over he had grown so nervous between hope and fear of what he might hear about Katie that his knees shook as he walked up between the bare lilac bushes.

Katie was not at the door to meet him, as he had thought

she might be. He saw some children's faces at the windows, and they looked out at him, as if in great eagerness and excitement; but Katie's was not among them. Mrs. Ward opened the door, and gave him a warm greeting; but when she led him into the sitting-room it was empty. A nameless terror shot to his heart. Could something be wrong with Katie?

"Is—is Katie here, ma'am?" he asked.

"Oh yes, Jim, she's here. She's been here for several weeks. I'll send her to you; but mind you keep quiet. I mean don't get excited about anything."

She left the room with hasty steps, and Jim shook his head sorrowfully. He understood it all now. Katie had been sent back from the asylum because they found she could not learn. Well, he was going to have his own little Katie again, and things would not be worse than they were before.

The door opened, and, as Katie came in with her usual quiet step, Jim sprang toward her.

But was this Katie? He stopped and looked again, for Katie never used to wear a green shade.

It was Katie, though, who came forward and raised the shade with one hand, while the other was laid on Jim's arm with a tight, trembling clasp.

"Jim! Jim! I see you! Oh, Jim, I see your face!"

Jim put both arms around her so tightly that he hurt her, and looked at the soft brown eyes. Then he hardly breathed as he asked,

"Is it yer own purty eyes can see meself intirely, Katie?"

"Yes, Jim, I can."

"Ivery inch o' me? The ould shoes an' the new coat, Katie, an' the rid hair?"

"Yes." Jim danced about like a wild Indian, and then flinging himself on the floor, sobbed till Mrs. Ward came at sound of the noise.

"This won't do, Jimmy; Katie must not cry or get upset; it will be bad with her eyes."

And sitting beside the excited boy, she quieted him with the story of how a kind-hearted doctor had seen Katie at the asylum, and examining her eyes, had felt sure they could be cured; how he had performed an operation upon them, and she had soon been brought back to the farm, when it had been some time before any one could know whether it would be a cure or not.

But it had been a cure, and now for some weeks Katie had been using her eyes as well as anybody. Oh, what a lot of studying and reading and writing she had done!

"Och, Katie, was it yez that sint me that valentine?"

Then the story came out. Of course there was a good deal of management about that valentine. The people at the asylum had wanted to write to Jim; but Katie, who thought that in order to write it was only necessary to see, had begged to be allowed to write the letter all herself. They laughed at her a little; then her good teacher promised to write the letter in lead-pencil, and let Katie trace the lines in ink. Then somebody spoke about St. Valentine's Day. Katie was delighted with the idea, and after that it took a whole week to get the verses made up. Everybody seemed to help, and so at last Jim got his valentine. But it was finally Mrs. Ward who planned the great surprise.

All that Jim said and did I can't begin to tell you. He capered about, kissed Katie a dozen times, and only left out the somersaults for fear he might not get his feet down again without hitting something. When Mrs. Ward came in he flew to her feet, and sobbed again and again as he kissed the hand which had brought such a gift.

"May the good Lord heap blessings on ye, ma'am, that's put the light into the sweet eyes of her!"

Such a royal time as followed had never been dreamed of by these two. They enjoyed it to the full, learning by gentle teachings to realize that each blessing comes

from the hand of the Lord, who moves with His own spirit of loving-kindness the hands held out to comfort His helpless ones.

Then Jim went back for a few more months of hard work, until in the spring he was to have a place with a neighbor of Mr. Ward's, and learn to be a farmer. Katie remained, proud to call herself Mrs. Ward's little maid, and learn, not by the slow process for which the poor little dwellers in the shadow are so thankful, but through her own bright eyes taking in everything which goes to make a girl or a woman useful and happy.

But Jim never lost sight of his plan to have Katie all to himself some day in a home of their own.

"It's hard I'll be workin', Katie," he said, as he wished her good-by, "wid me big hands, an' it's the brave farmer I'll be. An' it's the radin' an' the writin' an' the sewin' an' the cookin' ye'll be doin', jist like any lady of 'em all. An' thin we'll go to the big place they be callin' 'Out Wist,' where there's plenty o' land for thim that wants to work, an' it's the nate ilegant little place intirely we'll be havin', Katie, all to our own two silves."

Jim's dream is not accomplished yet, but Farmer Ward says he thinks it will be some day. In the mean time Jim keeps in a little box, among a few other treasures, a valentine in which the verses, traced in ink over faint pencil marks, begin with,

"Shine, sir—shine?"

ON A WINTER'S NIGHT.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JUN.

"GUESS we'll soon be having skating, at this rate," remarked Gus Talcott, warming his ears with the backs of his seal-skin gloves, as he glanced out over the river, along the shore of which he and his friend Ben Warding were taking a brisk afternoon walk.

"I hope it'll come before you go away," returned the other; and then both lads broke into a run to "warm up."

"But I say, Ben," resumed Talcott, when they had fallen into a slower pace, "what does the Doctor mean by warning us so often against trusting ourselves on an ice-boat? Why, I didn't know there was such a thing to be found the whole length of the river."

"You didn't!" exclaimed Warding. "Why, I should say we had about eight or ten of 'em right here in Axbry. Just



NOT EVEN A PE

you wait a few days, and you'll see the prettiest sight you laid eyes on, in the cove above the steamboat dock."

"Pshaw! Everybody knows the Hudson's the place for boating. We've got a boat up at our place, called the *Drift*, that I'd match against anything in the county. Can't she scoot!" and Talcott closed his eyes for an instant as if he felt the wind rushing past him in his imaginary coast.



PAINTING BY M. BULAND.

day, Gus," proposed Ben, suddenly, in a lowered tone of voice. "If you'll join me, I'll get a boat some night, and we'll have a splendid sail. I know well enough how to manage one, and I suppose you do too. What do you think about it?" "I'll go in with you. When shall we go? But I forgot; there's no ice yet." And then, as some of their school-mates joined them, the subject was dropped for the time being.

"Well, what is it?" asked the other, as Ben hesitated. "Why, he wants to go along; in fact, declares if he don't, we sha'n't have the *Skimmer*." "How stupid! There'll be no fun if we can't go alone, and sail ourselves," grumbled Talcott. "We might as well start off in broad daylight, and in full view of the Doctor, if we've got to have that old sea-salt take us around by a couple of babies."

Gus Talcott was a tall red-faced youth from New York, nearly sixteen, said to have a very wealthy father, and with a general air of "I'm a little better than you are" about him.

Ben Warding formed quite a contrast to his "chum," being a short, light-haired lad of fourteen, with pale blue eyes, and a white, blank-looking face. He was the only son of a farmer living in the neighborhood, and had been placed among the boarding pupils of Axby Academy on account of the hoped-for polish it might give him, for it must be confessed that Ben was not naturally a bright boy. He had been drawn to Gus by the latter's showiness and abundant spending-money, and Talcott, who had somehow failed to make the proper impression on the other members of the school, was not averse to associating with one who never let slip a chance to flatter his self-importance.

A few days after the conversation just recorded the river was completely bridged over by the frost, and the skating carnival opened brilliantly. On the second day of the sport Gus and Ben went off together after supper, as usual, and on arriving at the most retired end of the campus Ben proceeded to unfold the details of the projected "lark."

"I saw Captain Pete this afternoon," he began. "You know him, Gus—that old fellow with the eye that looks like half a one. Well, he said he'd let me have his boat, the *Skimmer*, for two dollars and a half; so I closed the bargain with him."

"But how about— That is, will he keep it dark, you know?" asked Talcott, anxiously, for he was rather afraid of Dr. Barnes.

"Dark!" returned Ben, as loudly as he dared. "Why, old Pete's as close as an oyster. The price is no objection, is it?"

"Oh no; it's quite reasonable: one and a quarter apiece," and Gus rattled the loose change in his pockets with the air of a young millionaire.

"But there's one trouble about Captain Pete," continued Warding.

"Can't help it; I'm not to blame; only told you what he said;" and Ben spoke as if he cared very little whether the plan were carried out or not.

"I wonder if he'd let us go by ourselves for four dollars?" resumed Gus, in a milder tone. "That 'd be seventy-five cents extra for each of us," for in spite of his vast possessions, Talcott was always very particular about the halves.

"Perhaps he would. Let's try it, anyhow. But how and when shall we slip off?"

"Why, didn't you arrange all that with your Captain Pete?"

"Not to the minute, because I didn't know myself. I just told him if we came we'd be down by his dock before half past eleven, so he's to wait up for us till then. As far as I can see, Gus, there's nothing on earth to hinder us from going to bed at the regular hour, and staying there till eleven, by which time the house ought to be pretty quiet. Then we can walk down-stairs in our stockings, put on our shoes when we get out on the piazza, leave the front door unlocked behind us, and come back the same way."

"But what time does the Doctor go to bed? It would be rather unpleasant to have him bounce out on us as we pass the study door; or, worse than all, we might meet him on the stairs."

"Well, we'll just have to wait till we hear him go up to his room, even if that's after midnight, and then if Captain Pete has given us up and gone to sleep, we'll take the *Skimmer* anyhow, and pay him for it afterward. I'll answer for his not making a fuss about it."

Then the two fell to discussing where they should go, and what wraps they ought to take, until the bell rang for study hour.

As the school was by no means a large one, many of the boys had rooms to themselves, Talcott's and Warding's being in the wing, directly opposite to one another, and divided only by a narrow passageway. They frequently talked to one another, across the latter, far into the night, but on this occasion they were exceedingly quiet—a fact which of itself might have awakened suspicion, if there had been anybody eager to suspect.

Because the boys were silent, however, it did not follow that they were asleep. Each of them, only half-undressed, was lying on his bed with ears strained to catch the first sounds that should betoken the Doctor's retiring. He had made the rounds at the usual hour (nine o'clock) to see that all lights were out, and had then gone back to his study at the foot of the stairs to read and write, according to custom, for as he employed no under-teachers, his time during the day was pretty well taken up.

One and then another hour went by, and still no signs of the coast being clear. Then Gus, who had himself dozed off a dozen times, crept softly across the hall to see if Ben had fallen asleep, which in truth proved to be the case. Giving him no gentle shake, Talcott asked, in the hoarsest possible whisper, whether he thought the Doctor could have come upstairs without their having heard him.

"It's just barely likely," replied Ben, "considering we've both been asleep for the last hour or so."

"I haven't," began Gus; but finding it rather difficult to carry on a dispute in an under-tone, he wisely gave up the attempt, and inquired what they had better do.

"If I was perfectly sure of the way, I'd go down the back stairs, and ask no odds of anybody; but I don't know much about that part of the house, and don't care about landing in a pantry among a lot of china. What time is it now, Gus? We might as well be getting ready anyway;" and Warding proceeded to jump into his outside garments with that swiftness to which late-risers train themselves.

Talcott stole back to his room and did the same, albeit a little more slowly. Then consulting his watch by the

light of the moon, he discovered that it wanted a quarter to twelve.

On hearing this, Warding declared that they ought to start right off, announcing at the same time that he had hit upon a splendid plan for passing the study door, in case the Doctor should still happen to be there.

"You see," he explained, in a whisper, "I'll go down first, as softly as I can, creep quietly along to the parlor, and so out by one of the tower windows. This is all provided the Doctor don't appear; but if he does, and pounces out on me just as I'm going by his door, why, I'll just shut my eyes and pretend to be walking in my sleep. Then he'll bring me back here, and we'll have to give up our sail, that's all."

"But what am I to do?" asked Gus, rather awed for the moment by the fertile brain of his friend.

"Well, you'll have to take off your coat and vest again and go back to bed, where you're to lie still for a reasonable time, when, if I don't come back, you may know I've got through all right. Then *you* must start out, but, mind, be very careful, and ready at a minute's notice to turn sleep-walker and be led back."

"But there I'll be, all dressed and bundled up, and carrying my shoes in my hand. And so will you," objected Talcott.

"That's so; I forgot about that. But never mind; people don't know what they do when they're asleep. So when we wake up, as the Doctor grabs us, we've got to seem awfully scared, and as if we didn't remember anything about it. However, I guess he won't catch us."

Thereupon Ben proceeded to envelop himself in a quantity of wraps, took his shoes in his hand with a very tight grip, and after a farewell look at his friend, who had returned to bed according to orders, stole softly out of the wing, and into the upper hall of the main building, past the spare room, and down the heavily carpeted stairs. His heart beat rather violently when he reached the study, but all was still, and silently he felt his way along until he gained the far window in the tower.

This he slowly and cautiously raised, and with equal care opened one of the shutters. Then he sat down in the moonlight to wait for Gus.

Ten long minutes passed, and Ben had almost made up his mind to shut the window and go back to bed, when Talcott came stealing in on tiptoe with extremely long strides, and a scared look on his face.

"If we should be caught!" was his suppressed exclamation, as he sat down on an ottoman to put on his shoes.

"Oh, we're all right now," returned Warding, swinging himself lightly from the window-sill to the ground. "I only hope no burglars 'll come around while we're away," he added, as he drew the sash down to within a few inches of the floor, and closed the shutters.

Then the two boys crept around in the shadow of the house toward the woods next door, for the Academy was situated on the outskirts of the village.

Ben felt himself in his element now—conducting a runaway expedition from a boarding-school.

Talcott, on the other hand, was inclined to be rather nervous and fearful lest they should be found out, for he was one of those boys that like to eat their cake and have it too; that is, he wanted to enjoy himself by breaking the rules, yet still remain in the good graces of his teachers.

Having gained the shelter of the trees, the lads were soon out upon the shore, running briskly over the sand in the direction of Captain Pete's house, which was situated on the upper side of the steamboat landing. It was terribly cold, as they soon discovered, while they stood shivering by the side of the *Skimmer* debating what they had better do; for Pete's little cabin was dark and tightly closed, and neither of the boys dared knock with more than two knuckles for fear of rousing the neighbors.

"Let's do as I said," at length suggested Ben: "take the boat, and pay him for it to-morrow."

"All right," returned Gus. "You've agreed to be responsible for the consequences, you know."

The other nodded, and then they both pushed against the *Skimmer* until she was well off the shore, jumped aboard, hoisted sail, and were soon flying swiftly up the river, for there was a stiff breeze blowing from the north.

"Isn't this fine sport?" cried Ben, handling the tiller with great skill, as it seemed; for Talcott, when it came to the point, was rather uncertain as to exactly how much he *did* know about ice-boat navigation, and therefore very willingly left the guidance of their craft to his friend, who, to tell the truth, was himself not by any means an expert in the science, although he would not have confessed as much for a good deal.

"Glorious!" exclaimed Gus, as the *Skimmer* shot faster and faster ahead on its course up the stream, past the ice-locked docks and the darkened, silent houses on the banks. "But I say, Ben, how much farther are we going in this direction? It won't do for us to be out in daylight."

"Oh no; of course not. Guess I'll turn around now, and run the other way awhile. Why, if we weren't honest enough to tell and pay him, old Pete would never know we'd been out."

But old Pete *was* to know they'd been out, and, what was more, that the *Skimmer* hadn't come in again, for, as he spoke, Ben bore hard on the tiller, and, with his eyes fixed on the sail, failed to notice an opening in the ice just ahead, probably cut by some ardent fisherman, and over which that evening's frost had as yet formed but a tender crust.

The next instant one of the forward runners plunged through the thin sheet, and into the water below.

The sudden stoppage of the boat sent both boys down upon their knees, while the sail, freed from all controlling hands, flapped from side to side.

Ben was the first to recover himself, and finding that nobody was hurt, although Gus was terribly scared, he next proceeded to see what damage the *Skimmer* had sustained.

This proved to be serious enough, for the shock had wrenched the runner from its place, and by this time it had probably floated off under the ice. The front part of the boat now rested on the solid cake beyond the cut, whither its force had driven it; otherwise the boys might have been treated to a ducking in cold water.

"What in the name of goodness are we to do now?" inquired Talcott, with chattering teeth. "I wish we hadn't come."

"So do I," returned Warding; "but that don't find the lost runner, nor put it in its place again. You see, we can't sail on three legs, so to speak, and we daren't ask anybody for help, let alone there being nobody out of bed to ask at such an unearthly hour. It must be all of three miles from here back to the Academy; but I don't see how we're to get there unless we walk."

"But Axbry's on the other side of the river," put in Gus, who was so excited by the accident, and fears of its consequences, that his ideas were in rather a befogged condition.

"Well, can't we walk on the ice as well as sail on it? What a goose you are sometimes, Gus!"

So saying, Ben got out of the boat, first, however, having tied the sail up as snugly as he could.

"I s'pose Captain Pete 'll make us pay a pretty penny for fixing the thing, let alone the hire," he added, as they left the wreck. "We've got to go around there the first thing in the morning and explain, or he'll have the whole village out looking for the *Skimmer*."

And indeed the prospect was not a pleasant one for the two boys to think about, as they wearily trudged that

three miles over the ice, which it had required so short a time for them to cover but a little while before. First, there was the getting back; then the slipping into the house and up to their rooms unobserved; next, the rising at daybreak, after their quarter of a night's rest; and finally the imparting of the news to Captain Pete concerning the breaking down of his boat, "which will no doubt break the old man's heart," as Ben put it, with a dismal attempt at a joke.

"And our purses," added Gus, clutching wildly at the empty air to save himself from falling on the slippery path.

At last they reached the shore on the Axbry side, and here they broke into a run, which brought them to the Academy at about two o'clock. It was not so easy to climb up to the window in the tower as it had been to jump down from it, but they finally succeeded in getting in and up to their rooms, where they hastily threw off their clothes and sought their beds, trusting that they would wake up in good season on the morrow.

But, alas! their tired bodies demanded rest, and the boys did not only not get up at daybreak, but slept until breakfast-time. In fact, neither of them knew anything until they heard the Doctor's voice in the hall calling them.

After that, as may be imagined, they did not linger over their toilet, although they had already resigned themselves to their fate, as it was now after seven, and Ben affirmed that Captain Pete was a very early riser. But they were hardly prepared for what Dr. Barnes had to say to them when he called them both into his study as soon as they had finished breakfast.

"Captain Pete Rudway," he began—on which Gus and Ben exchanged glances that spoke whole volumes of surprise and terror—"has been here this morning, inquiring as to who had stolen his ice-boat. At first I was inclined to be a little indignant at the charge, but he soon set me right. And now, young gentlemen" (he always called the students by that title when they had got into mischief), "I would like to know what have you to say for yourselves?"

Ben thought a minute—Gus was so frightened that he really could not say anything—and then spoke up:

"We're willing to pay for all damages. I s'pose he'd like to know where the *Skimmer* is, wouldn't he, sir?"

"You may go to him and settle about that matter as soon as I have done with you here. You say you are ready to repay him for any injuries his boat has sustained, but how are you going to make good the damage you have done me and yourselves?" And the Doctor looked so serious, in spite of the somewhat playful turn he had given his sentence, that the lads hung their heads, and even Warding's ready speech deserted him.

For fifteen minutes the two remained in the study with their teacher, while he set their escapade before them in the really childish light in which it appeared on being talked over calmly. He ended by placing them both "on bounds" until Easter.

This was bad enough, but the wrathful owner of the *Skimmer* was still harder on "the young thieves," as he called the boys. Not only did he compel them to pay a very large sum for the hire of the boat, but in addition exacted from them money enough to repair the damages twice over.

Ben's funds speedily gave out, but Gus, whose parents kept him well supplied, made up the amount, and, for a wonder, without grumbling. Both boys were heartily ashamed of the affair, although neither of them could imagine why the Doctor had never asked them how they had got out so quietly that night.

"I should think he'd be very curious about it," said Gus.

"Perhaps he knows," suggested Ben.

But they never could tell whether he did or not.

HOW TO MAKE A SET OF CHESS-MEN OUT OF SPOOLS.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

THOSE of our readers who have been interested in Mr. Eggleston's articles on chess, just published in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, would perhaps like to know how they can make a set of chess-men, with very little difficulty, out of material that may be procured in any household without the least trouble or expense.

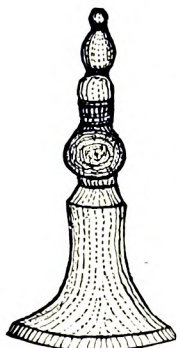


FIG. 1.

A very good set of chess-men can be made out of empty spools by any boy who is handy with his penknife. It will be better, however, to also use a file. First sharpen both blades of your knife. Then from among your stock select sixteen spools of equal sizes. These are for the pawns, which are the easiest to make, as they are smaller, and require less ornamentation than any of the other pieces. With your knife and file shape your pawn as in Fig. 1. The ornamental piece on the top is to be carved out of any soft white wood, such as pine or dog-wood, after which it is glued on to the pawn.

The next easiest pieces are the bishops, of which I have illustrated two styles, Figs. 2 and 2A. In both of these examples the round or rat-tail file is used to ornament the pedestals on which rest the bishop's book and cap. The original outlines of the spools are so nearly preserved in the figures that no further description will be needed.

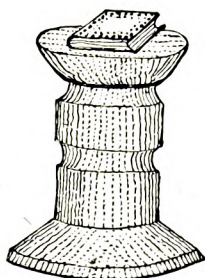


FIG. 2.

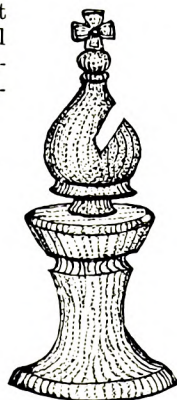


FIG. 2A.

The castles, or rooks, as they are sometimes called, are also easy to make, and in the game are next in value to the queens. There are four of these, and for them you will need four spools that have a thick body between the flanges. This thickness is taken advantage of when shaping out the castle, as shown in Fig. 3. The battlements on top of the castle are made out of the flanges of other spools, each one being cut out separately, and glued on to the top of the castle. The masonry work and embrasures can be carved, or drawn with ink.

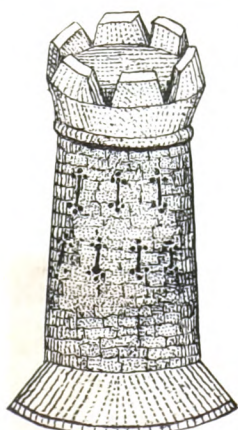


FIG. 3.

We now come to the last three pieces—the knight, the king, and the queen—which will require all your skill and dexterity. For the four knights which are required in your set cut two spools in half, so as to make of them four bases on which to fasten the heads. Carve the heads out of soft wood in imitation of a horse's head.

Should the mane of the horse be beyond your ability, it can be drawn in with black ink. The eyes and nostrils can also be drawn in, but the general shape or outline of the piece must be that of a horse's head. The ears are carved out separate-

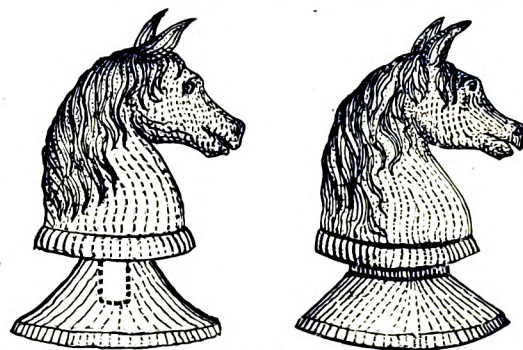


FIG. 4.

ly, and are glued on to the heads after they are shaped out.

To complete the set you need now two kings and two queens, and having had practice in making the others, you should have these look the best of all. In these pieces a great deal of skill can be displayed. Take Figs. 5 (a king) and 6 (a queen). The crowns are of separate pieces carved out of any wood that has a rich grain. The jewelry of the crowns can be painted in with brilliant colors, but in no other instance is it in good taste to use other colors than red and white, these being the authorized colors for chess-men.

Often, when painting in the jewels of the king's crown, I have used no other color than purple, and for the queen's crown blue. This variation of colors often helps young players to distinguish easily the king piece from the queen, and as all young people are fond of bright colors, I can see no very important rule in chess that is transgressed by making use of them.

After the parts are neatly and securely fastened together with glue, each piece should be thoroughly rubbed with very fine emery-paper. In case you have selected spools the wood of which shows a rich grain, or the tops of your pieces are of a rich-grained wood, it may be well to stain the red pieces with a rich and brilliant coloring matter, which, when thoroughly dry, should be gone over with a hard and transparent varnish. For the white pieces the natural color of the wood is retained, the grain being brought out by the varnish.

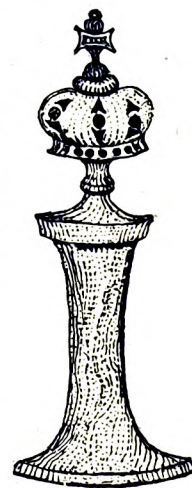


FIG. 5.

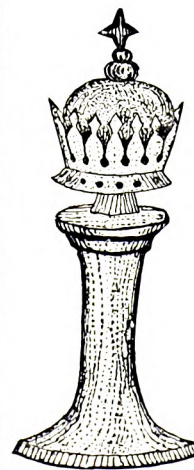


FIG. 6.

Should you desire to have your pieces approach in color those of ivory chess-men, you can not do better than to grind up some English vermilion in bleached shellac varnish, into which the pieces are *dipped*, and allowed to drain off. For the white pieces grind up Chinese white, and dip them; then suspend them, to allow all the superfluous varnish to drip off.

The number of pieces required in a set of chess-men is thirty-two, as follows: two kings, two queens, four castles, four bishops, four knights, and sixteen pawns, one half of each kind being red and the other half white.

I have seen cheap sets of chess-men painted red and black, but this is a bad arrangement, as the latter do not show well on the black squares of the board.

AN ELEPHANT THAT CAN READ.

MR. GEORGE CONKLIN, who has won a name as a very successful trainer of animals, and particularly of elephants, not long ago came to the conclusion that it would be possible to teach an elephant to read the commands given him by a keeper, instead of merely understanding a spoken direction.

He chose from out of the large herd belonging to Cole's Circus a fifteen-year-old elephant—Rajah. He then procured a blackboard, a couple of feet long and only a few inches wide, on which to write his orders to his pupil.

Of course Mr. Conklin did not in the beginning attempt to teach Rajah the alphabet. His theory was that the elephant would recognize the general look of a whole short word when written.

He brought Rajah into the ring once each day, and taking the word "March!" with which Rajah was entirely familiar when it was called out, Mr. Conklin slowly printed it before his eyes, allowing the animal to watch him and the writing. As soon as it was finished he laid down his chalk and shouted out, "March!" This was repeated.

Very soon Rajah of his own accord would start off around the ring as soon as the word "March" had grown into shape beneath Mr. Conklin's fingers. He had learned the look of that word perfectly. The keeper then passed on to "Stop," and the big brain of the beast quickly grappled with the crooked "S" and what came after it.

Rajah now reads about a dozen different words, and understands their meaning; nor is he ever confused upon any of them. Mr. Conklin expects to exhibit this extraordinary pupil next year, with one or two others equally learned. He is now educating them in the alphabet.

It has been said that elephants are the most intelligent animals after man. Some time ago we had an article in

YOUNG PEOPLE showing how they are employed in piling timber in Burmah.

On one occasion, soon after the close of a matinée performance given at Brockton, Massachusetts, by Mr. Forepaugh's circus troupe, a one-story frame building near the tents caught fire, and in a few moments the entire building was enveloped in flames.

While all were excited, and making futile attempts to pull down the buildings with their hands, Mr. Adam Forepaugh came running up, and taking in the situation at a glance, hastened to the elephant quarters, soon after appearing with Bolivar and Basil.

The two great beasts were hurried over to the fire, and began pulling down the horse sheds in obedience to directions given by Mr. Forepaugh.

In a very short space of time the sheds were demolished, the grand stand was saved, and the circus tents loomed up as proudly as ever. It was then and there proposed to make Messrs. Bolivar and Basil honorary members of the Brockton Fire Department.

Little Miss Blue Eyes, whose name was May,

Sat on the door-step singing away—

Singing a song for fun.

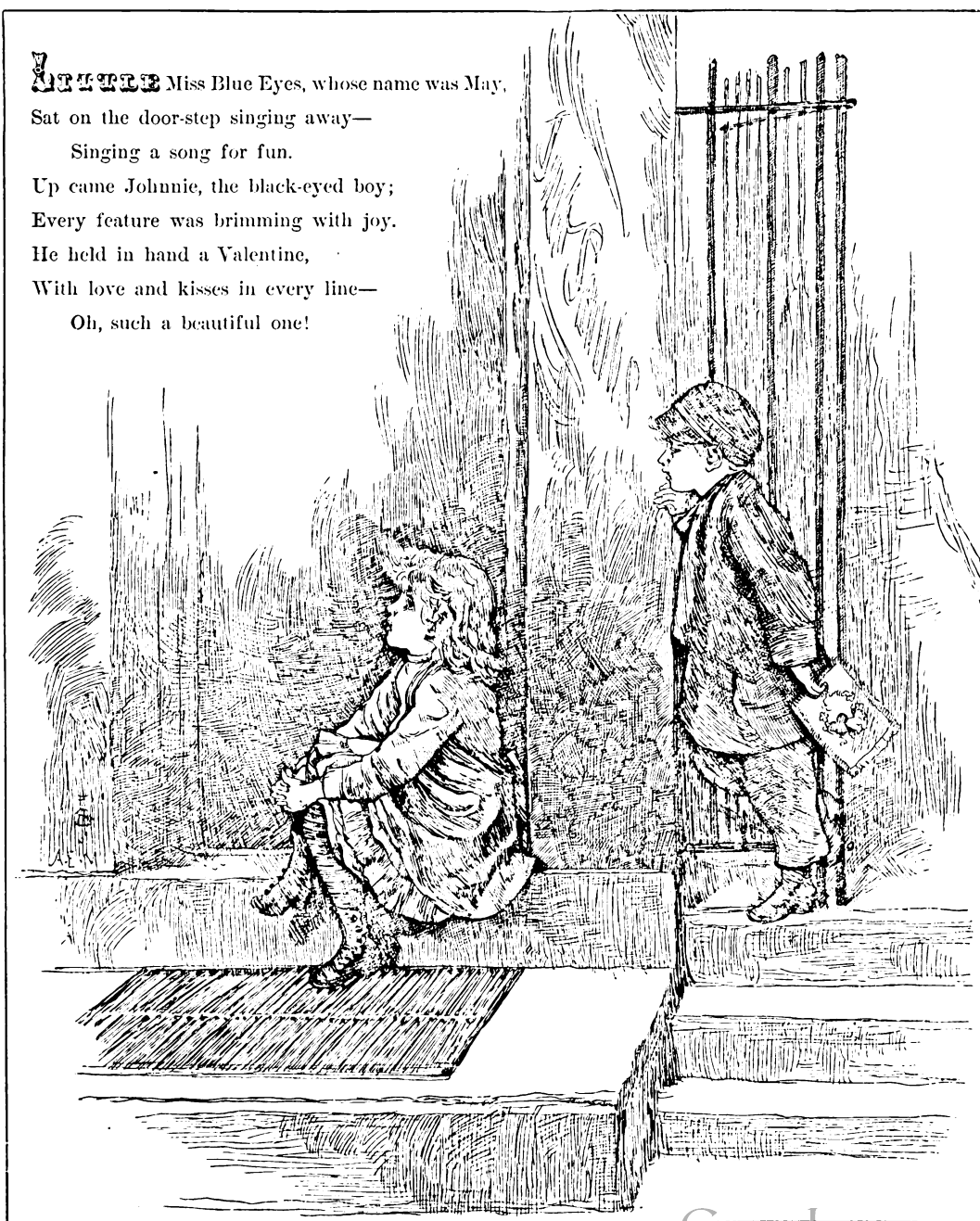
Up came Johnnie, the black-eyed boy;

Every feature was brimming with joy.

He held in hand a Valentine,

With love and kisses in every line—

Oh, such a beautiful one!





CUPID COMES.

LITTLE Cupid, fair and fine,
Have you brought my Valentine?
Have you something sweet for Amy,
And for Susie, Jack, and Jamie?
Won't the children laugh and shout
When they hear the merry rout,

As you blow your trumpet airy,
Darling Saint of February?
Little Cupid, with the doves,
All the children send you loves,
Crying one and all, "Be mine,
O you cunning Valentine!"

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

THOUGH February is here with its cheery reminder that it is time for old Winter to pack up and go, we are still ready to give a last backward look at Christmas. The little school at Woodside is an object of much interest to the readers of the Post-office Box, because they have helped its kind conductor to carry it on. By their contributions, too, she was assisted in building and furnishing the pretty little Episcopal church where the Sunday-school is held, and where the scene which she describes took place.

For the information of recent subscribers to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I will state that Mrs. Dr. Richardson is a Southern lady who was moved to undertake this good work by seeing the poverty and ignorance of the colored people at her doors. She began with Uncle Pete and his family, her former slaves, who had loyally clung to their mistress through all changes, and, as her kind heart would not suffer her to turn any one away, the number of her pupils grew very rapidly. Children's books, pictures, cards, and writing materials are always of use to Mrs. Richardson in her work.

WOODSIDE, NEAR LINCOLNTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Christmas, with all its pleasures and work, has gone once more. The next one is too far off to think of yet, so we will talk a little now about the one just past, which was a very happy one here at Woodside and in the neighborhood.

The day before Christmas the scholars came to help dress the church. They brought loads of evergreens in their hands and on their backs. Cedar and pine, holly gay with its scarlet berries, and mistletoe, prettier still, filled with clusters of pure white pearl-like berries. The wreaths were soon made, the tree brought in and made secure—a pleasant day's work.

It rained in the morning on Christmas-day, but kindly cleared off at noon. We were to have the tree at 3 p. m. We were surprised to see so many there, for though we had had all the seats or pews taken out to make plenty of room, there was not standing room for all who came.

The tree was the prettiest and most valuable we have ever had. You, dear helping friends, get better and better every year. We had clothes for all the needy ones, and some nice books, dolls, and toys for the others. They were all happy, from old Uncle Alfred, a gray-headed old dorky, who got a warm overcoat with a large blue bow pinned on (*à la boutonnière*) and a high sleek beaver hat, down to the babies with their rattles.

will do that in letters to you individually. Hoping that this year will be a happy one for you all, and that your interest in our little school may continue, and your help be given as we need it, I am truly and gratefully your friend.

MRS. RICHARDSON.
The following persons contributed to the tree: Mrs. Connor and friends, Mrs. Slack and daughter, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Oliver and children, Mrs. Shepard and children, Mrs. Campbell and children, Mrs. and Miss Taber, Miss Young, Miss Nellie Douglass, Mrs. Beeler, Miss May O'Neil, Mr. and Miss Franklin, Nat. B. Blunt, Misses Utley, Mrs. Moffat and friends, and Mrs. Henderson.

In No. 218 we published a letter from a young lady resident upon a lonely little island in the Gulf of Mexico. We are pleased to hear from her again, and shall keep a niche for her when she feels like telling us about "the strange lady."

SANTA SEE, LIME KEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—If you could have seen the eager group around our ruddy evening fire when HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE came, and my letter in it, you would have been pleased, I am sure, to have given so much pleasure to our little family. Again and again I read it and looked at it to make sure of it. Then it seemed to my wondering eyes to take up so little room, and I had actually thought I had written so much, and father laid down his pipe, and was pleased too. Sandy kept exclaiming, "Well, I never!" After everybody had gone to bed in our island home, and only the roar of the water outside and the rushing of the wind through the giant palmettos sounded through the quiet house, I was positively silly enough to creep out of my bed and blow up the dying embers on the hearth to see that the letter was really there and I had not dreamed it. I want to say so much, and you had so generously asked me to write, where shall I begin? My dear old father smiles and shakes his head. I believe he thinks me "daft." We came here seven years ago, from Scotland. I well remember our home there, and hope some day to return to it. We are of a sturdy old stock (so my father says), and lived in Castle Tabbard, Ross-shire—a rough, grand old place, half tumbled down, but we loved it, Sandy and I. My uncle lives there now, and that is why we do not, and father does not like to talk about it, and said he had wandered so far away that he should not regret it until he got his right again. But our home here: it is a rough place too, but built in queer shape by my father's own hands, and Sandy helped all he could; even I could do something. It is just stont palmetto logs cut down and thatched with clay, and the fire-places are so big that a moderate-sized tree sits very well within.

The white school was very happy too. You may guess how happy when I tell you that many of them had no presents or any pleasure at Christmas-tide except the Sunday-school tree. We had this year plenty of candy; after the lace stocking for each had been filled, there was a basketful left. This was given to the best boy in the white school to distribute by a handful to each one, and there was still a little left. "Now go and give it to the hungry ones—those who have no candy at home," said Miss Ida, and off he went, so happy and pleased.

Our school will be larger this year than ever before, we think. We can't go on with the old scholars as we would like, teaching them year after year. Many of them are vagrants, and change their homes every few years, often getting too far away to come to Sunday-school at all. New families take their places, so we are always beginning with A. B. C. All need teaching, so we ought not to care, but one can't help hating to give up a bright, pleasant scholar. I can not take up room in this dear little Post-office Box to write my thanks to you, but I

Is this too much, dear lady? May I write again? I feel as if I had come into possession of a treasure. Dear Mrs. G., who was so kind to us, has invited me some day to visit her. It would seem like a vision of paradise to see New York and all the great and beautiful places she tells us of. I will tell you of our strange lady again.

EMILY M.

EAST MORICHES, NEW YORK.

Most of the people on this part of Long Island are farmers. My grandfather owns a large farm, but papa has only a small cottage and about an acre of land, as we do not live here all the time, and do not want any more. From our windows we have a nice view of the Great South Bay and Atlantic Ocean. I am eleven years old, and have a little brother two years old; his name is Edwin Grey. I have a large Newfoundland dog, a white cat, and five tame chickens for pets. I used to have two canary-birds, but they died about a year ago. Papa gave me HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for a Christmas present last year. I like it very much. I have a great many books, and am trying to get enough for a library. I am very fond of poetry, and papa gave me three beautiful volumes, *Bryant's Poems*, *Moore's*, and *Favorite Poems*, for my Christmas gift. I go to school every day in pleasant weather. I would like to tell you what I study, but it would make my letter too long.

M. D. W.

It is a very good idea to gradually collect enough really good books to form a library of your own. Libraries are something like plants and children, in the fact that the best ones are not to be made in a day. They grow by degrees, and sometimes very slowly, but how precious they are, for every good book is a dear silent friend, always ready to give you its company, no matter whether the sun shines or the rain falls. I wish all the boys and girls would begin forming libraries of their own.

ST. IGNACE, MICHIGAN.

I am a little girl nine years old. I have two brothers; their names are Charlie and Robbie. Charlie is twelve and Robbie is three; and there is one little sister five years old, named Gracie. We live away up in the northern part of Michigan, and it's pretty cold here just now. We came from Erie, Pennsylvania, last summer, where we have left grandpa, grandma, uncles, aunts, cousins, and many friends. This is a new, wild country compared with our Eastern home. My papa is superintendent of Allenville, a little village ten miles from here that belongs to a furnace company. There are eleven coal kilns there, a boarding-house, store, school-house, blacksmith's shop, barn and stables, and a new depot, besides a good many log houses. Papa goes to this little town every morning on the cars, and comes home every night. We live at St. Ignace, near the large furnace of Davenport, Fairbairn, & Co., which is the company my papa works for. We have a nice Sunday-school here at the hall every Sabbath. Brother Charlie and I go to school, and if you will publish this letter I will tell you about our school in my next letter. I wrote this letter myself, and would like to see it in the Post-office Box of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. BESSIE B. C.

Bessie has written a bright little letter, and I hope she will become very fond of her new home.

CASTALIAN SPRINGS, TENNESSEE.

I am a little boy eight and a half years old. I have a funny little sister five years old. When she spells kid in her Primer, she sees the picture and says, "K-i-d, goat." We have six pets—a dog named Jenny, a cat named Waddy, a hen named Fluffy, a goat named Billy, and two geese. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much. Can you furnish the copies of YOUNG PEOPLE containing the first four chapters of "Raising the 'Pearl'"? If so, at what price? I hope you will publish this. Your little reader,

MINNIE B.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers will send you the numbers you mention on receipt of 20 cents.

Your little sister is a cunning little puss.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am a little girl six years old. I can not write yet myself, but I have a lady to come every day to teach me, and I hope I can soon write to you myself. I have two horses—toy ones, but very large—one by the name of Fanny, and one Billy. Billy is the largest, and I'd rather play with them than with anything else. My doll Peggy is very sick; the doctor comes to see her. I have two pets—one a big Maltese cat named Tom, and the other a mastiff puppy named Prince Bowser; he is a funny little thing.

G. C.

KINGSBRIDGE, NEW YORK.

My brother takes this paper, and though it is supposed by some to be only for children, yet I assure you that the older ones enjoy it. As it seems to be the custom to write some of our experiences to you, I shall describe a row I took

across the Hudson to the Palisades on last election day.

A friend, my brother, and I started down Spuyten Duyvil Creek at about 10 A. M., in a small skiff. Before we entered the noble Hudson we succeeded in breaking an oar, but it was not so broken as to be useless. The river being quite rough, I had some labor in keeping the boat headed right, and the waves were so high that we nearly shipped water. Finally we approached the west shore, and leaving our boat high up, out of reach of the tide, we proceeded up the river road, and, meeting some school-children, were directed to a path leading up the high cliffs.

At first it had seemed impossible to ascend, but now it was very easy. A winding path had been cleared, and a hand-rail was placed on the lower side. When we were about half-way up, we found a high wall, through which was a rustic door, which we succeeded in opening. Some stone steps led us to the top, and then what a view! Behind us the country residences of rich city people, and in front the beautiful "Rhine of America," as it has been aptly called. We enjoyed the scene for a few minutes, and then explored the country for a mile or two back.

Returning the same way, we found that the water was nearly up to the boat. The tide was coming in rapidly, and my friend had great ado to get the boat even across the river, and when we arrived at the east shore we were three-quarters of a mile above the creek. The others now got out and walked down, while I rowed the now light craft into the creek, and we arrived home, tired and hungry, at 2.30 P. M.

I was very much interested in that letter of Emily M., and if her brother Sandy would like to correspond with a boy of his own age, I should be very happy to be the recipient of a letter from him addressed to Station S, New York City.

F. B. KELLEY.

THE SEASONS.—(For Boys.)

Spring.

Mud, marbles, tops and strings—
This is just what April brings.
Paste, paper, whittling sticks,
Kites—always in a "fix."

Summer.

Bats, balls, fish-lines, poles,
Bows, arrows, targets, holes,
Gardens, tools, hoes and rakes,
Swimming, boating, picnics, cakes.

Autumn.

Nutting, nutbags, nutshells, colds;
Every drawer some boy's nuts holds,
Put away for winter eating—
Gone before Thanksgiving's greeting.

Winter.

Sleds, skates, skate keys, straps,
Mittens, wet feet, leggings, caps,
Snow-balls, skating, coasting, fun—
Such is "life" when boys are young.

MILLBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHARLIE F.

ALBION, NEW YORK.

I have been thinking of writing for a long time, and as there is no school, I will do so now. I am fourteen years of age, and weigh sixty-six pounds. My sister and I are in the last grade of the Grammar School, and expect to go into the High School next term. My sister and I have a good many house plants, of which we take nearly all the care. We have now (January 4) a calla lily, a white hyacinth in bloom, and some sweet alyssum budding. The pansy is my favorite flower, and last summer we sometimes picked over fifty blossoms. My favorite author is Pansy; I have read about twenty of her books. We have a cat named Rosy, which can open a door with a latch on. We all like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much.

PHILOXY.

Here, girls, is a hint for you. Will not those who love flowers notice Philoxy's letter, and write us about their plants?

"Miss Mary,

Quite contrary,

Pray, how does your garden grow?

With cockle-shells,

And silver-bells.

And cowslips all in a row."

AMBOY, ILLINOIS.

I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. I like Jimmy Brown's stories the best, and I wish he would write oftener. I like to read the Post-office Box almost as well as I do the stories. I have a little canary-bird; his name is Dandy; he is yellow all over, and he sings nearly all the time. I have not been to school since a little while before Christmas, but I study at home. Sometimes I take my sled, and a little girl who lives next door to me comes out, and each of us has a little bell, and we take turns in drawing each other on the sled, and we ring our bells; but we have no hill to slide down. I used to live in a little country town, Lee Centre, about four miles from here, and there was a long hill in the yard next to ours, where I used to have lots of fun in the winter-time. There would be a whole lot of big boys and girls there nearly all the time that they were

not at school, and we little girls would slide down, and then the big boys would come down behind us, and then we would have them pull us up again.

CELIA M. L.

CULBERTSON, NEBRASKA.

I wonder if you would like to have a letter from some little people on a ranch. I am ten years old, and I have a brother of six, and although we see very few people, we manage to have plenty of fun. We have lessons and work, but all the time we get we play out-doors, or ride on horse-back. My brother spends much of his time trying to lasso some one as they do the cattle, and he thinks it great fun if he is successful. A few weeks ago three little children took a horseback ride of eighteen miles to visit us, and mamma says we all enjoyed it more than if we had been a few blocks off. We stay here through the summer, going into town in the winter, but are long getting off this year. I think if some of the little city children could run races with us out here in the country, they would be as strong and rosy as we are. There are both wild-cats and porcupines here, although we have never seen any. We also have a funny kind of a rat, called a pack rat; it stores away all kinds of wild fruits and nuts for winter, besides many other things we can not see the use of. One night some of them came into our house and carried off five pairs of stockings and some other small things; next morning we had a funny time looking for our stockings. We often have quite a concert from the coyotes if there is a dead animal near. Papa has given me *YOUNG PEOPLE* for two birthdays, and I tell him he may keep on doing so, for I think it is the nicest present he could give me. We read a little every night, so as to make it last the week. I like Mrs. Lillie's stories best, but everything is just lovely. Mamma thinks that nobody ever had so many nice correspondents as you have. I hope my letter is not too long to be printed.

CORA MCC.

I am of mamma's opinion about my correspondents. What a wise old fellow that pack rat is! but rather too frisky to be a convenient neighbor.

We are twins, and have just returned from Europe, after having spent a year and a half abroad. We did not suffer from seasickness on our journey, and were favored by good weather all the way. We fished for crabs on the door-step in Venice, and went up into the dome of St. Peter's, and visited the Leaning Tower of Pisa. If space would admit, we could tell you many more interesting things about our visit. We look so much alike that one who did not know us very well would scarcely be able to tell us apart, as we dress so much alike. We expect to go to school in Germany next year. We are called GIROFLE and GIROFLA.

YONKERS, NEW YORK.

I thought I would write and tell you about the recesses at our school. School goes in at nine o'clock, but there is one class that recites at half past eight. The first recess is from eleven until ten minutes past, and the second is from half past twelve to half past one, and school is out at three. The boys can work and study as long before school and during recess as they wish to, and get out just so much earlier than they would if they had not done so. There is a little hollow just in front of the school-house, and when it rains in winter it gets full of water, and then freezes and makes quite a skating pond. One winter all of our boys stood in a row from the pump in the cellar to this hollow, and passed bucketfuls of water along the line, and emptied them into the hollow, until it was as full as it could be, and then let it freeze, and we had some very good skating on it for quite a while afterward. I forgot to say that the name of our school is Yale School for Boys.

I. A.

LANOULE, ILLINOIS.

My papa is a doctor, and I am all the boy he has. I am twelve years old, and am small of my age, though I enjoy excellent health. Our school has three rooms, higher, intermediate, and primary. We have two recesses, one in the forenoon at half past ten and one in the afternoon at three o'clock; we are allowed to play fifteen minutes. We have no hills in our town, so when we go coasting we club together and make a sliding-place with snow, and while it is cold weather we have grand times. One of my little playmates got his leg cut with my sled runner; it has laid him up for a few days; my papa says one of the cords is cut. I have had my sled two years; it has never had any handles on it so that I could steer it in coasting. Papa is going to fix it for me, and then I will go scooting. I have a beautiful fox-squirrel; he is tame enough to let him out in the office. I had a dog I loved very much; I could harness him up to my wagon in the summer; but some one shot him last summer. We all missed him so much, he was so knowing. I had a hen given me with eleven chicks; two of them died, so nine remain to have cold feet. We keep them in the barn. I have a cat eight years old; he is a large and noble fellow; I call him Malte White. I have two canaries; one I call

Mark, and the other Maud; the female bird warbles like a bluebird.

GEORGE R.

BANTAM, OHIO.

I am a little boy eleven years old, and have two brothers and one sister. I live on a farm. I have been taking the dear paper for nearly two years. I like Jimmy Brown's stories very much; I would not have been in his cousin's place in the chimney for a good deal. We have nice sleighing here now.

GEORGE C.

GRINNELL, IOWA.

I want to just whisper in your ear, and have you print this in *YOUNG PEOPLE*, which we enjoy reading, and the nice pictures are just splendid. I like the little letters so much, my papa reads them to me. I have a kitty named Eyebright and a dolly named Nellie Fannie. I have two brothers named Harry and Willie, and a sister named Lena. I had a baby brother named Ruel, but he was killed in the cyclone here. We miss him so much! I was badly hurt, but am now well. Santa Claus gave me a doll, two books, and lots of candy. I wish Maud I, of Fort Bayard, would write to me. I am a little girl six years old. Papa wrote this for me.

GRACIE GUTHRIE.

NEW YORK CITY.

I am a little girl eight years old. I do not go to school, but I take lessons at home. I want to tell you something about my pets. I have a pet cat Sandy—for he is all yellow—and a pet bird Dickie, and a little chicken named Blackie. Blackie is very tame, and will eat out of my hand. I have five dolls; a large one, which is nearly up to my waist, is named Lulu; the other names are Adie, Daisy, Julie, and Mabel. I gained the first prize at Sunday-school this Christmas for perfect lessons and attendance for one year. It was very hard to be there on cold and windy Sundays, as I had a long way to go. My prize was a Hymnal and Prayer-book; and my brother received a silver medal from his teacher. I am going to try again this year for the first prize. Dear Postmistress, please publish this letter, as I wrote once before, and was very much disappointed at not seeing it. My brother and I have taken the paper for about two years, and I can hardly wait for Tuesday to come.

MABEL S. F.

Thanks to Marion T., James S., Dick and Daisy, Eleanor R., and Gertrude P., for their pleasant favors.—Helen W. G.: Please write again.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A mineral. 3. Something all children like. 4. The name of a great man, one of the Presidents. 5. To rebuke. 6. Not young. 7. A letter.

FLORENCE RANDALL.

No. 2.

TWO ENIGMAS.

1.—My first is in feather, but not in plume.
My second is in parlor, but not in room.
My third is in orange, but not in pear.
My fourth is in wind, but not in air.
My fifth is in men, I ut not in boys.
My sixth is in romp, but not in noise.
My seventh is in eyes, but not in mouth.
My whole is found from north to south.

G. L. N.

2.—My first is in eve, but not in night.
My second in valley, but not in height.
My third is in love, but not in hate.
My fourth is in Ellen, also in Kate.
My fifth is in net, but not in trap.
My sixth is in Ted, on his mother's lap.
My seventh is in inn, but not in shed.
My eighth is in robin, with bosom red.
My ninth is in letter, which came to Nell
From a little laddie who loves her well.
My whole is something we often see
About this time in February.

MOTHER BUNCH.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 221.

No. 1.—Deer. Constantinople.
No. 2.—S O L A R
O L I V E
L I K E N
A V E R T
R E N T S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Mamie Allen, Florence Randall, H. E. Carver, Gertrude L. Heritage, Lena O. Swope, Edith R. Riley, Jennie McBride, M. F. To Plitz, Hugh McF., Anna M. Green, D. S. Coe, George D. Blois, R. E. D., Grace Nettleton, Rebecca S. J., Lulu Van Orden, Flo Kennedy, Edward Weiser, Maud S. Nickerson, Frank E. Ward, Frank and Charles Malthy, Carrie Ayer, Joseph R. Bolton, Harry Kensett, G. Grant Armor, Jack Spaulding, Nettie Simmonds, Zula Church, Edmund Wiz, Jack Kennedy, Flo Chambers, Eva M. Hefelbower.

[For Exchanges, see 20th and 30th pages of cover.]



"SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN
SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

DOING DOUBLE DUTY.

A GENTLEMAN friend had a handsome brown retriever, which, like most of its kind, was very fond of carrying its master's stick, umbrella, or any article with which he thought fit to intrust it. One day the dog accompanied his master, who was going to pay a call, and, as usual, begged for and was permitted to carry his umbrella.

In going toward the house they were met by a smaller dog, which advanced toward the gentleman in an angry fashion, growling and snapping, as if bidding him keep his distance. For a moment the retriever hesitated. He had charge of the umbrella, and was unwilling to quit it. But anxiety for his owner triumphed. Laying down the article at his master's side, with a look which might have been a request that he would take care of it for a moment, he seized the smaller dog by the back of the neck and gave him a tremendous shaking, after which he allowed him to run yelping away. Then, with an

upward glance of triumph which seemed to say, "I have settled that gentleman for you; he will think twice before he again meddles with any one under my charge," he resumed his hold of the umbrella and trotted joyfully after his master toward the door of the house, evidently delighted that his double duty had been properly fulfilled.

ST. VALENTINE.

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE.

ST. Valentine, St. Valentine,
You must be old,
You must be gray;
But do not tarry
On your way.
For St. Valentine's Day is bonny,
St. Valentine's Day is fair,
And I've written a loving missive
To a maid with golden hair.
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Smile on this little maid of mine.

SHE.

St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
You must be old,
You must be gray;
But do not tarry
On your way.
My laddie comes from yonder town.
He rides his white horse up and down.
No other one from far or near
Is half so gay as he that's here.
So sweet he is, so fair and fine,
I'll take him for my Valentine.

HOW TO COUNT TEN WITH THREE COINS.

SHOW that you have only three coins in your hand. Put them down in a row, one by one, on a table, counting "one, two, three," as you do so. Then touch each coin in succession, counting "four, five, six." As you count six take into your hand the coin you are touching. Count the next coin "seven," and take that up. Touch the coin remaining on the table, and count "eight." Then put down one of the coins in your hand, and say "nine." Lastly, put down the third coin, and say "ten."

This appears very simple on reading the description; but, after rehearsing it, show it to an audience, and ask them to do it. Scarcely any one will succeed.



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THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER XIII.

SNOWED UNDER IN THE "IGLOO."

THERE was a roguish twinkle in the Captain's eye, as though oil was not so precious but that they might have burned a few more drops of it; but an order was an order, and everybody was quite ready for darkness when it came, except Tug.

Then how pitchy it was, and how the wind sung and whizzed over their rough-edged shield of ice, now and then catching the border of their ill-stayed tent and giving it a furious flap, as though about to throw it over! But weariness and warmth—for snowy nights are often not so cold as clear ones—closed ears as well as eyes, and when they awoke it was gray light in the tent, and half past seven o'clock.

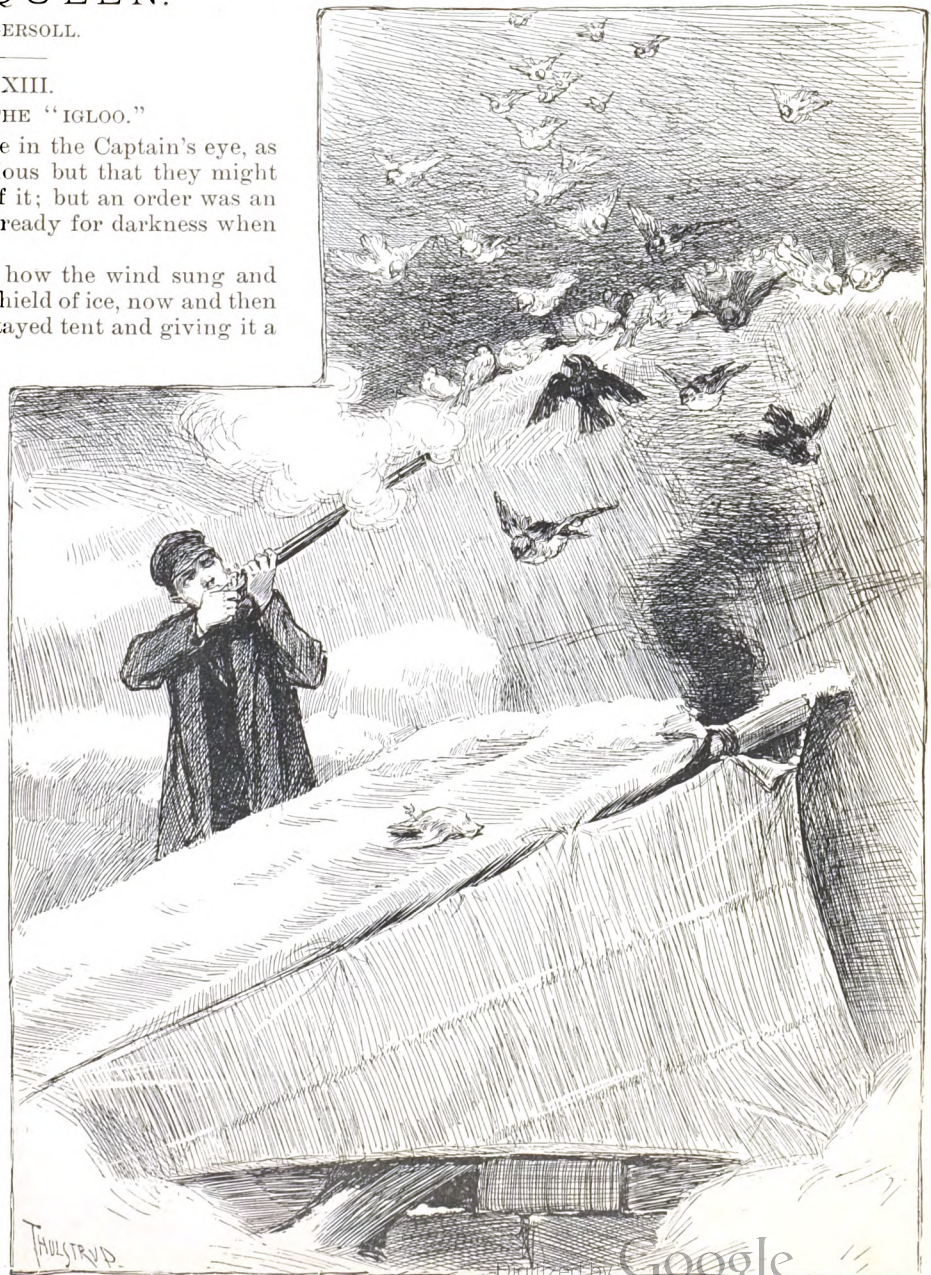
Katy was the first one to peep over the gunwale of the boat, though Aleck was already awake.

"Is the place full of snow?" he asked.

"No, but the canvas sags a good deal."

"Well, you keep under your blankets till Tug and I—get out of this, mate!—have cleared up the floor a little, and built a fire. I'm afraid we won't get away from here to-day."

After breakfast the two larger lads crawled over the wall, sinking up to their waists in the snow as they stepped off. Struggling out, they climbed up a little way upon the crest of the hummock, where it had been swept clear of snow by the wind, which had now fallen. But nothing could be seen



* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

through the veil of thick-flying flakes except the dirty gray of their canvas roof and the thin wisps of smoke that curled upward from beneath it. All else was pure white, sinking on every side into a circle of foggy storm. Around the outer side of the boat and the end of the house drifts had been heaped up even on to the edge of the canvas, and their house was a cave between the ice and the snow-bank.

"It's snug enough," said Tug.

"Yes, but I should hate to starve to death or freeze there, all the same," replied Aleck.

"But it ain't very cold—and—and—say! we've lots of food, 'ain't we?"

"Enough for about ten days if we put ourselves on precious short rations; but most of it—the flour and bacon and so on—must be cooked, and this takes fire, and fire takes fuel, which is just what we haven't got. If we should use every bit of wood there is except the boat and sledge, there wouldn't be enough to cook our food for ten days. Besides, though it isn't cold now, it's likely to turn mighty cold after this snow-storm, and then we must have a fire or freeze."

"But we could get ashore back at the Point in a day's travel. Or, for that matter, the south shore can't be far off, though we can't see it through this fearful storm."

"If we had clear ice it would be all right, but how can we travel in this snow? It can't be less than two feet deep everywhere for miles and miles. You and I might go a little way, but Katy and the Youngster couldn't budge twenty steps. It's really a serious scrape we have brought ourselves into; and we ought to have thought about this before we started. Talk about Dr. Kane! He never was worse off in the Arctic regions than we're likely to be right here in a day or two, unless something happens."

Aleck certainly was very down-hearted, and his companion did not seem much disposed to "brace him up," as he would have expressed it. He only replied, in an equally discouraged voice,

"I don't see what *can* happen out here—for good."

"Nor I. Let's go in; it's no use standing here in the snow. But, mind you, no word of all this to the others yet."

All day long the snow sifted down in fine dense flakes that piled up higher and higher around their house, though there was enough wind to keep it from collecting on the roof, which was very fortunate. They sat in the boat, half nestling in the straw; told stories; made Tug tell them everything he could think of about animals and shooting; invented puzzles, Aleck setting some hard sums; mended clothes—this, of course, was Katy's amusement; and guessed at conundrums. Here Jim outshone all the rest. He was sharper with his answers than any of them, and finally proposed the following:

"Ebenezer Mary Jane, spell it with two letters?"

They knit their brows over it, pronounced it impossible to solve, and gave it up.

"I-t, it," says Jim, and carried off the honors.

Tired of this, they listened while Katy read from the precious book of Norwegian stories, and then chapter after chapter out of the little red Testament.

When lunch-time came, both the big boys vowed they were not a bit hungry, and refused to eat; Katy took only a cracker, but Jim ate three crackers, and the last bit of the cold ham, picking the bone so clean that, big as it was, Rex, who was frightfully hungry, could get little comfort out of it, though he gnawed at it nearly all the afternoon. Then Tug smashed it for him, and gave him another try, which he appreciated highly.

The afternoon and evening were very dull, and if they did not go to sleep at once after they had gone to bed, certainly there was little fun-making among the weather-bound prisoners.

CHAPTER XIV.

SAVED FROM STARVATION.

WHEN they arose next morning the air was much lighter, for it was no longer snowing. Breaking their way out after breakfast, Aleck and Tug climbed to the crest of the hummock above the house, where pretty soon they were joined by Katy and Jim, anxious to get a look abroad. There was not much satisfaction in this, though. On all sides stretched an unbroken area of white—a spotless expanse of new snow such as you never can see on land, for there was nothing to break the colorless monotony, except where the hummock stretched away right and left, half-buried, and as white as the rest, except at a few points where crests of upturned ice-blocks stood above the drifts.

"There is a higher point a little way over there," said Aleck to Tug; "let's go across, and see if it will show us anything new."

"Mayn't we come?" asked Jim.

"No, Youngster, stay with Katy. It would be a useless journey for you, and we'll soon be back."

And off they went, floundering up to their waists much of the time.

"Jim," says Katy, "I see just beyond the hut"—pointing in the direction opposite from that in which the lads had gone—"a space under the edge of the hummock where the ice seems pretty clear. Understand? And look! don't you see that long dark line there? I wonder what it can be? Let us go and find out. We can get along easily enough after a few steps."

Jim strode ahead, and stamped down a path for Katy through the snow that lay between their house and the clear space of ice that had been swept by the eddy under the hummock, until, a moment later, they were both running along upon a clean floor toward the object they had seen. Now they could make it out clearly; and at the first discovery Jim tossed his cap high in the air and gave a hurrah, in which the girl joined, wishing she too had a cap to throw up. What do you suppose it was that had so excited and gladdened them? Can't you guess?

A log of wood frozen into the ice!

"Now we can have all the fire we want."

"And I can keep the coffee hot for the second cup."

Then they looked at one another, and laughed and clapped their hands again. Were two children ever before made so happy by the simple finding of a log?

Just then they heard Aleck's voice:

"Hallo-o-o! Where are you?"

Jim jumped up, and was about to shout back, but his sister threw her hand over his mouth.

"Stop, Jimkin. Let them look for us, and have the fun of being surprised by our great discovery."

So both kept quiet, and let the boys shout. By-and-by they saw their heads bobbing over the drift, and presently Tug came running toward them, with Aleck close behind.

"Why didn't you answer? Didn't you hear us? Hello! Whoop—la! Wood, or I'm a Dutchman!" and all echoed his wild shout, and tried to imitate his dance, until the joy was bumped out of them by a sudden fall on the slippery ice.

It was a tree trunk of oak, that had been floating about, frozen into the ice, above the surface of which fully half of it was to be seen. The stubs of the roots were toward them, while the upper end of the tree, which had been a large one, was lost in a drift more than forty feet distant.

"There is enough good wood here," said Aleck, "to keep us warm for two months if we don't waste it; and we ought to be very thankful."

"Then let's have a fire right away!" Jim exclaimed.

"All right, Youngster," was the Captain's response.

"Fetch the axe, and we'll soon light up."

When Jim had disappeared, Katy asked her brother what he had seen.

"Nothing," was the reply. "And it would just be impossible to move half a mile a day in this snow. It's one of the deepest falls I ever saw. We've got to stay here, for all I see, till it melts, or crusts over, or blows away, or something else happens."

"Well, we have plenty of fuel now."

"Yes, but we can't live on oak—though we might on acorns. But here comes Jimkin. Let's say no more about it now, Katy."

As the chips flew under Tug's blows, Katy gathered an armful, and hastened back to kindle a fire, while Jim and Aleck busied themselves in clearing a good path, and in hauling the hand-sled from under the boat, where it had been jammed into the drift out of the way. By the time it was ready, Tug had chopped a sled-load of wood, and they hauled it to the house. It had been very awkward climbing over their wall of boxes, but they had been afraid to move any part of it, for fear of throwing down the snow which had banked it up and made the place so tight and warm. However, there was one box which must shortly be moved in order to get at more provisions; so it was carefully removed, and the wood piled in its place, leaving a low archway underneath, through which they could crawl on their hands and knees.

"That's just like an *igloo*," said Katy.

"What's an '*igloo*'?"

"An Esquimau house made of frozen snow in the shape of a dome, and entered by a low door, just like this one. By-the-way, are you getting hungry?"

"Yes; bring us something to eat."

They went back to their chopping. Pretty soon Katy came running out, bringing some crackers, a little hard cheese, and the last small jar of jelly—"just for a taste," she explained. Then she broke out with her story:

"Oh, boys, there's a whole lot of little birds—white and brown—around the house. They seem to like to get near the smoke. I'm going to throw out some crumbs."

"Yes, do," said Tug, eagerly, "and I'll get my gun."

"What? to shoot them! Oh no."

"But they will make good eating."

"Ye-es, I suppose so," agreed the kind-hearted girl; "but I hate to have them shot."

"It's hard, I know," Aleck said, sympathizing more with his sister than with the birds, I fear; "but we need everything we can get. It may be a great piece of good fortune that they have come, and— Hold up, Tug; aren't you afraid if you shoot them they will be scared away for good?"

"No fear of that!" was the answer; "and we have no other way. Come along, Katy, and keep Rex quiet."

Luncheon was stuffed in their pockets, and all hastened toward the house.

There they still were—several flocks of birds resembling sparrows, but larger than any common sparrow, and white; so white, in fact, that they could only be seen at all against the snow by glimpses of a few brown and black feathers on their backs. In each flock, however, there were one or two of a different sort, easily distinguishable by their darker plumage and rusty brown heads. They were very restless, constantly rising and settling, but showed no disposition to go away, and took little alarm at the four figures that stealthily approached.

"What are they?" whispered Aleck to Tug.

"White snow-clouds, or snow-buntings," he whispered back. "Mighty good eating."

Creeping quietly into the house, Tug took his shot-gun out of the boat and hastily loaded it, but with great care to see that there was priming well up in the nipple and a good cap on. Then he slung his shot pouch and powder-horn—a short black well-polished horn of buffalo, of which he was very proud, for it had been a curiosity in Monroe—and begged them all to stay in the house and let him alone, unless he called to them, and, above all, to

keep the dog inside. Then he crawled forward, holding his gun well in front of him, and they sat down to wait for the result.

Scarcely a minute had passed before a sharp report was heard, and a little thud upon the canvas roof. At this sound Rex leaped up, and was greatly excited. His ears were raised, his eyes flashed, and he gave several short quick barks. But Aleck had twisted his fingers in the dog's mane and forced him to drop down and keep quiet.

A short moment later there rang out a second report, and after time enough to reload, a third. Then the sportsman's voice was heard calling, and they all ran out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOUNG WASHINGTON IN THE WOODS.

THE STORY OF A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

BY GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

NO man ever lived whose name is more honored than that of George Washington, and no man ever deserved his fame more. All the success that ever came to him was won by hard work. He succeeded because he was the kind of man that he was, and not in the least because he had "a good chance" to distinguish himself. He never owed anything to "good luck," nor even to a special education in the business of a soldier. Some men are called great because they have succeeded in doing great things; but he succeeded in doing great things because he was great in himself.

Everybody who knew him, even as a boy, seems to have respected as well as liked him. There was something in his character which made men think well of him. When he was only sixteen years of age Lord Fairfax admired him to such a degree that he appointed him to a post which not many men would have been trusted to fill. He put the boy at the head of a surveying party, and sent him across the mountains to survey the valley of Virginia—a vast region which was then unsettled. So well did Washington perform this difficult and dangerous task that a few years later, when he was only twenty-one years old, the Governor of Virginia picked him out for a more delicate and dangerous piece of work.

The English colonies lay along the Atlantic coast, while the French held Canada. The country west of the Alleghany Mountains, which we now know as Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, etc., was claimed by both the French and the English, though only the Indians lived there. The French made friends of the savages, and began building forts at different points in that region, and putting soldiers there to keep the English away. The Governor of Virginia wanted to put a stop to this, and so he resolved to send a messenger into "the Great Woods," as the Western country was called, to warn the French off, and to win the friendship of the Indians if possible.

For such a service he needed a man with a cool head, good sense, great courage, and, above all, what boys call "grit"; for whoever should go would have to make his way for many hundreds of miles through a trackless wilderness, over mountains and rivers, and among hostile Indians. Young Washington had already shown what stuff he was made of, and, young as he was, he was regarded as a remarkable man. The Governor therefore picked him out as the very best person for the work that was to be done.

It was November when he set out, and the weather was very cold and wet. He took four white men and two Indians with him, the white men being hunters who knew how to live in the woods. As the country they had to pass through was a wilderness, they had to carry all their supplies with them on pack-horses. They rode all day through the woods, and when night came slept in little tents by some spring or water-course. Day after day they



WASHINGTON AS A SURVEYOR.

marched forward, until at last they reached an Indian village, near the spot where Pittsburgh now stands, and there they halted to make friends with the Indians.

This was not very easy, as the French had already had a good deal to do with the tribes in that region; but Washington persuaded the chief, whose name was Tanacharisson, to go with him to visit the French commander, who was stationed in a fort hundreds of miles away, near Lake Erie.

This march, like the other, was slow and full of hardships; but at last the fort was reached, and Washington delivered his message to the French officer. A day or two later the Frenchman gave him his answer, which was that the Western country belonged to the French, and that they had no notion of giving it up.

All the trouble Washington had met in going north was nothing compared with what was before him in going back to Virginia again. The winter was now at its worst, and the weather was terrible. The rivers and creeks were full of floating ice, and the woods were banked high with snow. But Washington was not to be daunted by any kind of difficulty. He set out on his return march, and with the aid of canoes, in which his baggage was carried down a small stream that ran in that direction, he took his party as far as Venango, in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania.

There he found that he could go no further on horseback. The ground was frozen on top, but soft beneath,

and the poor horses broke through the hard crust at every step. There was a French fort at Venango, and Washington might have waited there very comfortably for better weather; but it was his duty to get back to Virginia as soon as possible with the French commander's answer, and so he made up his mind to go on, even at the risk of his life.

Leaving the rest of the party to come when they could with the horses, Washington and a single companion named Gist set out on foot for the long winter march. As they had no pack-horses to carry tents and cooking vessels and food, they had to leave everything behind except what they could carry on their backs; and as they were obliged to take their rifles, powder-horns, and bullet pouches, their hunting-knives and hatchets, and a blanket apiece, they were pretty heavily loaded, and could not afford to burden themselves with much else.

Day by day the two brave fellows trudged on through the snow-drifts, sleeping at night as best they could, exposed to the biting cold of the winter, without shelter, except such as the woods afforded. There were other dangers besides cold and hunger. At one time a treacherous Indian, who had offered to act as guide, tried to lead the two white men into a trap. As they suspected his purpose, they refused to do as he wished, and a little later he suddenly turned about and shot at Washington, who was only a few paces distant. Missing his aim, he was quickly overpowered, and Gist wanted to kill him, not merely because he deserved to be put to death for his treachery, but also because, if allowed to go free, he was pretty sure to bring oth-

er hostile Indians to attack the lonely travellers during the night.

But Washington would not have him killed. He made him build a camp fire, and then told him to leave them at once. The Indian did so, and as soon as it was certain that he was out of sight and hearing the two young men set out to make their escape. They knew the Indian would soon come back with others, and that their only chance for life was to push on as fast as they could. The Indians could track them in the snow, but by setting out at once they hoped to get so far ahead that they could not be easily overtaken.

It was already night, and the travellers were weary from their day's march, but they could not afford to stop or rest. All through the night they toiled on. Morning came, and they must have felt it nearly impossible to drag their weary feet further, but still they made no halt. On and on they went, and it was not till night came again that they thought it safe at last to stop for the rest and sleep they needed so badly. The strain they had undergone must have been fearful. They were already weary and way-worn when they first met the treacherous Indian, and after that they had toiled through the snow for two days and a night without stopping to rest or daring to refresh themselves with sleep.

Just before reaching their journey's end they arrived at the brink of a river which they expected to find frozen over, but found it full of floating ice instead. Without

boat or bridge, there seemed no chance of getting across; but after a while they managed to make a rude raft, and upon this they undertook to push themselves across with long poles.

The current was very strong, the raft was hard to manage, and the great fields of ice forced it out of its course. In trying to push it in the right direction, Washington missed his footing and fell into the icy river. His situation was very dangerous, but by a hard struggle he got upon the floating logs again. Still the current swept them along, and they could not reach either shore of the stream.

At last they managed to leap from the logs, not to the bank, but to a small island in the river. There they were very little better off than on the raft. They were on land, it is true, but there was still no way of getting to shore; and as there was nothing on the island to make a fire with, Washington was forced, drenched as he was with ice-water, to pass the long winter night in the open air, without so much as a tiny blaze or a handful of coals by which to warm himself.

Unfortunately the night proved to be a very cold one, and poor Gist's feet and hands were frozen before morning. Washington got no frost-bites, but his sufferings must have been great.

During the night that part of the stream which lay between the island and the shore that Washington wished to reach froze over, and the travellers were able to renew their journey. Once across that, the worst of their troubles were over.

Is it any wonder that a young man who did his duty in this way rapidly rose to distinction? He was always in earnest in his work, and always did it with all his might. He never shammed or shirked. He never let his own comfort or his own interest stand in the way when there was a duty to be done. He was a great man before he became a celebrated one, and the wisest men in the country found out the fact.

When the Revolution came there were other soldiers older and better known than Washington, but there were men in Congress who had watched his career carefully. They made him, therefore, commander-in-chief of the American armies, knowing that nobody else was so sure to do the very best that could be done for the country. They did not make him a great man by appointing him to the chief command; they appointed him because they knew he was a great man already.

FINDING BROTHER BILL.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

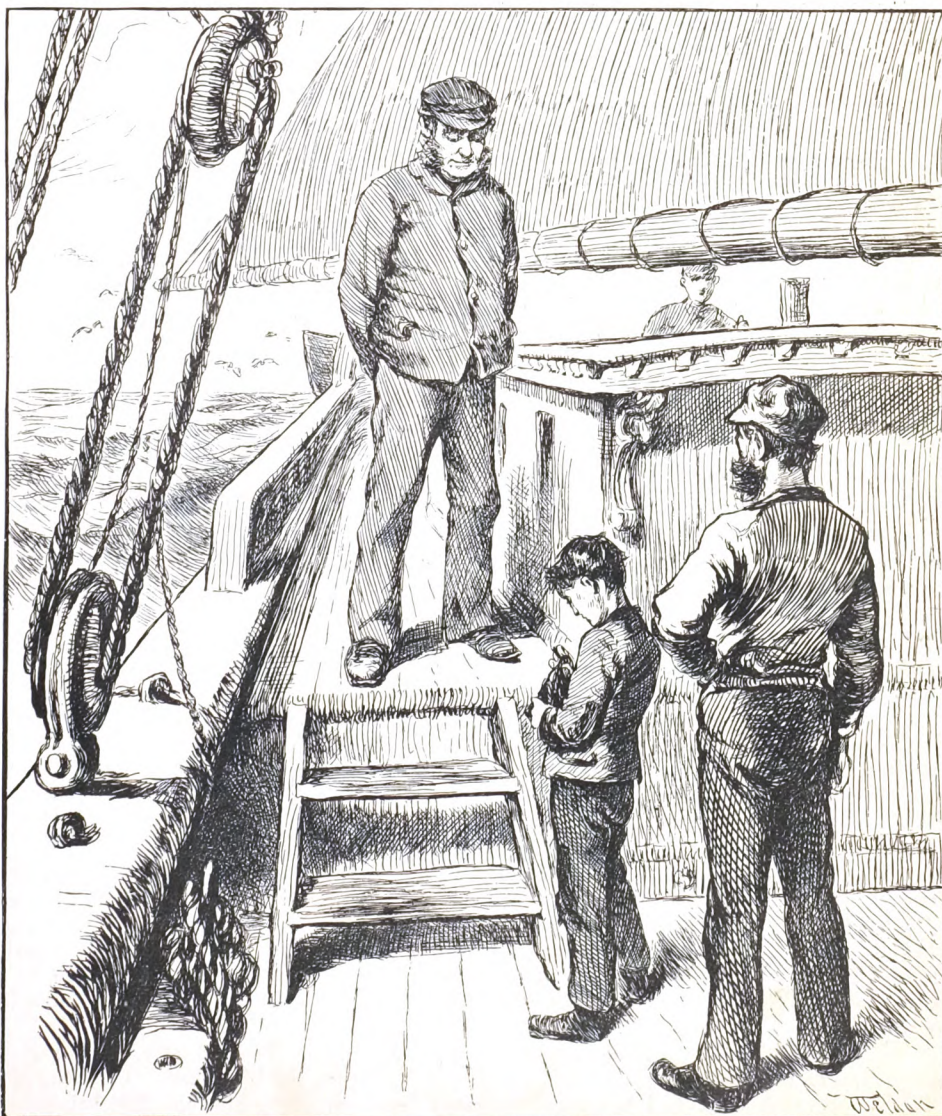
I WAS only fifteen, but tall and strong for my age, an ordinary seaman on board the old ship *Winchester*, of Bath, Maine. We went to Cardiff, Wales, and loaded coal for San Francisco. There being no crew on board while in port, there was not enough work to keep me busy, so Captain Bowline installed me as night-watchman, thus giving me all day for sleep or amusement as I pleased. Supper was over, and I stood idly by the rail, watching the home-going dock laborers.

Some one who had stepped quietly aboard while I was so busy with my thoughts touched my arm. Turning suddenly, I saw that the new-comer was a young fellow of my own age. His face was pale and wan, and I noticed that he was very poorly dressed. But he had the most honest gray eyes I ever looked into, and somehow I took a fancy to him at that very moment.

"D'y'e think the Cap'n might be wanting a—boy?" he inquired, in a low tone.

"I'm afraid not; but you can ask him if you like," I replied.

The young fellow (I will tell you now that his name was Edward Penfield, though he was always called Ned or English Ned) hesitated a moment, and then, cap in



"STOW-AWAY, SIR."

hand, approached Captain Bowline, who, if he was a bit short and sharp of speech, had the kindest of hearts.

I did not hear the talk between them, but saw by the look of Ned's face as he came forward that it was as I thought.

"He says that the crew's all engaged; and if they wasn't he'd take no boys, by reason of their being more plague than profit," explained Ned, sorrowfully, as we walked slowly forward together.

"Well," I said, as kindly as I could, "you haven't lost much, for I can tell you that getting round the Horn in winter is the hardest kind of a voyage."

"I wouldn't mind the hardness of it, so I could only get to 'Frisco," he replied, with a determined kind of look.

"What do you want to get *there* for?" I inquired, a bit curiously.

"Why, it's this way," Ned answered, slowly: "the folks died when I was a lad. We were poor, and there was nothing left for me and Bill. He's a good bit older than I, and he as good as brought me up his own self till I was old enough to work along of him in the mills. Then he gets the Californy fever, and ships in the *Sunderland* for 'Frisco, where they say money's to be had almost for the asking, allowing he'd send for me directly he earned money enough. That was five years ago," said Ned, wistfully, "and only for a line to say the ship got there all right I've never a word since, so now I'm minded to go to 'Frisco my own self and hunt him up."

"Well, I wish you *were* going," I answered him, "but it's six o'clock, and now I must go on duty. I'm the night-watchman, you know," I explained.

Ned nodded without speaking. He seemed to be in a sort of brown study, yet all the while his eyes were roving round from place to place. Finally they rested on the long-boat lashed on top of the for'ard house, and I noticed a curious look of determination appear on his thin face.

"I'll try it!" he exclaimed, half aloud; and without explaining what he meant, Ned bade me good-night rather suddenly, and hurried off.

All at once a sort of half suspicion popped into my head. Perhaps I was wrong to have kept it to myself, yet I knew that I might be mistaken, after all, and besides, if what I suspected *should* prove true, there would be no great harm done, anyway.

I am not sure that I was as careful in respect to being on the main-deck that night as usual. In fact, I paced the quarter-deck till toward morning. Everything was all right on the main-deck, and about four o'clock I called the cook, and soon was drinking my mug of hot coffee. By daylight the pilot and crew were on board, and the tow-boat alongside; and four hours later the *Winchester* was standing down Bristol Channel with a fair wind, and all drawing sail set. The pilot left us that night, and by the next morning the old ship was fairly out at sea.

In the forenoon I was at the wheel. The rest of the watch were coiling down the hawser on the for'ard house. I noticed a little stir among the men, and as I heard the mate's sharp voice saying, "Well, come on here!" I felt pretty sure of who and what *was* coming.

Mr. Benner came aft, urging a very pale and sick-looking young fellow, whom I need hardly say was Ned, before him.

"Stow-away, sir; crawled out from under the long-boat," he briefly explained as Captain Bowline, with a very stern face, stepped to the break of the quarter, where Ned, twisting his old cap between his fingers, stood hanging down his head.

"Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" asked Captain Bowline, sharply.

"I—I hid away because I *must* get to San Francisco, sir," was Ned's rather tremulous reply. Then he repeated the story that I had heard from him that first day.

The Captain scolded him soundly, but ended with, "Well, go to the galley and tell the cook to give you something to eat." Turning away, he gave a sharp look, as though he suspected me of having a hand in the hiding of the stow-away—a look which I returned by one of conscious innocence.

In most ships Ned would not have got off so easily. Stow-aways are apt to meet with rough language and hard treatment from the officers, though the crew encourage their presence, by reason of the extra pair of hands for ship's duty. But Captain Bowline was one who carried his Christianity to sea with him. Sailors were never roughly treated on board the *Winchester*. Yet I never saw better discipline on shipboard, or work more cheerfully and faithfully performed.

Well, Ned proved to be one of those rare sea-birds—a born sailor. Before we had fairly crossed the oily smoothness of the equatorial belt he had learned to steer, and in the terrible tropical squalls, with lightning that blinds and thunders which deafen, he was the first aloft in stowing or reefing sails.

A voyage round Cape Horn has been described so many times by abler pens than mine that I will not dwell upon it. Yet no description that I have ever read does justice to the reality itself. The prevailing winds are always ahead, and the mildest wind is a gale which brings cutting storms of hail and sleet. There are dense fogs, icebergs, and the heaviest seas that sweep the navigable globe. There are snow-squalls and drenching rain-storms, thunder-tempests and water-spouts. A ship may be days and weeks buffeting against the fierce winds that centre round the cape of storms, to be continually beaten back. Four hours of unbroken sleep is never to be looked for—dry clothing is a thing of the past. No words can rightly picture the hardship, exposure, and suffering consequent upon rounding Cape Horn in winter.

But through it all Ned bore himself like a young hero. He seldom or never complained, and indeed was the life of the crew, who themselves were a more decent and orderly set of men than are usually found in a ship's fore-castle.

"I'll forget all about it when we get to 'Frisco, and have hunted brother Bill up," he would say to me as, drenched and shivering, we endured the weary night-watches with as good grace as possible.

Well, after three long weeks of this hard experience we weathered the Cape, and began to work into warmer latitudes. But one evening some one smelled coal gas coming up through the partly opened ventilators in the water-ways, and before long everybody on board knew that our cargo of coal was on fire, and that the deck we were treading was like the crust of a smouldering volcano.

Once started, it is almost impossible to check the head-way of this form of hidden fire. We poured water continually through holes cut in the deck, but the planks grew hotter and hotter, and the gas more dense and stifling.

After a week of terrible anxiety the smoke began forcing itself up through the seams, and we knew it was full time to leave the ship. The boats had been provisioned days before, and swung at the davits ready for use. It did not take long to lower them and push off. We were hardly a cable's length from the *Winchester* when her decks blew up, and she was soon a mass of flames.

We watched the burning ship in gloomy silence. We were some two hundred miles from the Chilian coast, and our two boats, though in pretty good repair, were both old, and not strong enough to stand anything like heavy weather.

We pulled all that night, and all the next day, over a sea like glass. The heat of the sun seemed to scorch one's very brains. The luke-warm, brackish water we had with us increased our thirst. Even Ned's courage for the first time gave way.

"I sha'n't ever find brother Bill," he said to me, mournfully, as we sat in the boat's bows in the tropical twilight.

I was about to answer, when Captain Bowline exclaimed, "Hark!" lifting up his hand at the same time.

Every one listened intently. There was a sound of the rush and gurgle of water about a ship's bows, the creaking of yards, and a hoarse voice giving orders, while through the soft darkness shone the red and the green light of a great ship bearing directly down upon us.

Oh, what a shout we gave! And in less time than I am taking to tell it the ship was laying with her topsails aback, and we, the *Winchester's* crew, were scrambling up her black sides.

It was the ship *Shakspeare*, from San Francisco to London, and as soon as our boats were hoisted on board she was again put on her course. We were made welcome at once, and by the following day were regularly enrolled in the different watches, and working with the *Shakspeare's* crew until such time as part of us could be put on board some passing ship.

I was doing something in the mizzen-rigging when Ned relieved the wheel for the first time. Captain Bowline and the *Shakspeare's* Captain, who was a remarkably young-looking man to command so large a ship, stood together, talking, near the brass binnacle.

As Ned grasped the spokes of the wheel, Captain Bowline, with whom he was a great favorite, turned toward him.

"Well, Ned," he said, in his kind way, "unless we are lucky enough to speak a ship bound for Frisco, I'm afraid you won't find your brother Bill this year."

"I'm afraid not, sir," I heard Ned reply, in a very sober voice; and as he spoke, I thought the *Shakspeare's* Captain started a very little.

"What's your name, young chap?" he asked, suddenly, and in a queer voice.

"Penfield, sir," was the respectful answer.

"I thought so," said the young ship-master, in a matter-of-fact way; "and I think, Ned," he continued, laying his hand on the astonished boy's shoulder—"I think you won't have to go as far as Frisco to find your brother Bill."

Ned gave a great gasp, and then his whole face lit up with joy. He didn't rush into Captain Penfield's arms and exclaim, "My own, my long-lost brother!" In fact, he didn't let go the wheel, for the breeze was strong and the ship carrying stunsails on both sides, so that it took pretty careful steering to keep her on her course.

But as Captain Bowline uttered an exclamation of astonishment, Captain Penfield called me down to relieve the wheel, and took Ned, who looked as if he was in a dream, into the cabin, and closed the companionway doors. Then I rather think they had a good brotherly hug.

Ned told me all about it afterward. His brother liked the sea so well that at the end of his first voyage he staid by the ship, instead of going to work ashore. The *Sunderland* was bound on a three years' voyage, and after writing Ned to stay where he was at present, inclosing a draft for what money he could spare, young Penfield sailed away. Ned never got the letter.

When the *Sunderland* returned to port Ned's brother had been promoted to mate, the ship's first officer having been lost overboard. He wrote again, but Ned had changed his lodging-place. They sailed for Calcutta, and at the end of the voyage Mr. Penfield was offered command of the *Shakspeare*, the present voyage being his first as master.

"And direct'y brother Bill got to London he was coming down to Cardiff to hunt me up, d'ye see," said Ned, whose eyes were sparkling with joy as he spoke.

We arrived in London after a fine run of ninety-one days. Captain Bowline went home by steamer. I shipped in the *Norris*, after a hearty good-by from Ned and his brother, and have never seen them since. But I was always very glad that Ned found his brother Bill.

THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT.

BY E. M. TRAQUAIR.

WITHIN the forest glad and free,
Though suns were hot and winds were keen,
A little pine grew straight and fine,
But clad, for leaves, with needles green.
This did not please the little tree,
Which gayer, brighter, longed to be.

"How prettily my mates are dressed
In gay green foliage, one and all!
But not a child will look at me,
Although I'm growing straight and tall.
Oh, if the wish were not too bold,
I would have leaves of shining gold!"

'Twas night, and all the forest slept,
And with it slept our little tree;
At morn it woke with golden leaves,
And was not that a sight to see?
"There's not in all the wood so fine
A tree," it said, "with leaves like mine."

But long before the day was done
A money-lender came that way;
He had a sack upon his back,
And when he saw the glittering prey
He gathered all the leaves of gold,
And left the branches bare and cold.

The sapling hid its head in grief,
And mourned its glittering leaves of gold.
"My mates," it said, "are nicely clad,
While I stand naked here and cold.
I dare not wish again, alas!
Or else I'd wish for leaves of glass."

'Twas night again, and all things slept;
And with them slept our little tree;
It woke with leaves of crystal clear—
It was a brilliant sight to see.
"No tree," it said, "like me can shine,
Or has such pretty leaves as mine."

But soon a mighty wind arose
That turned and tossed the branches all;
As on it swept across the wood
It made the crystal leaflets fall,
And morning found them there, alas!
Scattered and broken on the grass.

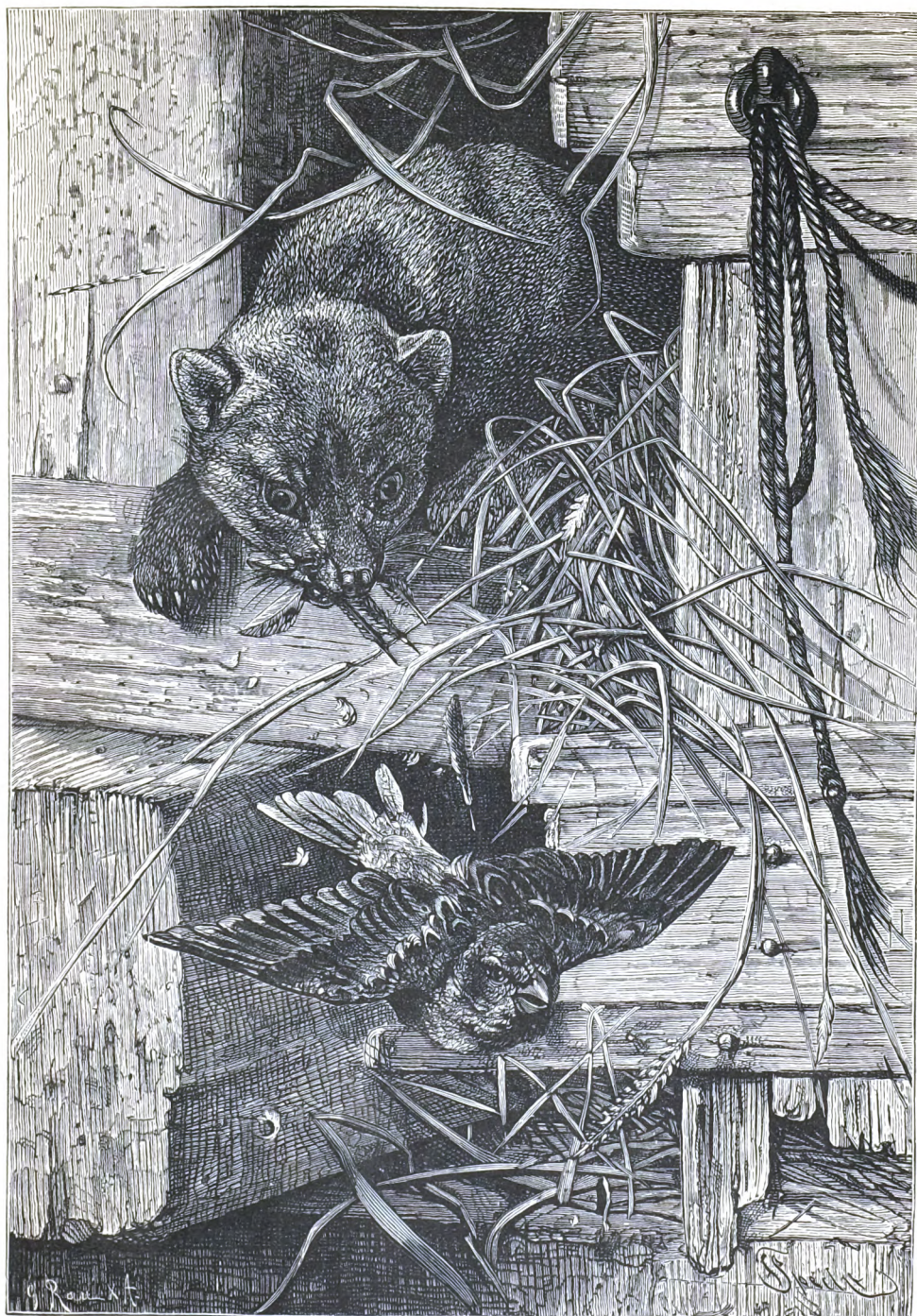
The sapling gave a heavy moan,
It looked so naked, poor, and mean,
While all the other trees stood there
Still glorious in their dress of green.
"I'm sure," it said, "this wish were best,
That I had green leaves like the rest."

When all things slept at eventide,
And woke again at morning gray
Adorned with young and juicy leaves,
The little tree was glad and gay.
"They've leaves," it said, "and I've the same—
I need not hang my head for shame."

A goat came down the mountain-side
In search of fields and pastures fair;
Its young ones wanted grass and herbs,
But all the hills about were bare.
It spied our sapling's foliage green,
And set to work and ate it clean.

Our little tree again was bare,
And sadly to itself it said,
"No more I'll wish for leaves again,
Or green or yellow, white or red.
I'm sure I never should complain
Had I my needles back again."

It sadly slept at eventide,
And sad at morning woke the tree;
But when the sun shone out it looked,
And nearly laughed aloud for glee.
The reason of its joy was plain—
Its needles all were there again.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

BRIDGET'S VALENTINE.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

"NELLY! Nelly!" called the girls; "we are going for a slide. The brook is frozen as hard as can be."

Nelly was always ready for a slide on the ice, and Louise, Edith, and Belle, who were waiting at the gate, were her dearest friends. But poor dear Bridget, her cheeks flushed and her eyes beaming, had cleared the kitchen up beautifully, and hurried through her work, so that the valentine she wanted to send "home to the ould country" might be written that very day.

"Sure Miss Nelly had promised to write it for her, the darlint, and—the saints bless the child!—she wasn't one to forget her word."

that you said this morning, to cheer up the poor ould mother."

So Nelly wrote,

"The rose is red, the violet's blue;
Sugar is sweet, and so are you."

And then was there ever such a funny valentine! Bridget told her to ask after the gray filly, and if the red cow was as purty as ever, and is Pat O'Brien married yet to Molly O'Neill, and did my uncle Barney get the great doctor at Cork to see about his rheumatism with the pound I sent him for that same purpose at Christmas?

Nelly had to put it into her own words; and when it was all done, in went another pound—just half of Bridget's

All day long Bridget's thoughts had been flying over the great wide sea to a little cabin quite unlike the grand house where she lived now. There were her mother, and the father and brothers, and the little bare-footed sister who stood and waved kisses to her the day she went off to "Ameriky." And the little sister did something else, too, that day that Bridget did not know of, though a bird told me about it.

On the soft mud outside the cabin door there was the print of Bridget's foot when she went away, and Nora brought a stone and put it in the very spot, and ever so many times she went there and kissed the place, which seemed to her to be dearer than the fields around, because there Bridget had stood for her last look at the old home.

Well, the girls called Nelly, and Nelly, with her hat swinging and her curls shining, was for one moment irresolute. But she decided that she could more easily give up her own pleasure than disappoint Bridget; so she let her friends go, and sat down to write the valentine. It was to have a picture of Bridget in it, in her best black dress, with a red bow and a locket.

"Won't they open their eyes when they see that, Miss Nelly!" said the simple-hearted Bridget. "Please put in that pretty verse



BRIDGET'S VALENTINE.

month's wages. That was to buy tea and pay the rent. Then away went that valentine into a mail-bag, and that mail-bag went way, way down into the hold of a great ship, and that great ship went sailing over the sea.

Oh, the joy in the little peat-roofed cabin when one

day Mike brought the letter home! They all agreed that it was an "illigant" valentine indeed.

"And father and mother danced a jig,
And Mike and Nora went almost wild;
Bessie ran out and told the pig,
And the pig looked up with a grunt and smiled."

THE BURGLAR ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY ESEMEE.

"WHAT do you think of this for a snow-storm, Percy Hastings? Didn't I tell yer, when them fust flakes come flyin' down, we were goin' to have a rouser? Boston folks don't know the fust thing 'bout mountain storms up in New Hampshire—do they, Betty?" said Ezra Phelps, turning to his sister.

"I wish Grandpa and Grandma would come," said Lulu.

"Why, Lulu," said Betty, "they can't get a step up this mountain to-night. P'raps they'll manage to go as far as Squire Green's, but it 'll be a tough pull for old Jack from Ossipee to there, this goin'."

"I's faid to stay 'way on this mountain all 'lone," moaned little Benny.

"Alone!" exclaimed his brother Percy, taking him up into his lap. "Here's sister Lulu, and Ezra and Betty Phelps, and your brother Percy too. I think the storm is jolly. Now Ezra and Betty will have to spend the night, and we'll have a gay old time."

"Won't bur-ger-lars come?" said Benny.

"We don't have none o' them kind o' visitors up here," said Ezra.

"Do you feel afraid, Betty?" said Lulu.

"Not the least bit in the world," said Betty, decidedly.

"We never think of locking our doors."

"Let's light up," said Percy; "and see here, Lulu, can't you get us up a supper? We haven't got to go without one because Grandma isn't here, have we?"

"No, indeed!" said Lulu, beginning to assume a matronly air. "We will have a lovely supper, won't we, Bet? I know where the raspberry jam is, and—"

Just then came a most tremendous crash. The girls screamed, while Benny cried, wildly, "He's come! he's come! the bur-ger-lar's come!" The boys rushed to the door suddenly, feeling the care of the household upon their shoulders. As they opened it, a furious gust of wind blew out the candle. Percy fumbled round for a match, while Ezra took down the lantern from its nail. Then they started again, the girls, with Benny, cautiously creeping along behind. As they ascended the stairs they encountered a huge snow-drift, which the giant Storm had unceremoniously hurled into their home through the door which led from the upper entry out of the house. For this house was so built on the side of the mountain that from the upper story, as well as the lower, one could step directly out upon the slope of the hill.

"Somebody must have left this door unlatched," exclaimed Percy.

"See the snow-balls lyin' round here," laughed Ezra.

"You and me'll have to pay back, Percy, and see which 'll beat, we or Mr. Storm and Mr. Wind."

At that the boys, gayly shouting and cheering, began to roll the snow into balls and toss it out; but after the first fun was over they went down for shovels and brooms, and soon had routed the enemy, and securely defended themselves against all future invasions.

Meantime the girls had loaded the table with baked beans, pumpkin pie, mince turn-overs, and numerous other good things which they had found in grandma's well-stored pantry.

They were very merry over their supper, until suddenly thump, thump, thump sounded overhead, and they exclaimed, in one breath, "What's that?" while Lulu said, excitedly, "Percy, did you fasten that door?"

"Yes, marm," said Percy; "I certainly bolted it top and bottom; and I guess it is the first time it has ever been done, by the hard work I had."

"That noise is nothin' but the winders a-rattlin'," said Ezra. "You needn't be scar't at it." Thus assured, they soon forgot their fears, and began to plan what they should do in the evening.

"Let's make some molasses candy," said Percy.

"Just the thing! What are the directions?"

"Take a cup and a half of molasses," began Lulu, "half a cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an English walnut—"

"Dear me," interrupted Percy, "I'm afraid that rule won't work. I don't believe there's an English walnut in the house, and who is going to remember the exact size of one?"

"Percy Hastings, hold your tongue; you'll make me forget. There's a table-spoonful of vinegar besides. Then you boil them all together for twenty minutes, and after it is done, put in a pinch of saleratus."

"Definite again," said Percy, looking at his sister with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "A pinch! Let's see: how much is that? Put it in when it's done! Here's a conundrum for you. When is a thing done, if it isn't done when it's done?"

"We will go to work, Betty, and not mind his nonsense," said Lulu; and soon they had the molasses simmering over the fire.

Thump, thump, thump sounded again, louder than before.

"Somebody surely is walking overhead," exclaimed Lulu, dropping the spoon with which she was stirring the candy. "He must have come in when that door was open. He's coming down-stairs. Percy, lock that door, quick."

As Ezra and Percy started, again they heard the thump, thump, thump, and the girls, screaming, pulled them back, saying, "That is not the rattling of a window. There's some one in the house. You sha'n't go up there one step."

"Oh, dear!" cried Benny, white and trembling; "he's come now, hasn't he?"

"How you goin' to get upstairs to bed?" said Ezra.

"We are not going to stir out of this room to-night," said Lulu, bursting into tears.

"Somethin's burnin'," said Ezra.

"Oh, it's our candy! it's all spoiled," said Lulu, snatching the smoking kettle from the fire. As she placed it in the sink, the iron snapped with a loud noise, and the kettle lay there in two pieces, black and sizzling.

"What will Grandma say?" sobbed Lulu.

But the noise overhead soon took their attention away from everything else. The boys still wished to go up and explore, but at last their sisters persuaded them to stay where they were, all night, and as the thumps sounded more and more like some one walking about, in their inmost hearts they were not unwilling to give up the search.

As they sat excitedly talking before the fire, Benny said, "I's seepy; I wants to do to bed."

"Well, deary," said Lulu, "we'll fix up a nice little bed on this settle."

"Shall I say my prayers now?" said Benny.

"Yes; kneel right down by Lulu," said his sister.

After repeating his usual prayer, he added, "Please, God, take care of us, and tell that bur-ger-lar up there not to come down here." Then he lay down on his novel bed, and in a moment he was sound asleep.

"Now you girls," said Percy, "can both get into that big arm-chair and have a good night's sleep."

"Sleep!" exclaimed Lulu; "not a wink! I am as nervous as I can be. I can seem to see some one opening that door every minute."

"Nobody could get in, with all them things piled up there," said Ezra, assuringly.

Before long, Lulu and Betty, and even the boys, brave and watchful as they had intended to be, were lost in slumber, and they did not wake until the morning sun peeped into the room over the snow-drift which came nearly to the top of the eastern windows.

"I wonder how 'tis outside?" said Betty, and jumping up on tables and chairs, they looked, over the drift, upon

such a glorious sight as Percy and Lulu had never seen before. As far as eye could see was pure, trackless, glistening whiteness. The sun had already lifted the mantle of mist which had thrown itself shelteringly during the night over the mountain peaks beyond, and now Passaconaway and Whiteface, Chocorua and Kearsarge, seemed to gayly lift their heads as if proud of their new fleecy caps, while still further in the distance loomed Mount Washington.

"Come," said Percy, "we don't want to strain our necks trying to peek out in this uncomfortable way any longer. Do let us go and shovel this drift away, Ezra."

"First we'll take them things from the door. This room don't look much like Marm Hastings's kitchen. You see, girls, them noises warn't nothin'," said Ezra.

Hastily pulling the furniture into place, he opened the door, when thump, thump, seemed to sound on the stairs.

"Oh!" screamed Lulu, "shut that door, quick!" And the boys needed no urging to secure the door even more firmly than before.

"When will they come home?" gasped Lulu. "They can get here to-day, can't they?"

"Your Grandma wouldn't stay another night if she had to come home on her head," said Ezra. "I 'spect she'll have all the ox-sleds in Tamworth turned out for her."

The day passed slowly enough to the timid, anxious watchers, for it was not until nearly night-fall that the three and a half miles of road from the village was broken through, and the grandparents were able to reach their mountain home.

After a happy greeting, Grandpa said: "What's all this 'ere barricade? What game yer been playin' at naow?"

Then the five, all together, in a most thrilling, excited manner, related all their trials and adventures.

"Wa'al, wa'al," said Grandpa, "these 'ere young folks has had a putty hard time, no mistake, hain't they, Mother? Naow I must go an' tend to that 'ere burglar."

"Don't let him hurt oo, Grandpa," said Benny, pulling him back by his coat.

"I guess I can manage him; you needn't be afeard." And in a minute the door was opened, and he, with Percy and Ezra, went up the stairs. No sooner had they reached the top than shouts of laughter were heard by the trembling, listening group below.

"The burglar's caught! we're bringing him down!" shouted both boys; and in they walked, holding up a trap from which a young rat was hanging, even now not quite dead. He was so small for the trap that instead of being choked to death, he had only been imprisoned, and in his struggles to escape had moved the trap with him about the room.

"There, children," said Grandpa; "them's the only kind o' burglars we have up on Little Mountain."

"How silly we were!" said Lulu. "But I couldn't help being afeard."

"I don't blame yer one mite," said Grandma, heartily. "An' yer needn't worry a bit about that kittle; I've got plenty more a sight better'n that old thing. To-night we'll have some molasses candy, an' Benny shall sleep on his little down bed; an' don't yer never be afeard of burglars up here agin."

LIGHTNING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

MR. FRANKLIN was one of the greatest men that ever lived. He could carry a loaf of bread in each hand and eat another, all at the same time, and he could invent anything that anybody wanted, without hurting himself or cutting his fingers. His greatest invention was lightning, and he invented it with a kite. He made a kite with sticks made out of telegraph wire, and sent it up in a thunder-storm till it reached where the lightning is. The light-

ning ran down the string, and Franklin collected it in a bottle, and sold it for ever so much money. So he got very rich after a while, and could buy the most beautiful and expensive kites that any fellow ever had.

I read about Mr. Franklin in a book that father gave me. He said I was reading too many stories, and just you take this book and read it through carefully and I hope it will do you some good anyway it will keep you out of mischief.

I thought that it would please father if I should get some lightning just as Franklin did. I told Tom McGinnis about it, and he said he would help if I would give him half of all I made by selling the lightning. I wouldn't do this, of course, but finally Tom said he'd help me anyhow, and trust me to pay him a fair price; so we went to work.

We made a tremendously big kite, and the first time there came a thunder-storm we put it up; but the paper got wet, and it came down before it got up to the lightning. So we made another, and covered it with white cloth that used to be one of Mrs. McGinnis's sheets, only Tom said he knew she didn't want it any more.

We sent up this kite the next time there was a thunder-storm, and tied the string to the second-story window where the blinds hook on, and let the end of the string hang down into a bottle. It only thundered once or twice, but the lightning ran down the string pretty fast, and filled the bottle half full.

It looked like water, only it was a little green, and when it stopped running into the bottle we took the lightning down-stairs to try it. I gave a little of it to the cat to drink, but it didn't hurt her a bit, and she just purred. At last Tom said he didn't believe it would hurt anything; so he tasted some of it, but it didn't hurt him at all.

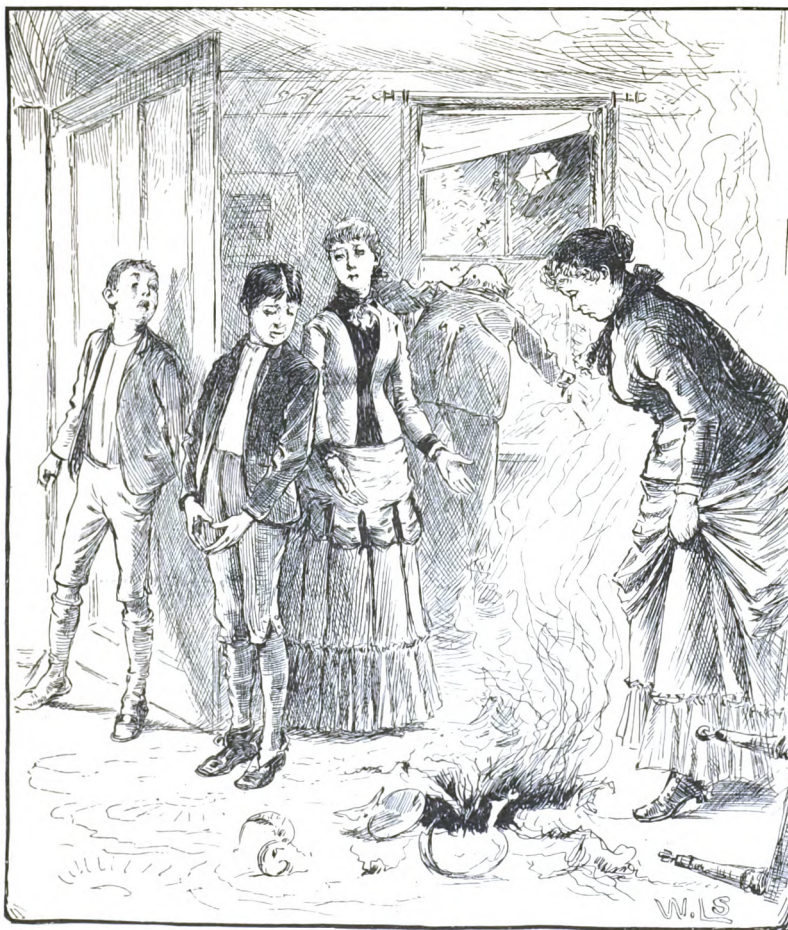
The trouble was that the lightning was too weak to do any harm. The thunder-shower had been such a little one that it didn't have any strong lightning in it; so we threw away what was in the bottle, and agreed to try to get some good strong lightning whenever we could get a chance.

It didn't rain for a long time after that, and I nearly forgot all about Franklin and lightning, until one day I heard Mr. Travers read in the newspaper about a man who was found lying dead on the road with a bottle of Jersey lightning, and that, of course, explains what was the matter with him my dear Susan. I understood more about it than Susan did, for she does not know anything about Franklin being a girl, though I will admit it isn't her fault. You see, the cork must have come out of the man's bottle, and the lightning had leaked out and burned him to death.

The very next day we had a tremendous thunder-shower, and I told Tom that now was the time to get some lightning that would be stronger than anything they could make in New Jersey. So we got the kite up, and got ourselves soaked through with water. We tied it to the window-ledge just as we did the first time, and put the end of the string in a tin pail, so that we could collect more lightning than one bottle would hold. It was so cold standing by the window in our wet clothes that we thought we'd go to my room and change them.

All at once there was the most awful flash of lightning and the most tremendous clap of thunder that was ever heard. Father and mother and Sue were down-stairs, and they rushed upstairs crying the darling boy is killed. That meant me. But I wasn't killed, neither was Tom, and we hurried into the room where we were collecting lightning to see what was the matter. There we found the tin pail knocked into splinters and the lightning spilled all over the floor. It had set fire to the carpet, and burned a hole right through the floor into the kitchen, and pretty much broke up the whole kitchen stove.

Father cut the kite string and let the kite go, and told me that it was as much as my life was worth to send up a kite



"WE HURRIED INTO THE ROOM."

in a thunder-storm. You see, so much lightning will come down the string that it will kill anybody that stands near it. I know this is true, because father says so, but I'd like to know how Franklin managed. I forgot to say that father wasn't a bit pleased.

THE STAR GAME OF CHRONOLOGY.

BY FRANK BELLEW.

CUT two little cones out of wood like the figures in the lower corners of our chart. In these stick two black pins or bits of wire; parts of a hair-pin answer the purpose very well. Then paint or draw on these cones anything you please to distinguish them, and these will form the manikins with which you play. If you have no stick or knife handy, you can cut two little ships out of card-board, as also represented in the chart; but if you have neither card nor sticks, two ordinary tin tacks, or buttons with matches stuck in them, will do, though not so well.

Now, then, you each take your manikin and throw it toward the head of Washington, in the centre of the chart, and whoever gets nearest to it plays first.

Now you each throw your manikin a second time on the head of Washington, and to whichever point of the star the point of the manikin or bow of the ship points will be the point from which you start. If both manikins point to the same part of the star, the second player throws again till he gets a different starting-point.

Now you both take your places. We will say one is on *Taylor* and the other on *Jackson*. It is *Jackson's* first play. We will call this one *Jack*. He is entitled to take as many steps as are represented by the figure opposite *Taylor*; this is 2, so that he will place his manikin on *Harrison*. Now

the second player, who is on *Taylor*, whom we will call *Jill*, takes as many steps as are represented by the figure opposite the spot where his opponent, *Jack*, stands. This is 1, so he places his manikin on *Fillmore*. The figure 3 being opposite *Fillmore* entitles *Jack* to take three steps, so he moves his piece up to *Taylor*. This entitles *Jill* to move his piece two steps to *Madison*. Here is the figure 4, which entitles *Jack* to take four steps, which places his man on *Buchanan*. So you go working on, following the lines of the star till you get back to the point from which you first started; then you have won the first round. Then throw the manikin again, and start as at first.

Now we must stop a minute to explain one or two things. When we speak of following the lines of the star we mean that you follow the lines which are indicated by crosses, or dots, or loops, or points, or S's, and you go in the direction the arrows point. Then if you alight on a circle with a double ring, which indicates a President who has served two terms, or is, as we call him, a *Tandem-Termer*, you can take double the number of steps last given you. For instance, *Jack* is on *Buchanan*, which entitles *Jill*, who is on *Madison*, to take two steps; this moves him to *Lincoln*, who is a *Tandem-Termer*, and he is entitled to move two more steps to *Monroe*. This privilege in this particular case happens also to save him from a positive loss which he would otherwise have incurred by another rule of the game, which is this: When in the course of the game one player comes on the

same circle as that occupied by his opponent, he either makes his opponent take two steps back or takes two back himself, according as the two last figures in the date make combined an odd or an even number. If they make an odd number, the person displaced takes two steps back; if they make an even number, the displacer takes two steps back. Thus *Jill* moves to *Lincoln*; now if *Lincoln* were not a *Tandem-Termer* *Jill* would remain there, and *Jack* would move one step from *Buchanan*, which would take him also to *Lincoln*. You will observe that the date of *Lincoln's* inauguration is 1861, the last two figures of which are 6 and 1, making 7, which is an odd number, so that *Jill* would have to move two steps back to *Madison*, and *Jack* would take four steps forward to *Grant*.

But here be it noted that a player can not have the benefit of more than one *Tandem-Term* at a time. Thus if *Jill* is at *Fillmore* and moves to *Madison*, and then takes his double term to *Lincoln*, his turn ends. The tandem privilege you can make use of or not as you like. Sometimes it is not desirable.

Here is another rule, and a very important one. If the player alights on either *Washington*, *Lincoln*, or *Garfield* when the space is occupied by the other player, the last player goes in the case of *Washington* to *Arnold*, *Lincoln* to *Booth*, or *Garfield* to *Guiteau*, where he remains until his adversary has made three moves, which he does counting the numbers on which he alights. Thus suppose *Jill* is on *Garfield* and *Jack* comes there, then *Jack* places his piece on *Guiteau*, and *Jill* first moves his piece two steps to *Pierce*, then one step to *Arthur*, then one step to *J. Adams*, when *Jack* moves back to *Garfield* and takes one step to *Tyler*, 1 being the number opposite *J. Adams*, where *Jill* stopped.

When you first throw your piece, if it points toward



Washington you start from there, and have the privilege of taking one, two, or three steps, whichever you choose, either to *J. Adams*, *Jefferson*, or *Madison*.

In moving your piece take care that the wire projecting from your manikin, or the bow if you use a little ship, always points in the direction in which you are travelling. This prevents mistakes when you cross lines.

Now we have explained how you play a *round*.

When you have finished a *round*, or, in other words, reached the spot from which you first started, you place your piece on *Washington*, in the great circle which surrounds the chart, and your opponent goes on taking steps by himself. Thus, suppose when *Jill* has made his round, *Jack* is at *Hayes*. He first makes a step of two to *Tyler*, then a step of four to *Jefferson*, then two, then two more, then one, till he reaches home. At each step he makes you take one on the large circle from *Washington* to *Adams*, to

Jefferson, and so on. If any of the numbers at which he stops in his steps corresponds with the last number in the date (or one of the dates) at which you stop, then you take two steps.

When he has got home you write down the name of the space where you stand, say, *Jefferson*, and you start on a new *round* as before. If you win the second *round*, you start again on the grand circle from the place where you left off.

When you have completed a grand round, you have won the game, and you place a marker on *Franklin*. Still you can go on playing for the rub or grand game of three. In this case your opponent continues to count from the place he held in the grand circle when you won the game; but if you make another grand circle before he has finished one, you place a marker on *Irving*, and your adversary is said to be *assassinated*.



OUR YOUNGEST SUBSCRIBER.

This little man is thoughtful Tim,
He'd rather read than play;
He holds the paper upside down,
Which is the nicest way.

He makes the stories up himself,
And so is quite content.
Perhaps one day this thoughtful Tim
May be the President.

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

HAZLETON, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* from the first number, and enjoy it very much. My pets are a canary, a goldfinch, two gold-fishes that will eat out of mamma's hand, a green parrot, and a Persian cat named Fuzz, though my baby sister calls him Boladie.

Polly is a funny bird. He says, "See the pretty baby!" when my sister toddles in, calls "Papa" as soon as he is in sight, whistles like a boy, laughs very naturally, says "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and many other things. His longest sentences are, "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins, how de do? how de do?" and "Ha! ha! ha! you and me; little brown jug don't I love thee?" He has never learned to swear, though naughty boys try to teach him when he hangs out on the porch in summer. When mamma hears them at it, she takes him into the house without saying anything. They have learned that they must be gentlemen before Polly if they would enjoy his company. We do not cage him up, even when out-of-doors; we clip one wing, and hang his cage up high on the porch. He has a rope near by, on which he performs many tricks, twirling round like an acrobat, pretending to fall, and crying out as if afraid, etc. We often hear the children say to him, "Go on your rope and act, Polly." I have a soft worsted ball that I play with in the house. Polly often joins in catching it in his mouth, and laughing as heartily as any one while he is enjoying the fun. Mamma says he seems so human, she would mourn his loss like that of a child.

I fear my letter is too long, so I won't tell you about my "bell cat," as they call Fuzz around here. He has little bells on a ribbon round his neck, and we often hear him coming before we see him.

This is a mining town 1500 feet above the sea. Papa says we don't raise anything but coal and whortleberries. You prize our "black diamonds" this cold weather, and enjoy our black-berries in the summer.

OSCAR M. C.

I am very glad you have told us about your pretty parrot. I saw a very beautiful and accomplished one the other day. It whistled several tunes correctly.

SHEFFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I go to a private school, about a mile and a half from my home; it is a pleasant walk in the summer-time, but now it is lonely. I study arithmetic, geography, reading, writing, spelling, and drawing. I have nice times at school. My teacher does not allow the boys to swear. I think that is a good plan; do you not? I have no brothers or sisters, but I like to wash dishes. I have no pets except a cat. He went away and staid four months. One nice day Master Kitty came back, and I was

very glad to see him. I had a little canary-bird, which I called Cherry. On the 10th of February, 1883, my little bird died. I cried when I found my little bird dying, I was so sorry to lose him. Good-by.

MABELLE J. H.

I notice in this letter, and in that of Oscar M. C., an allusion to boys who swear. I am perfectly sure that the boys who read the Post-office Box never use profane language. No true gentleman ever does. To do so breaks the law of God, and shows that one is unfit for the society of well-bred people. But evidently there are boys who do not know this, and who say naughty words. If you happen to meet such boys, show them by your words and manner that you do not approve of them.

WINONA, MINNESOTA.

I have just been reading the contents of the Post-office Box to my little brother and sister, and we all enjoy it very much. When I was thinking what to give my brother for Christmas, it occurred to me that nothing could be nicer than *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all think I made a happy choice, for I enjoy it as much as he does. I am twelve years old, and go to school, and am in the "B" grammar grade. I have a printing-press and outfit, and do quite a good deal of printing. I enjoy it very much, and spend most of my spare time on it. I have found out the difference between my mother's pie and a printer's pie—one I enjoy and the other I do not. In school I study arithmetic, reading, spelling, grammar, history, writing, and drawing. We have special teachers for writing and drawing, which is very nice, but I especially enjoy the writing. This city believes in keeping up with the times, having just added horse-cars and electric lights to its other advantages.

EDMUND G.

ALBANY, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy of six years, and my mother reads me all the letters in the Post-office Box. I like to hear about all the children and their pets, so I have asked my mother to write and tell you about our old cat. We call her Mother Kitten, and Muz for short, because she had kittens herself when she was very little, and because she plays with a ball and acts like a kitten, although she is now about seven years old. She is a small cat, with dark striped fur and green eyes. When the cook wants her to go and sleep in the woodshed, she hides, and chooses a new place almost every night, so there is great trouble in finding her. When the breakfast comes down from the dining-room, she walks around and mews as if she knew breakfast was ready. She formed such an attachment for the cook, who was in the kitchen when she first came, that she would not let any one touch her, and if any one made believe to strike her, as they often did for fun, Muz would fly at them and try to scratch them. She does not like men or boys, and will not let my father touch her, but spits and runs away the moment he comes near her, and she is no fonder of me, for I often tease her. But she likes women and little girls, and will pull their dresses to attract their attention. She kills a great many sparrows, I am sorry to say, but there is not a mouse or rat in our house. She has a great many kittens. My little sister Tania used to say she went into the next street and found them there and brought them home in a basket, but none of them have ever equaled their mother. Your constant friend,

LOUIS.

S BROOKSIDE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

I am a boy of eight years old. I have a little black-and-tan terrier; he always walks on three legs. I have no brothers or sisters. I like to read the letters. I would like to have a friend like Jimmy Brown. I think we would have fine fun together, and I like his stories very much. I live in Cambridge, England, and like it very much. I like to go to the boat-races. Sometimes the boats capsize, and all the men go into the water, but they never get drowned.

CLIVE R. PATTISON M.

ONEONTA, NEW YORK.

I have seen some letters in the Post-office Box about recess at school, and as I noticed so many in favor of it, I thought there should be something said on the other side. I attend the public school of the town, which has between four and five thousand inhabitants, and in this school there are about eight hundred scholars on the rolls. We have school from nine in the morning until half past eleven, and from one to half past three in the afternoon, with no recess. We are dismissed nearly half an hour earlier in the morning and afternoon when we have no recess, and I do not think that five scholars out of a hundred wish for one. This the scholars and teachers find is better for the school, and that much more work is done. The school and teachers are to me perfection, and I wish all the boys and girls had as nice ones. The highest grade is the eighth (in which I am in all my studies excepting one), and then comes the academic department. There are eleven teachers besides the principal.

I am studying German out of school, and am

president of two societies. One, a club of fourteen girls, called the Harmony Club. We have a paper, to which the members contribute. Do you think, dear Postmistress, that five girls could learn anything of archery without a teacher? Will you please ask the boys and girls if they like to write compositions? I do. With love to the readers of the Post-office Box and its Postmistress, I will say good-by. Your friend,

MARION Y. (12 years old).

Yes, I think archery may easily be learned without a teacher.

THE MAGIC STRAWBERRY.

Once there was a little cottage at the foot of a large strawberry hill, where lived a family with one little daughter, whose name was Florence. One day the mother sent Florence up the hill to pick some strawberries for tea. So she started on her way, with her little basket on her arm. She soon filled it, and came home again. As her mother poured them out into a dish she noticed one strawberry much larger and brighter than the rest; she picked it up, and said, "What a beautiful berry this is!"

As she said this, the berry said, "I am the little girl's friend, and she must keep me."

"You my friend!" exclaimed Florence. "I did not know I had a strawberry friend." And so the berry found its home in that little cottage.

The next morning it said to Florence, "I must be of some use, so I will see what I can do for you," and it suddenly fell from her hand, and rolled along on the floor out of the door. It was gone for some time, and when it came back a little boy was with it, with two large bags in his hand. They came in, and the berry told the boy to put down the bags and go home.

After he had gone the berry said, "Now we must see what is in the bags." So it emptied them, and out of one came a golden harp; and the berry said, "This is for you to play on whenever you want anything, and a fairy will appear to you, and you will tell her what you wish, and she will bring it to you." The other bag contained a golden crown. "That is for you," it said to Florence, "for when you grow up I shall make you a queen. I thought I should be able to stay with you, but I must go." And so it left them.

Florence played on the golden harp when she wanted anything; and when she grew up, a king came that way, and seeing how lovely she was, asked her to be his wife, and so she became a queen, and wore her golden crown.

She never saw the berry again. She lived very happy ever after, because she kept her golden harp.

MAY B. P. (eight years old).

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

I thought I would write again, as my first letter was not published, and tell you about my school; but first I must say we have had a sad new year on account of my uncle's death, and I had to leave school, and was soon after taken with congestion of the liver, and have been very sick. I attend one of the public schools called Bellevue; I am next to the highest grade, and study history, geography, and grammar, and when I left school was in compound interest in arithmetic, with many other studies given by our teacher; we have forty minutes' recess, and in that play with the boys, as the girls and boys are separated at recess. I have been a subscriber for four years, enjoying all the stories and letters very much, often reading from them in school; I have two volumes already bound, and am now waiting to order a binding from Harper & Brothers for another volume, as they make very interesting books.

ROBERT C.

I hope you will soon be able to resume your interrupted studies.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—As I see that nearly all the little girls write to you, I thought I should like to be one of your little friends also. I have not been going to school for over a week, as I have been sick. I have a canary and a pony. I had a young mocking-bird, but it lived for two months only; it was so tame that it would eat out of my hand, and when I put my hand in the cage it would hop upon it and peck it. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* ever since it was first published, and have always liked it very much. I wish Mr. Otis would write some more continued stories; I think "Toby Tyler" the best story I ever read, and also like "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" very much. I have the same initials as *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. This is the first letter I have written to this paper, although I have taken it so long.

HATTIE Y. P.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.

I am a little girl five years old. I can not write, so my sister is writing this for me. I have a Paris doll, that I got on Christmas, that will really drink milk from a bottle when I turn a screw in the back of its neck; I have another doll, named Lizzie, that has a Greenaway coat, 'I am o' Shanter' cap, parasol, Bernhard kid gloves, rubbers, and roller skates. My sister has taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* three years, and I like to look at the pictures and

have the stories read to me. In our yard we have a play-house with two rooms and a piazza: under one of the windows is a window-box, in which we plant flowers and vines in summer. We have lots of fun playing in it, for it is large enough for four or five children to play in. We cook on an oil stove. But of all the things we have, we think our Shetland pony is the nicest.

NINA W.

It is snowing fast now. I am sitting at my front window. The trees are covered with snow, and look beautiful. We have such good times coasting. We can go a quarter of a mile. Some of the sleds will carry seventeen persons. We have good sleighing.

R. D. M.

I am a little boy eight years old. I study geography, arithmetic, Latin, Fourth Reader, and spelling. I live on a plantation. My papa has four Artesian wells; they have so much gas in them that they will burn. My papa has a fine pointer, which came from Topeka, Kansas. My brother takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we like it very much.

WILLIE H.

I have never written to you. I am a boy ten years of age. I help my papa to take care of a herd of Jersey cattle, and like to feed the little calves. I have two Maltese cats, which are great hunters. We had a canary-bird which was a very good singer, but he died of old age. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a year, and have subscribed for another year; I like it better than any paper I have ever taken.

JAMES A. B.

I am a little girl seven years old. I have a brother five years old. I have been taking *YOUNG PEOPLE* for a year, and like it very much.

BLANCHE S.

Did the little fingers ache, dear, when your letter was finished? You wrote it very nicely.

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

I am a little girl twelve years old, and I am an only child. Can any one tell me of some pretty things besides lamp-shades to make out of paper? I do not go to school now, but have my lessons at home, and so does my friend Mamie; but as she now has the mumps, I don't have any one to play with, when I get through with my lessons, until the rest of the girls get out of school. As I never have seen any letters from this place, I hope mine will be printed. I would like to join the Little Housekeepers.

MARION P.

Of course you may.

SOUTHVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.

I think *YOUNG PEOPLE* is the best paper I have ever seen. I have been keeping house for my father and brothers for two weeks, while my mother and sister have been away. I am fourteen years old; my little sister is ten years old. I have a cunning little niece; she is just beginning to talk. I have been having a nice time skating this winter, but it has been snowing so as to spoil the ice; I am very sorry.

MILLIE G. B.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* for four years, and I think it is the most delightful paper ever published. When I renewed my subscription last year it came addressed to Edward instead of Edna, and we had quite a laugh over it; but I don't care, so long as I get the paper.

We have no recess at the school I am attending, but we are dismissed fifteen minutes earlier both morning and afternoon. I would rather have recess.

There is snow on the ground now, and we have a great deal of fun coasting and skating. Did the Postmistress ever coast when she was a little girl? or does she not think it proper for little girls to do so?

EDNA S.

I think it very proper for girls to coast, skate, and amuse themselves in healthful ways out-of-doors, although I do not remember coasting myself when a little girl. I can skate now.

OAKLAND, ILLINOIS.

I am a little boy seven years old. I have just begun to take *YOUNG PEOPLE* this year, and like it very much. I thought I would write a letter and ask to be admitted to the Post-office Box. I am quite interested in the little letters which I read, and hope to see my own little letter printed. I love to go to school, and am seldom absent.

CARO S. M.

FRANKFORT, INDIANA.

I am a little girl nine years old. Of course, I am proud of being an auntie to a nephew and a niece. My nephew is three years old; they call him Bertie. My niece is a year old; they call her Baby. Their papa is a lawyer. My uncle Ned lives in New York, and he sends my sister and me *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* every Christmas.

mas. We like it very much, and we think our uncle Ned is very good to send us such a nice paper. Every time we look at it we find something new. We had a big fire, which burned up a large drug and book store here. I was glad the fire didn't come before Santa Claus had been around.

DAISY J. B.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I am twelve years old, and go to a large school. I study nearly all the common branches, besides taking French, Latin, music, and dancing lessons. I love to go to school very much. Did you like it when you were a little girl? We have no pets at all, but I have a little sister five years old; her name is Helen. Don't you think that is a pretty name? I do. I like Mrs. Lillie's and Jimmy Brown's stories best.

FLORENCE H.

Indeed I did love to go to school, and had happy times in those merry days when I was just as tall as you are now.

LEESBURG, NEW JERSEY.

As you requested the girls and boys to write and tell you how they spent the holidays, I thought I would try to comply with your request. I spent mine at my aunt's at Bridgeton. I had a very nice time coasting and sleighing, visiting, etc. We received several nice Christmas presents, among them *YOUNG PEOPLE* for another year. But to return to our visit. We went to a Sunday-school festival, and I enjoyed it very much, especially the latter part of it. The Sunday-school scholars were all made happy by the present of boxes of candy, oranges, grapes, different kinds of cake, etc.; cakes, oranges, and grapes were also presented to the visitors. All the scholars seemed to enjoy it very much indeed, and one little scholar I noticed particularly, a very small colored boy belonging to the infant school; I wish you could have seen him jump when the superintendent (my uncle) gave him his box of candy, and the way he ran to his mother and laid it in her lap, and then ran back and stood by the tree, thinking, I suppose, uncle would give him another box. Besides this, we went to the glass factory, and as I had never been to one before, it was quite a novelty to me to watch them blowing bottles. As I said before, I had a splendid time sleighing; sometimes we would go twice a day.

I, for one, would be very glad to have Emily M. write to the Post-office Box again, and tell us about her island home. I am fourteen years old, and have a sister twelve years old. I have tried some of the receipts for Little Housekeepers, and found them very nice.

FLORENCE E. S.

ALTON, IOWA.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I have no pets. I have three brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister is sixteen years, and her name is Lila. My next sister is fourteen, and her name is Winnie; when she was four months old she was blind, but she had her eyes operated on, and now she can see pretty well with the help of glasses. The next child is my oldest brother, thirteen years, and his name is Arthur; next comes myself; the next is my brother Shirley, who was eight years old last winter, and he had the diphtheria so that it was doubtful whether he would live; the next is my brother Clayton, four years old; and then our two-year-old Ethel.

GERTY E. B.

HAVANA, CUBA.

Good-morning, my dear Postmistress! I feel very well acquainted with you, though I have never had the pleasure of seeing you. Would you like to hear about my pet? I have a very pretty little Angora cat, as white as snow. She is very funny, and her name is Lilly. When we go down to breakfast she stays by the side of the stairs waiting for her breakfast, and every person she sees coming up she looks at his hands and begins to cry. "Mew, mew!" as if saying, "I want my breakfast; I am very hungry." There she will stay until they bring her something to eat. The other day my teacher tied a ribbon to her tail, and she was playing with it almost a quarter of an hour. In the morning she jumps into the bed and begins to tickle my feet, and then I have to take her out of the room; and, while taking her out, she bites me, but her bite does not hurt a bit. Is she not a cunning little cat? I forgot to tell you that I am a little Cuban girl, and do not know English very well yet. My cousin takes your paper, and he lets me read it every week. The next time I write I will try to tell you about our other pets.

MARIA DOLORES C.

I shall be glad to hear from you again.

HOPEFUL, VIRGINIA.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the country. I have a sister named Florence, who is two years older than myself. We have lots of pretty dolls, which are our only pets except our bob-tailed cat. We call her Bob-Tail. She is very pretty, and we love her very much. I wish I could write you about Christmas and Santa Claus, but I will not make my first letter too long, and if you will be kind enough to publish this I will write again. My brother takes *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*, and we all look forward to its weekly arrival.

CARRIE LEE M.

FOR THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS.

APPLE PUDDING.—Select juicy apples that are a little acid. Pare, core, and cut them into small pieces; when you have about three pints, put them on to cook. Let them stew until entirely done; take them off the stove, mash them well, and add a lump of butter about the size of a small egg, sugar to taste, and a very little cinnamon; when cold, beat in three eggs. Butter a deep baking-dish, strew in bread-crumbs until the bottom is covered to the thickness of about an inch, then about half the depth of the stewed apples, a thin layer of crumbs, the rest of the apples, and another thick layer of crumbs; set it in the oven to bake, which, if quick, will take about half an hour. Just before taking it out, sift white sugar over the top, and put it in the hottest part of the oven to brown a minute or two. Either eat cold with cream, or hot with sauce.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE (fine).—Cream until very light one coffee-cupful of butter. Add slowly, stirring all the time, two cupfuls of sand sugar, and when the mixture is light, add one coffee-cupful of new milk in which a tea-spoonful of soda has been dissolved; when well mixed, the yolks of five eggs. Rub thoroughly into four and a half cupfuls of sifted flour two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, and stir in the butter, alternating with the beaten whites of three of the eggs, reserving the other two for the icing. Either bake in three pans or six round jelly plates; in the latter case, put a chocolate mixture between the layers of three of the cakes, and the other three the beaten whites of the two eggs, adding four tea-spoonfuls of flour sugar. On top of each layer of cake and icing put grated cocoanut an inch in depth, and finish with it at the top. The dried cocoanut will answer, but the freshly grated nut partly dried is much better.

Thanks for their pleasant letters are due to Birdie T., T. C. C., Minnie M. K., Victoria L., Blanche L., Emily D., Maud J., Arthur P., Jonathan W., and Frederick C.—Special thanks to Lettie M. M.—Miss Emma C., 16 years old, Lock Box No. 6, Seville, Ohio, would like to correspond with a young lady of her own age, in some foreign country, for mutual improvement.

Dear little children whose letters can not appear must not feel slighted. The Postmistress enjoys every letter she receives.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

TWO EASY SQUARES.

1.—1. A rim. 2. A thought. 3. At the back. 4. A noble.
2.—1. Trouble. 2. Acid. 3. A shell. 4. A current. A. L. BERT.

No. 2.

THREE EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A consonant. 2. A Latin word meaning to pray. 3. A dried fruit. 4. An adjective. 5. A vowel.
2.—1. A consonant. 2. Skill. 3. Whence great inventions spring. 4. A mineral. 5. A consonant. CHARLES E. & ARTHUR H. TIMMERMAN.
3.—1. A letter. 2. An age. 3. Funny. 4. A beverage. 5. A letter. A. L. BERT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 222

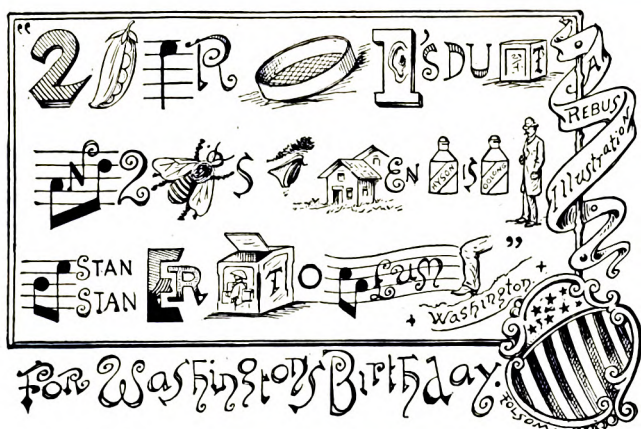
No. 1.—Shad. Perch. Herring. Flounder. Salmon. Trout. Sturgeon. Carp. Shark. Dace. Dolphin. Mackerel. Pike. Roach. Minnow.—Owl. Heron. Swallow. Thrush. Swan. Wren. Dove. Ostrich. Ibis. Kite.—Dog. Goat. Horse. Ape. Ass. Mastiff. Bear. Doe. Cat. Otter.

No. 2.—

E P I C
P O R E
I R O N
C E N T

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from: Caro S. Mitchell, Daisy, Florence H., Florence E. Smith, Lettie M. Mason, Belle Thorp, H. E. Wheeler, Richard Baird, Lulu Simonds, Frances Strashburger, James H. Doanely, Carey Rogers, Maud S. Nickerson, A. L. Bert, S. G. Turnbull, W. F. Patton, E. D. Raymond, George E. Smith, E. C. Davis, Otto C. K., Lillie Holmes, George Lowe, W. Forrest West, James A. Waters, Amy Francis, Sadie L., Edith R. Riley, Florence L. Buckman, Dottie, Grace, Florence, Mabel, and Annie Knight, Roy W. Osborne, Richard Bacon Evans, Lena R. B. Torrance Packer, Herbert H. Morrison, Gazette, Ida Emma Hequembourg, Clara J. Pierce, W. J. Primbly, Charles E. and Arthur H. Timmerman.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



WHO WAS HE?

BY L. A. FRANCE.

HE was born at Cummington, Massachusetts, four years after the death of Benjamin Franklin and of Israel Putnam, and five years before the death of Washington and of Patrick Henry. In the same year in which he was born Washington Irving was eleven years old, Webster five, and Cooper twelve years old.

He was the next to the oldest in a family of seven children. His father was a physician. He was named after a medical professor at Edinburgh.

He was very fond of out-door life, and spent a great part of his time in the woods and fields.

He began writing poetry when he was about ten years old. A poem which he read before his school was printed in the *Hampshire Gazette* in 1807. A few months later he published a small pamphlet of about twelve pages, containing a fiery protest against the embargo which the President had laid on the vessels and ports in the country.

When he was between thirteen and fourteen he began studying Latin and Greek. He advanced so rapidly in the latter language that after two or three months' study he had read the entire Greek Testament.

He entered Williams College in 1810. He was a good student, but did not particularly distinguish himself there. Two years later he left college, and began studying law with Judge Howe at Worthington. In 1815, at the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar. He began practice in Plainfield, a small town near Cummington, but soon removed to Great Barrington. In the same year—1817—the poem by which he is best known was published in the *North American Review*.

He was married in 1821 to Fanny Fairchild. In the same year he delivered a poem called "The Ages" before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard, and published his first volume of poems.

In 1825 he became assistant editor of the *New York Review*. On the failure of the magazine, a year later, he became connected with a daily paper, the *Evening Post*.

He made a visit to Europe in 1834, returned home in two years, and in 1845 again visited Europe.

A letter from him while in London, suggesting the propriety of securing grounds where the people of New York city could resort for fresh air and recreation, led to the establishing of Central Park.

He visited Europe for the third time in 1849, and was absent over a year.

While abroad he sent back letters containing interesting accounts of his

travels, which first appeared in his paper, and afterward in book form.

In 1864 the Century Club celebrated his seventieth birthday.

In 1867 he made his last trip to Europe.

He avoided all public positions and offices. He engaged in active literary and editorial labor until his death.

On the 29th of May, 1878, he delivered an address in Central Park, on the occasion of the unveiling of a bust of the Italian statesman Mazzini. The same day he received a fall, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He died on the twelfth day of June, 1878.

TWO OPINIONS.

HIS. "I WOULD not be a girl," said Jack,
"Because they have no fun;
They can not go a-fishing, nor
A-shooting with a gun."

HERS. "I would not be a boy," said May,
"For boys are horrid things,
With pockets filled with hooks and knives
And nails and tops and strings."

MONKEY POCKETS.

I SUPPOSE you did not know that monkeys had any pockets, I save those in the little green coats organ-men sometimes compel them to wear. But that is a mistake; their real pockets are in their cheeks. The other evening, coming back from the sea by train, I travelled in the next compartment to a little be-coated monkey and his master.

The little creature's day's work was over, and perched up on the sill of the carriage window, he produced his supper from those stow-away pockets of his, and commenced to munch it with great enjoyment. Several times the platform had to be cleared of the girls and boys who had come to see the little friend, who had been amusing them all day, off on his journey. At length a porter, whose heart evidently was warm toward little folks, allowed them to slip in and remain.

All the officials felt the attraction of that window; and the stoker, with smiles upon his grimy face, openly addressed the little monkey as "mate." Even the station-master as he passed, I noticed, cast a sly glance toward the monkey, although he could not, of course, be seen to join the crowd of admirers. A cheer was raised when the train was set in motion, and the monkey glided slowly away from big and little spectators.

I heard the other day of a pet monkey called Hag, a creature no larger than a guinea-pig, whose master once found in his cheek pockets a steel thimble, his own gold ring, a pair of sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of candy. Monkeys, I am sorry to say, are given to stealing, and they use these pockets to hide the articles which they have stolen.



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"WE WILL SEE ABOUT THAT," CRIED MR. CARVER."

LONG ACRE POND.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"SAM PEER! Sam Peer! Long Acre Pond is as hard and smooth as glass. Go get your skates, and come on!" cried Morris Grey, running across the road to meet a boy who at that moment appeared at the door of his house.

"Have you tried it?" asked Sam.

"Yes," answered Morris; "I was up there before six this morning."

"Any one else going?" inquired Sam.

"Ed Locke and Sidney Jarvis," answered Morris.

"Wait a moment until I find my skates," said Sam, as he ran back into the house.

In about five minutes he returned, swinging his skates by their straps, and the two hastened down the road in the direction of the pond.

Long Acre Pond, as it was called, was situated a short distance from the village, and had been from time out of mind the favorite resort of the boys of that place. It was a wonderful pond, never drying up in summer, and always the first to freeze in winter. Here the children sailed their toy boats, and fished for "killies" in warm weather, and slid and skated in the short cold winter days. If you had asked any one of the boys whom this pond belonged

to, he would probably have answered, "No one." But in reality it was part of a large estate which had recently changed owners.

"Hello! there are Ed and Sidney. What are they coming back for?" said Morris, as two boys appeared from behind a cluster of large trees.

"What is the matter?" shouted Sam. "Ice broken?"

"Come and see for yourself," answered one of the boys.

Sam and Morris quickened their steps, and in a few moments the four companions found themselves on the edge of the pond.

"What do you think of that?" cried Edward Locke, pointing to a board nailed to a tree, on which was painted in large black letters:

NOTICE.

No Skating permitted on this Pond.

"Who could have put that thing up there?" said Morris Grey in astonishment.

"Why," said Sam, laughing, and beginning to buckle on his skates, "don't you see it is a joke?"

"So it must be," cried Sidney, following Sam's example.

In a few moments the four boys were flying over the pond, shouting and laughing with the excitement of the sport.

But their pleasure did not last long, for in less than ten minutes a man strode hastily down the hill, and when he reached the pond he shouted in a loud, harsh voice:

"What are you doing there, boys? Are you blind, or can't any one of you read?"

The boys stood still and looked at one another.

"Who is he?" whispered Sam Peer.

"I think he is the man who bought the house on the hill a few weeks ago," answered Morris in the same voice.

"Well," cried the new-comer, thumping his cane upon the hard ground, "do you hear?"

"Suppose we go and ask him what he means?" said Sidney.

At this suggestion the boys moved across the pond, and stood balancing themselves on their skates before the stranger.

"Did you call us?" asked Sidney.

"None of your impudence," replied the man, "but take yourself off."

"Off where?" asked Ed Locke, looking puzzled.

"Off my pond," cried the man, angrily.

"Your pond!" repeated Sidney. "How does it come to be *your* pond?"

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" said the stranger, growing red in the face, and turning quickly on Sidney.

"I did not mean any harm," replied Sidney. "I only asked because I wanted to know."

"It is mine," replied the man, in a less angry tone, "for the simple reason that I bought it along with the rest of the land that extends from that house on the hill to the other side of the field over which you've been tramping."

"But we have always skated on this pond ever since I can remember," said Sam Peer, who had been silent until now, "and father says he did when he was a boy."

"And so did mine," "And so did mine," cried the other boys.

"That will do," said the man, frowning. "I don't want to hear anything more. You can make up your minds to this: you shall never skate on this pond as long as I own it, or my name is not Thomas Carver."

"Not skate on Long Acre Pond!" cried Morris Grey, in a tone of great surprise. "Why, there is not another place fit to skate on within ten miles."

"That is nothing to me," replied Mr. Carver.

"What harm do we do?" asked Sam Peer. "You can not hear us up at the house, and after this we will use the road if you do not want us to go over the field."

"I have no more to say," replied Mr. Carver. "If I should let you four boys stay here, before I knew it the whole village would be scampering over my grounds, destroying my fences and trees. Go, now; I have wasted too much time already," and he pointed to a lane leading out to the road.

The boys looked at one another, and wondered if it could be possible? Were they to be turned away from their own pond, the place that they and their fathers before them had always considered public property?

"I don't believe you have any right to send us off," said Morris Grey, angrily, "and I for one don't mean to stir."

"We will see about that," cried Mr. Carver, raising his cane hastily.

"You must not strike him," cried Sam, springing between Mr. Carver and Morris.

The cane fell heavily upon his extended arm. Sam clinched his fist, and his eyes flashed as he said:

"You would not have dared to do that if I were a man. I will make you sorry for this some day."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense!" said Mr. Carver, impatiently.

"I will cane you all soundly if you give me any more trouble. In five minutes, if you are not out of my grounds, I will send two or three men to drive you off. And, remember, I never want to see you here again."

After this he turned away, and walked toward his own home on the hill.

The boys looked after Mr. Carver until he disappeared from sight; then one after another they sat down, and unfastened their skates.

"I suppose we will have to go," said Ed Locke, sorrowfully.

"I am going to ask father if he really has a right to take the pond away from us," said Sidney, indignantly.

Morris Grey had tears in his eyes as he looked toward Sam Peer, who still stood gazing fixedly toward the house.

"Come, Sam," said Morris; "there is no use. We will be driven away if we stay."

Sam turned a white face toward his friend. "I—I can't stand it," he said, in a choked voice.

"Did he hurt you so much?" whispered Morris, throwing his arm across his friend's shoulder. "I wish you had not stepped between us."

"It is not the hurt," answered Sam, in a low voice, "but the meanness of a great man like that, armed with a cane, too, to strike a person so much smaller than himself, who had done him no harm. I will never forgive him."

"Come, Sam," said Morris, coaxingly; "he will be back in a little while." And Morris put his arm through Sam's, and drew him off the pond.

"I am not going to give up in this way," said Sidney Jarvis, as they left the lane. "I *will* have my skate, if I have to wait until that selfish old thing is asleep."

"It is moonlight to-night," said Morris, glancing behind him.

"Say, boys," cried Edward Locke, "suppose we wait until eight o'clock, and then go and have a grand—"

"Hush!" whispered Sidney, warningly. "I heard some one move behind those bushes."

When the boys had left the lane and Mr. Carver's grounds far behind them, they stopped and held an indignation-meeting, at which Mr. Carver was voted "selfish, mean, and unfeeling," and it was decided to be perfectly proper to outwit him if possible. And then a plan was formed to return to Long Acre Pond that very evening, accompanied by as many boys as they could find to join them. After this the friends separated for the day.

"You have not spoken," said Morris to his friend Sam, when they were left alone. "You will go, will you not?"

"I do not know," replied Sam. "I will first find out

if the place belongs to him; if it does, I would rather never skate again in all my life than set one foot on it."

"How strangely you speak, Sam!" said Morris, looking into his friend's face. "And you look dreadfully white, too. What is the matter?"

"I do not know," answered Sam, turning his face away. "I never was so angry in all my life. How I wish I was a man!"

"I would not feel like that," said Morris; "you will forget it soon."

"Never," replied Sam, decidedly, as he walked away.

"Are you going with us?" asked Morris, as he met Sam Peer that evening in the road.

"No," replied Sam. "Father says the place really does belong to him. He bought it about two weeks ago."

"I don't care," said Morris; "I am going to have one more good skate anyhow. Come, Sam, if you will not go any farther, walk as far as the lane with me."

So the two boys walked slowly along the moon-lit road.

They had nearly reached the lane when they saw before them a large party of boys with skates over their shoulders. They were all talking in loud and angry voices.

"What is the matter?" said Morris, running to meet them. "Did he catch you?"

"Worse than that," shouted one boy. "He has had the ice chopped away all around the pond, and unless you have wings you won't get any skating to-night."

"And he has spoiled the whole pond, too," cried another, "for he has heaped up the broken ice all over it."

At that moment the boys, who were crowded together in the centre of the road, heard a light wagon approaching rapidly. They separated, and sprang to each side, as the driver of the wagon cried, in a loud, commanding voice, "Out of the way, boys! out of the way!"

The man accompanied these words with a flourish of his whip. The horse he was driving apparently took fright at his master's voice and sudden movement, for he started, reared upon his hind-legs, and then sprang forward, and turned swiftly into the lane leading to the pond.

"That's the man who spoiled our pond," said Sidney Jarvis, as the horse and wagon disappeared from sight.

After this the disappointed boys went on their way, and Morris, bidding Sam good-night, accompanied them.

Sam stood by the wall that skirted the road, thinking. The arm that Mr. Carver had struck that morning ached badly, and in his heart there was a very angry feeling toward the man who had given the blow.

"I would like to punish him in some way," said Sam, clinching his fist.

As he muttered these words a sound startled him. It seemed to come from the direction of the pond. Sam lifted his head and listened. It came again, and this time he was certain that it was a cry for help.

"Some one who did not know the ice was broken has fallen into the pond," thought Sam, as he sprang over the wall and ran swiftly across the field.

When he reached the pond the first thing that caught his eye was a horse standing close by the brink dripping wet and shivering. An overturned wagon lay on the ground close behind him. It was the horse and wagon that had passed Sam in the road a few moments ago, but the driver was nowhere in sight.

As Sam looked toward the pond, there appeared slowly rising among the fragments of broken ice a ghastly white face. The moonlight streamed brightly down upon it, and Sam gave a cry, for he saw it was the face of Mr. Carver.

"Help!" cried Mr. Carver, in a gurgling voice, as he made one feeble effort to catch the ice that surrounded him, but he sunk almost instantly, and the dark water closed over his head.

"Why, I don't believe he can swim, and the pond is ten feet deep," thought Sam, in horror. He at once forgot the events of the morning, and slipped off his jacket and

shoes. As he ran toward the pond he heard hurried steps approaching. But there was no time to waste, so without glancing back he leaped into the freezing water. As he did so, Morris appeared. He had also heard the cry for help, though some distance from the pond, and hurried back just in time to recognize Sam as he sprang after the drowning man.

Morris stood with his eyes fixed on the spot where his friend had gone down, trembling with fright, and unable to move. But he gave a cry of joy when the water parted close by him, and Sam's voice said:

"Is that you, Morris? I have got him by the hair. I can tread water, and keep his face out a moment or two. But he is heavy; so give me a lift, quick!"

"I am coming," cried Morris, as he threw off his jacket.

"No, no; don't do that!" exclaimed Sam. "Unbuckle the reins of the horse and fasten them together, and throw one end to me."

Morris turned to the shivering, frightened animal, and obeyed.

Sam caught the end of the rein thrown to him, passed it under Mr. Carver's broad shoulders, and fastened it securely beneath his arms.

"Now what shall I do?" cried Morris from the shore.

"Who is it? Can't he help himself?"

"It's Mr. Carver," answered Sam, "and he's in a faint."

"Then we shall never pull him out, he is so big—and you will be drowned."

"Morris," said Sam, speaking slowly, and panting between each word, "have you got your end of the rein safe?"

"Yes," replied Morris.

"Then fasten it tight to the horse's collar and start him off, while I keep Mr. Carver's mouth out of water."

"Now I understand," answered Morris. "You want the horse to help drag him out." Without wasting another moment he passed the strap through the horse's collar, and knotted it fast. Then taking the horse by the bit, he urged him gently forward.

"That will do," cried Sam, after a few steps.

Morris looked back; the plan had succeeded. Mr. Carver now lay on the ground entirely out of water. He unfastened the reins from the horse's collar, and hastened to help shivering, dripping Sam from the water.

"Shall I go up to the house and tell his folks?" asked Morris. "We can never carry him home."

Sam nodded; he was too much exhausted to speak. But before Morris reached the house he met two men belonging to the village, to whom he told the story of Mr. Carver's accident and rescue. The men hastened back with Morris, and the boys waited only long enough to see him lifted into the wagon; then they hurried home. But before he went, Sam heard one of the men say, as he bent over Mr. Carver, "He breathes; he is coming to."

That was the last Sam saw of Mr. Carver for more than a week. But one sparkling Saturday morning he received a mysterious note requesting him to come to Long Acre Pond that evening, and bring with him every boy in the village old enough to skate. This note was signed by Thomas Carver.

So that night Sam Peer, leading a procession of about thirty boys, arrived at the pond, which, to their surprise, they found brilliantly lighted with colored lanterns.

Mr. Carver met them, and, smiling, led them across the pond, which was now as smooth as crystal, to a newly erected wooden building. Then placing a paper in Sam's hand he said, "Read that so that all may hear."

Sam took the paper, and while the boys gathered around in eager silence, read it aloud.

This is what the paper contained, omitting the formal titles:

"In consideration of the fact that I owe my life to the

two boys, Samuel Peer and Morris Grey, who bravely rescued me from drowning in Long Acre Pond, I give the said pond, with one acre of land around it, and the building attached, to the boys of the village forever. I furthermore set aside the sum of one thousand dollars, the interest of which shall be devoted to keeping the pond and building in repair; and Samuel Peer and Morris Grey are to be considered my trustees for these gifts during their lives."

After the wild shouts and cheers that followed the reading had subsided, Mr. Carver took Sam and Morris aside, and thanked them warmly and kindly for their gallant action.

After this night Mr. Carver became a great favorite with all the boys. He often came to the pond, both in summer and winter, always making it a point to ask permission of Sam and Morris, whose management of Long Acre Pond is highly popular among the boys of the village.

BARNACLES.

BY SARAH COOPER.

THOSE boys and girls who have been to rocky sea-coasts may have noticed a dull white coating upon the rocks after the tide has gone down. If they have given the subject much thought, they have probably discovered that on

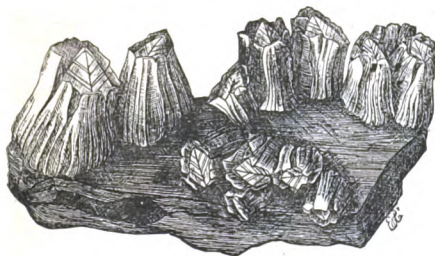


FIG. 1.

the cliffs this coating forms a strip reaching only to high-water mark.

At first we may think the rocks quite disfigured, but so great is the charm which living beings have for us, that we shall

become interested at once upon learning that this rusty covering consists of acorn barnacles.

Any rocks that stand between high and low water mark may be chosen as the resting-place of these curious creatures. When the rock is left high and dry above the water there is nothing attractive about them. Their shells are tightly closed (as seen in Fig. 1), and they appear perfectly lifeless; but watch them when the tide comes in, and there will be signs of returning activity.

With the first welcome wave that reaches their resting-place you will see the valves within the acorn open, and a delicate feathery cluster of arms will be thrown out of each

barnacle, as in Fig. 2, and then suddenly disappear. This movement is repeated every few seconds with great regularity, and makes quite a current in the water, carrying toward the mouth small floating things, on which the barnacle feeds.

The shell consists of two parts, one within another: the outer one is composed of several plates, open at the top; within it is a conical movable lid, the plates of which are opened and closed every time the arms are thrown out. In this way barnacles fish vigorously, as if they understood that two tides mean but two meals during the day, and consequently they must make the best use of their time.



FIG. 2.

This fishing is a graceful operation, and if you should find a large rock covered with barnacles, and bathed with clear seawater, you will soon be fascinated with watching their motion. As the valves at the top of each cone open, twelve pairs of light feathery arms are thrown out and drawn in again every time.

The shells of acorn barnacles are sometimes found four or five inches high. When these are in clusters they make artistic flower vases or match-holders. They have even been used for inkstands.

The goose barnacle (Fig. 3) differs from the acorn barnacle in hanging from a long muscular stalk. The shell opens at the side, but the arrangement of the animal is the same as in the acorn barnacle. It also has twelve pairs of jointed and ciliated limbs, which it throws out at regular intervals.

Young barnacles, when they are first hatched, are active, restless creatures, swimming about like young crabs, but as they grow older they attach themselves to rocks, shells, drift-wood, sea-weed, sponges, turtles, or even to jelly-fish. The head is firmly glued to these objects by a cement which the animal secretes. The rest of the body is free and can be extended beyond the shell. Fig. 4 shows the body of the goose barnacle as it looks within the shell.

While young, and frolicking about in the water, barnacles have two well-developed eyes, but these dwindle away when the animal settles for life, and they finally disappear altogether. The shell, covering now grows, and henceforth barnacles are quiet, orderly individuals, never moving from the spot which they have chosen, unless this resting-place happens to be upon a living animal or some floating object. So you see barnacles are really more highly developed in youth than they are later in life. Before growing into perfect barnacles they have parted with their sight, and with the power of moving from one place to another.

Barnacles abound in all seas. They sometimes settle so thickly on the huge Greenland whale as to hide the color of its skin. Goose barnacles are often found clinging in large masses to the hulls of vessels, where they prevent an easy gliding motion through the water. They grow rapidly, and ships which start upon their voyages freshly painted have sometimes been obliged to put into port in order to have the barnacles scraped from the hull.

I fear you can scarcely believe the statement that in former times these same goose barnacles were thought to change into birds. There is a certain goose frequenting the western coasts of the British Isles, called the barnacle goose, which was thought, even by learned men, to have sprung from the barnacle. Gerard, in 1597, gives this amusing description of the transformation: "When the shell gapeth open" we see "the legs of the bird hanging out," then the bird, increasing in size, "hangeth only by the bill," and "in short space after it cometh to full maturity, and falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a fowl bigger than a mallard, and lesser than a goose," etc. People believed that this change was actually going on before them, and there was some difficulty in proving it to be only a fable.

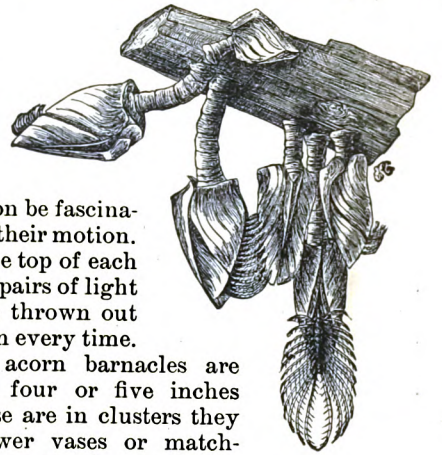


FIG. 3.

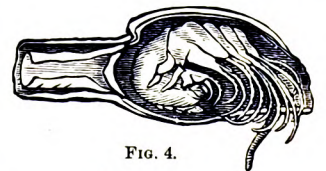


FIG. 4.

THE ICE QUEEN.*

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ARCTIC VISITORS.

"**H**ELP me catch these wounded ones!" cried Tug, dancing round in chase of several wing-tipped and lame birds that were floundering in the snow.

The others rushed after them too, and it was exciting sport, for the chase often led them into deep drifts and down the scraggy sides of the hummock, so that it became the scene of many comical tumbles and failures, for several of the birds, having been shot as they crowded together in a bunch, were only slightly wounded, and able to make a vigorous attempt to escape. Rex took part also, but his work consisted chiefly in barking himself hoarse, for all he accomplished was the finding of one dead bird; and this, as he was not a retriever, he devoured on the spot.

When, panting, red-faced, and tired out, they gathered again at the door, they counted up seventeen fat buntings and one long-spur as the result of the three shots. Three of these were badly mangled, and were given to Rex; the others they began at once to make into a stew for supper, which they always ate about sundown. This meal also took the place of a dinner, as they ate only "a bite" at noon.

While they were plucking the birds—and their bodies seemed woefully small when the thick coat of feathers had been removed—they asked Tug many questions about the buntings. He could not answer all of them, but the substance of what he told them was this:

The snow-buntings—white snow-birds, or snow-flakes—belong to the far Northern regions, where they go in summer to make their nests, often within the arctic circle. As soon as their young are able to fly they must begin their southward migration, for the excessive cold and the deep snow cut off all the grass-seeds, mosses, and insects, upon which they feed in summer. So they begin to spread southward, not into British America alone, but also into Lapland and Russia, and the lower parts of Siberia. The bird seems to be a lover of cold, and used to scant fare and the roughest climate. It is not always, therefore, that they are to be seen in the United States south of the Great Lakes.

Around these lakes, however, they are likely to come in great flocks after a cold snap or a deep fall of snow. The wild rice tracts and frozen marshes afford them an abundance of seeds and dried berries, upon which they grow fat. Though seeming less in danger than most other birds, since our hawks are gone southward, these buntings are exceedingly restless and timid, which makes

them scurry away at the least alarm. Yet their timidity is not enough to insure their safety, for though they are constantly rising up and settling again, their flights are so short and uncertain that, as we have seen, a good marksman has no difficulty in shooting them. They are so small, however, that in this country of large game-birds they are never shot for food unless a necessity like the present one compels it. With the first bit of warm weather the snow-buntings and their companions, the long-spurs, whirl away to the bleak northward, crowding close upon the heels of Winter as he retreats to his polar stronghold.

In the cool mountainous parts of the far West there are several species of birds closely akin to the snow-flake, whose summer homes are among the peaks. They belong to the same genus (*Plectrophanes*), but none of them are so white as the Eastern bunting; in fact, like the ptarmigan, he is pure white only in midwinter, changing in summer to a dress much mottled with warm brown and black, traces of which remain in his winter hood and collar.

"What do you suppose brought the snow-flakes away out hither on the ice?" Tug was asked.

"Oh, we're not so far from land—though we might as well be a hundred miles away for all the good it will do us!—and I suppose they were flying across to the marshes



KATY TRAPPING THE SNOW-BUNTINGS.

and islands on the north shore. Probably our smoke attracted them."

Having got done with their birds, the boys returned to their chopping. Two or three large pieces were hacked out as back logs to build their fire upon, instead of making it right on the ice; and since this last load was not needed in the wall, which had been banked up anew, it was spread around on the floor of the house to keep their canvas carpet above the chilly and often wet floor, for the weather was not cold enough now to keep it frozen always hard and dry under the tent.

Evening came, and with it a feeling of home-like comfort queer to think about, yet not quite impossible under the circumstances, forlorn and dangerous as they were.

* Begun in No. 217, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The boys perched themselves on the gunnel of the boat, and watched Katy making snow-bird stew and "drawing" the fragrant tea.

Then how good it tasted! What a royal change from steady bacon and crackers, or tough dried beef and water!

"I wonder if they'll come again?" said Aleck, examining his friend's gun. "Costs a heap o' powder, though, and the noise scares them. Say, Tug, don't you know how to build traps?"

"I could make a figure four," piped Jim, "if I had the box."

"Guess we could manage that. Ugh! what a frightful smoke!"

"I should say so," added Katy, rubbing her smarting eyes. "I think if you should punch a hole under the wall, there would be a better draught. That hole in the corner of the roof don't make a very fine chimney."

Tug took his ramrod and worked the snow away from a crevice at the foot of the wall near the floor. The cooler air outside sucked in to take the place of the heated air within, which ascended to the hole at the edge of the roof, and a draught was set in motion that took enough of the smoke out to make the place endurable while they ate their supper.

How good that bird soup was! And what fun they had eating it in their tin cups with wooden spoons! There was only one more cup and a bowl for tea, which had to be passed around. They forgot their difficulties for a little while, and were as merry as they could be. All at once Katy stopped short in a laugh, with an exclamation of astonishment.

"I do believe we've never one of us thought what day it is! This is Christmas-eve!"

The evening was given to chatting as they sat in the half darkness, illumined by the red embers of their fire, for they wanted to save their lantern oil, and would not allow themselves to burn it uselessly; and it was not late when they went to sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHRISTMAS BIRD-CATCHING.

"MERRY Christmas!"

It was the Captain's voice, who felt it a part of his duty to be the first "on deck" in the morning, but had a rival in his sister, who was quite as active as he.

"Merry Christmas!—this what you call merry?" inquired Jim, fretfully, as with his finger he traced figures in the frost on the under side of the canvas.

"Well, let's try to make it as merry as we can," Katy cried, cheerfully, from the starboard corner of the stern-sheets.

"I know what I'm going to do," said Tug—"make bird traps. I lay awake a long time in the night planning them."

"While you fellows talkee-talkee I'll build a fire;" and Aleck's tall form was soon bent over the heap of wood, where a blaze was quickly crackling. Tug and Jim followed, and all went off, as was their custom, leaving Katy the whole igloo to herself for a little while.

Immediately after breakfast Tug began on his traps.

He had brought along with him as a part of his baggage what he sometimes called his gunsmith shop. It consisted of a square tin box that would hold about two quarts of chestnuts—if he had had any chestnuts to put in it, which he hadn't. Besides a bag of No. 6 shot, this box contained one of the strangest and most worthless collections of odds and ends of boyish hardware that could be imagined. A catalogue of it would be useless. Among other articles were a knife-blade that long ago had parted from its handle, a brad-awl in the same condition, and a broken bullet-mould bound together by a long winding of fine wire.

These three things the lad picked out and laid aside. Then he turned over the rest of the contents of the box until he had secured several tacks and brads of varied sizes, and a round piece of tin with holes in it. Then he discovered something which made him shout with a joy almost equal to his delight at finding the tree trunk. This best of all the finds, this forgotten treasure in the tin box, was a small coil of horse-hairs. They were the relics of a preparation he had made for a short camping trip into the woods three months before, while the October haze and bright cool air were playing among the rustling autumn leaves. How the scene came back to him! Now these hairs would serve him for a better use than mere amusement. He was carefully unwinding them when Jim rushed in to say that the snow-birds were around again.

"Good!" cried Tug. "Take some crumbs out of the cracker box, and quietly throw them down where the snow-birds can get them. Put 'em on the top of the hummock first, then we'll gradually toll 'em down below. I'll be out in a minute."

Jim got his crackers and vanished. Aleck was chopping wood, and Katy was with him. It was a cold day, but sunny, and there were no signs of the snow melting. Tug, alone in the house, looked fondly at his tools, and having nobody else to speak to, talked to himself.

"We're like the boy and the ground-hog. 'We ain't got no meat for the supper, and the preacher's comin'.' So I guess I'd better leave the twitch-ups and make some common box traps that Kate and the kid can watch. Come here—you!"

This last was addressed to a wooden box about twelve inches square, in which Katy had been wont to pack the small articles of table use. Tug turned them all out, and pulled off the leather hinges that held the cover. Then, taking an oak splinter from the fire-wood, he cut it to the size of a lead-pencil, and notched it in the middle. In this notch he tied the end of the ball of twine, which formed a part of the boat's stores, and cut off a length of about fifteen feet. Next he drew the locker out of the bearings upon which it rested, emptied it of its contents, and made a stick and length of twine to fit it in the same way. Lastly he tore two pieces a foot or so square from their one strong sheet of white paper. He had been at work scarcely ten minutes, but had ready two simple traps. Then he went outside and called to Katy, who came quickly.

"Katy," he said, "I have something for you to do. Please get a blanket and come out on top of the hummock, where you'll find me."

While the girl went inside for the blanket Tug climbed up to the icy hill-top, where a small flock of snow-birds were pecking away at the crumbs Jim had thrown out. The lad crept stealthily toward them, and though the birds moved away, they were not greatly frightened, and did not go far. As quietly and rapidly as possible he spread down his pieces of paper on the highest part of the hummock, at a little distance apart, and not far from the edge of the ice table. Then setting his boxes bottom upward, he perched each one slantwise upon one of his sticks, and stretched the strings away to the hummock's edge. On the paper underneath the boxes, and somewhat on the snow about them, he spread his bait of crumbs. Then showing Katy, who had now come out, where she could hide herself behind the edge of the upheaved ice cakes, he told her to wrap herself up well in the blanket, and to keep perfectly still till the birds came back. They would peck at the crumbs until by-and-by one or two of them would be sure to step under the boxes.

"Then," said he, "you jerk your string, the box falls, and Mr. Snow-flake is a prisoner."

So Katy took her position, and Tug, asking Jim to help him, went off to make some other traps.

"Youngster," he directed, "I want you to cut me eight

square pieces of ice, each one about as big as a brick, and after that two slabs about eighteen inches square and two or three inches thick. You can take the axe and cut 'em out in big chunks from the hummock, and then saw 'em into shape—here's the saw—and mind you keep away from where Katy is."

"What do you want them for?"

"For traps—never you mind how: you'll see presently," was the lofty reply.

Jim thought it a little unfair, but he good-naturedly took the axe and saw and went to work.

In half an hour he came to say he was done, and was quickly followed by his sister, whose face was beaming.

"I've caught three!" she cried.

"Three? Good!"

"Yes, they came, a big flock—about forty, I should think—and chattered and twittered about over the house."

"I heard 'em," Tug exclaimed.

"Yes. Well, they seemed to enjoy warming their wings in the smoke, for they flew through it lots of times. Then pretty soon one spied a crumb, and I suppose he called his fellows, for in a minute they came all hopping about on the snow, and getting nearer and nearer the boxes. I got so nervous I could hardly hold the strings still, but I kept as quiet as a mouse—"

"Or as a cat after a mouse!" interrupted Aleck, who had come in with an armful of wood.

"—and pretty soon one little bird went right under the locker. There was another close behind him, but I was too anxious to wait, and I pulled the string, catching one and knocking the other over. It made so little noise that the rest of the flock were not alarmed, and I suppose they didn't miss the lost one, for pretty soon they began to go around the locker, and one flew right on top of it. I was afraid he would tumble it down, but he didn't, and in a minute another had gone under. But there was a third hopping right toward the paper, and so I just waited till he had run under, when—piff!—I had them both!"

"Good for you, Katy!" cried the delighted boys. "You'll make a sportsman yet!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHROVE-TUESDAY CUSTOMS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

TO-DAY is Shrove-Tuesday. I wonder how many of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE can tell what that means? The name comes from the custom in the Church of Rome of confessing sins on this day, and being *shrived* or *shrove*, that is, pardoned and made ready to begin the keeping of Lent.

But in olden times, whatever else people did on Shrove-Tuesday, they were sure to eat pancakes; and many persons do this now, as regularly as the day comes round, without in the least knowing why. There were also very many queer merry-makings, and all sorts of good things to eat were expected by troops of boys, who went about the streets the day before, singing:

"Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,
And I be come a-shroving;
Pray, dame, something,
An apple or a dumpling,"

which is not good poetry, but it brought what was wanted.

The bells began to ring at dawn, and as soon as the merry sound was heard every one was as busy making and eating pancakes as though there were nothing else in the world worth doing. The first pancake turned out of the frying-pan was always presented to the lie-a-bed of the family; but as no one was willing to take it on such terms, the dog generally got it in the end. Every

one was good-natured and merry on Shrove-Tuesday, and cared for little else but having a good time.

At one of the famous old schools of England, Westminster School, a queer Shrove-Tuesday custom is kept up even now: "At eleven o'clock a verger of the Abbey, in his gown, bearing a silver baton, comes from the college kitchen, followed by the cook of the school in his white apron, jacket, and cap, and carrying a pancake. On arriving at the school-room door he announces himself, 'The cook,' and having entered the school-room, he advances to the bar which separates the upper school from the lower one, twirls the pancake in the pan, and then tosses it over the bar into the upper school, among a crowd of boys, who scramble for it. He who gets it unbroken, and carries it to the deanery, demands a guinea (sometimes two guineas) from the Abbey funds; the cook also receives two guineas for his performance."

Playing foot-ball seemed as much a part of Shrove-Tuesday as eating pancakes, and people had to take care of their doors and windows, which must have looked oddly enough with their screens of hurdles and bushes. Glass was glass in those days, but even now householders do not enjoy the breaking of their window-panes.

All sorts of queer things were done at this merry-making season, and in one part of England (Cumberland) the scholars of the free school had a custom, which was looked upon as a right, of *barring out the master*, and keeping him out for three days. The doors were strongly fastened and barred, and the boys within defended their besieged city with guns made from the hollow twigs of the elder- or bore-tree. The master meanwhile tried hard to get in by force or strategy, and if he succeeded, the boys were punished with heavy tasks, and school went on as usual. But it generally happened that the fort was held, and after a three days' siege the master would propose terms, to which the rebels agreed. Full permission to join in all the Shrove-tide sports was always insisted upon and granted.

In some counties of England there is a very strange custom called *Lent crocking*. A party of boys will go around from house to house, with a leader at their head, and this first boy goes and knocks at a door, while the others keep some distance behind him, with plenty of *crock* in their hands, which means broken jugs, dishes, and plates, which they have collected for this purpose. The boy who knocks looks very meek when the door is opened, hangs his head down, and smilingly says or sings these queer lines:

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin',
I be come a-shrovin';
A piece of bread, a piece of cheese,
A bit of your fat bacon,
Or a dish of doughnuts,
All of your own makin'.

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin',
I be come a-shrovin';
Nice meat in a pie—
My mouth is very dry!
I wish a wuz zoo well-a-wet,
I'd zing the louder for a nut."

The other boys come in strong on the chorus:

"A-shrovin', a-shrovin',
We be come a-shrovin'!"

In spite of his numerous wants, if the leader gets a piece of bread and cheese, he will go off quietly; but if he is ordered away, he calls his companions, who fling all the missiles in their hands against the closed door. Such customs make Shrove-Tuesday much more enjoyable for some people than for others.

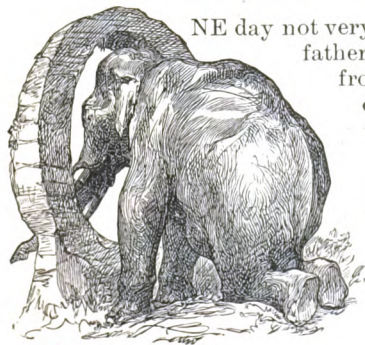
Close upon these Shrove-Tuesday frolics follows the solemn fast of Lent, which begins with Ash-Wednesday; but it is a cloud with a silver lining, for it is tinged with the glorious brightness of the coming Easter.



"LITTLE TERESA."—FROM A PAINTING BY FRANZ DEFREGGER.

BILLY BARTON AT CENTRAL PARK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS'S BROTHER," ETC.



ONE day not very long ago Billy Barton's father, who lived far away from that great city, was obliged to go to New York to visit his brother, with whom he had some important business. Papa and Mamma both decided that Billy must not be left at home alone, but that he too must go with them, and make the acquaintance of his

city cousins, Alice and Charley. The journey was a wonderful one to Billy, for he had never been away from home before, and very many were the strange things he saw; but, among all, nothing left such an impression on his mind as his visit to Central Park, where he saw the collection of animals.

Now Billy was in some ways a queer boy. It was always a fancy of his that animals could think and talk, just like people. Another queer thing about him was that he really felt ashamed of living in the country, when he

should have been proud of the free, healthful life which was his.

Billy tried to imitate Charley, and act in every way just like a city boy, and the first hint he received that any one could suspect he came from the country was when he began the round of cages, and looked in at the solemn blinking owls that glared down at the spectators as wise as judges.

Of course there was nothing about owls in general to make Billy think the secret he so carefully guarded was known; but in the big-eyed crowd were three that looked in different ways at the boy, until he was certain they had met him at home, and knew he was sometimes obliged to drive the cows to pasture, herd the sheep, and perform such labor as country boys often feel injured at being asked to do.

One of this party of three stared full at him, as if he knew he had met this particular boy before, and was trying to remember where. The second solemn owl looked around at him sideways; Billy thought he pulled down his beak in a peculiar manner, much as if he was saying that he *was* a fine-looking city boy, while the third, which was smaller and younger than the others, actually winked, as if to say that while he knew the secret this boy was trying to keep, he would be careful not to say a word about it.

Billy looked upon that wink as a promise, but yet he was far from feeling comfortable about it, and he persuaded his two cousins who were with him to go to some other cage as quickly as possible.

Alice was deeply interested in the polar bears, which were trying to keep cool on the huge cakes of ice that had been put into the cage for their especial comfort. Billy had no very clear idea of the polar regions, and Charley was giving him a sort of lecture on the subject, when the boy from the country, still smarting under the thought that his secret had been discovered by the owls, concluded he would astonish his cousins and the spectators generally by his easy familiarity with bears.

While the attendants were busy elsewhere, Billy crowded as near to the iron bars as possible, intending by one well-directed kick to push the ice from under the largest and most sedate one, in order to see how astonished he would be when he suddenly tumbled over. It was all right while he was trying to get near the cage, and he enjoyed the sensation he was causing by being so bold. But the entire scene was changed the moment he raised his foot to kick, for the bear floundered down with a growl and a snarl, while Master Barton was not only completely spattered with water, but was so frightened and so anxious to get out of the way quickly that he tumbled over backward, covering himself as thickly with confusion as he did with dust.

For some time after that Billy behaved quite as well as any boy, whether from the city or the country, ought to behave, and he walked meekly along by the side of his cousins, not at all anxious to prove by his boldness that he was well acquainted with the ways of the city.

In this demure and proper manner he got along very



well until they stood in front of the lions' den, where the old male lion was enjoying his after-dinner nap. Billy had always wanted to see a lion, and it was particularly discouraging to him to have this one asleep just at the time when he wanted to look at him.

"Let's wake him up, Charley, and see what he looks like," he suggested to his cousin; but Charley refused to make any attempt in that direction, explaining that it was against the rules.

Billy always did have a contempt for rules, and, forgetting his experience with the bears, concluded to break this one, which he looked upon as useless and foolish.

After some argument he persuaded Alice to lend him her sun-umbrella, and armed with that he was about to disturb Mr. Lion's repose, when one of the attendants pounced upon him, giving him a severe scolding, both for running into danger, and breaking rules which every boy ought to know thoroughly well.

Then Billy was quite as anxious to leave the lion house as he had been to enter it, and Charley, pitying his cousin because he had been so foolish, led him to the monkey house, where he forgot his troubles in the amusement caused by the antics of the long-tailed prisoners. Of course Billy was quite as near to the cage as he could get, and he still held the sun-umbrella he had borrowed from Alice.

In an upper compartment of the cage, as if put into solitary confinement because of some misdeed, was a large black-faced monkey, that appeared to be full of mischief. He paid particular attention to Billy, and Billy was quite as interested in him, until the old fellow reached out quickly, seizing the umbrella, and pulling it up out of Billy's hand almost before he knew he had lost it.

There was a shriek from Alice as she saw her property in the monkey's paw, and a groan from Billy as he realized the mischief he and the monkey had wrought. Then, just as Charley sprang to recover the stolen property, two of the monkeys in the cage below caught hold of the prize, determined to become quite as bad as the thief by being the receivers. During two or three minutes there was a severe struggle as to which should have the umbrella, and then the article broke in two pieces, leaving the handle in the big monkey's grasp, and the covering in possession of the two in the cage below.

Billy was in the greatest distress at having thus sacrificed his cousin's property, and it did him no small amount of good, for after that he gave up trying to conceal the fact that he was a country boy, and acted as himself, regardless of the possible chance of being called "green."

But even though he was really on his good behavior, Billy's unpleasant adventures were not ended by the loss of Alice's umbrella, although they left the menagerie immediately afterward.

They had brought a nice little lunch with them, and inside an arbor that jutted out over one of the ponds they sat down to eat it, Billy trying to banish the unpleasant thoughts of their visit to the menagerie by telling his cousins how the different kinds of fish should be angled for, since if he was unacquainted with life in the city, he was thoroughly well versed in the art of fishing.

While he was looking over the railing of the little arbor, pointing out the fish in the water, he saw quite a large-sized mud-turtle come crawling up on to the bank, evidently on a foraging expedition, and he started out at once intending to capture him.

Of course he knew all about mud-turtles, for he had seen hundreds and caught dozens, and again he tried to display his knowledge by picking up the slowly moving and awkward-looking creature.

Alas for Billy! he was altogether too eager to appear active, and almost as soon as he caught the turtle, the turtle caught him by the finger, causing him to shriek with pain as he danced around trying to shake his angry prize from his hand.

It was some time before poor Billy was relieved from his uncomfortable situation, and then he was thankful to go home, his finger smarting very badly, and he himself thoroughly ashamed of his bad behavior.

Whether it was the smarting of that finger, or the very rich cake his auntie had given him at supper, Billy had hardly fallen asleep that night before he was back at the menagerie again, and Alice and Charley were with him.

But this time things were very much changed. Something very important seemed to be going on. The place was decorated with wreaths and flags, as if for a great entertainment. Everybody seemed to be talking at once, and even the animals were conversing together in a language that Billy could understand.

The refreshment room in which they had been during the day had undergone a wonderful change. As Billy looked round he felt it would be impossible to describe it. It was a glitter of all the colors of the rainbow mixed up with gold and silver.

The keepers, in scarlet jackets and white aprons, were flying about everywhere. Indeed, Billy had not thought there were so many of them. This opinion he expressed to the Elephant.

"Everybody is pressed into the service to-night, as so many waiters are wanted," replied the Elephant. "Keeper," he added, "where are the places that are reserved for these young people?"

"Not any reserved, sir; company not expected, sir. More animals to-night than usual. Very sorry, but don't think it possible to find a place, sir."

"Oh, never mind," said Billy; "we shall like it much better if you will let us have a little corner somewhere where we can see it all."

So Billy and Charley and Alice were stationed a little in the background, where they could observe all that was going on. And the first thing they noticed was a table, a little apart from the principal one, at which were seated a number of the animals and birds.

"Why are they sitting there?" asked Billy of the keeper whom the Elephant had appointed to wait upon Alice and himself.

"They are going to sing a song that has been composed for the occasion," replied the keeper.

"Hush!" said Alice; "the Lion is going to say something."

The Lion had taken the head of the great table, some distance from where the children were, and the Elephant was at his right.

He rose, and the whole of the animals rose also, and for a moment the children thought they must all be going mad, for there was a combination of roars, yells, screams, howls, cries, stamping of paws, and lashing of tails that made them draw close together.

"No cause for alarm," said the keeper; "they're cheering the President. The Lion is the President, you know; he is always recognized as quite the head of the menagerie."

"Oh," replied Billy.

After the cheering had subsided, the Lion, in a capital little speech, welcomed the guests. "He was," he said, "glad to see such a noble assembly, and to feel that animal rights were making their way in the world;" and then he made many other remarks suited to the occasion.

At this moment a keeper touched the Elephant on the shoulder, and gave him a folded paper.

The Lion looked inquiringly, and the Elephant uttered a cry of delight.

"It's a cable message from the White Elephant," said he.

Then the cheering rose again louder than ever, and when it had subsided the Elephant read as follows:

"From the White Elephant to his brother elephants at Central Park, New York.—Thinking of you to-night. Send greetings to all friends. Am in capital health and

spirits, and making quite a royal progress. Wonder my head is not turned; but it isn't, and my heart is steady as ever. Best love to everybody. Hope to reach America soon, and expect a pleasant time while there."

"I am so glad he thought of them!" said Billy to Alice.

"Elephants never forget," said Alice, more loudly than she intended, so that the Elephant heard, and turned and made a bow to her.

Then supper began.

Billy thought that all the confectioners' shops in New York must have been emptied. Such pies, such piles of tarts and cheese-cakes, such cakes, with sugar devices of every imaginable kind! And such bunches of grapes and all kinds of fruit! The Elephant sent plate after plate to the children.

Billy could only say, "How wonderful!" and feel that the sight was worth coming hundreds and thousands of miles to see.

At length the dishes were removed, and preparations made for proceeding with the toasts.

Then the Lion, with a majestic air, proposed the health of President Arthur and General Grant and others, and especially of Mr. Bergh, the friend of animals, the recognizer of the rights of dumb creatures. Up arose the tumult of voices, and the health was drunk enthusiastically.

The next toast was to the new-comer. "Fill up your

glasses to the brim, and drink: 'The White Elephant. Long life to him!'" This toast was duly honored, amidst much fun and excitement.

"Only one more toast," said the keeper to Billy—"the grand toast of the evening. It is kept till the last, and will be drunk with musical honors."

"What does that mean?" asked Alice.

"The Amateur Choir—the birds and animals—will sing a song composed for the occasion. See! they are getting ready."

At that moment the Lion stood up again.

"Our gala night," said he, "is coming to an end; but before we part let us join in wishing each other health and happiness until we meet again upon a similar festive occasion. I will give the last toast—'Health and happiness to all the Animals assembled at Central Park.' Touch glasses."

Ah, what a clinking of glass, what a roar of applause, what cheering! Alice was afraid they would be too hoarse to sing.

The Elephant had now drawn near, and taken his place at the table with the others, evidently intending to add to the effect of the song with his trombone-like voice.

At length the cheers died away, and the Pelican, holding a sheet of music, rose, and commenced to sing, the rest of the company joining in the chorus:

THE ANIMALS' SONG.

MUSIC BY CHARLES BASSETT.

1. We are a good-ly col-o-ny; we like our quar-ters here— The El-ephant and Cam-el, the Kan-garoo and Deer; The Li-on, Wolf, and Ti-ger, be-hind the i-ron rails; The misch-ief-lov-ing Monkeys, all swing-ing by, their tails. Ah! lit-tle dream the peo-ple, when the sea-son's at its height, That birds and beasts of fash-ion here their rev-els hold at night. Then up and fill your glass-es all with wa-ter from the spring. And thro' the flower-wreathed rafters now loud let your voices ring; A health to all that love us, to trust-y friends and dear, And three cheers for the An-i-mals that are as-sem-bled here.

* Notes with tails downward for succeeding verses.

We are a goodly colony—we like our quarters here—
The Elephant and Camel, the Kangaroo and Deer;
The Lion, Wolf, and Tiger behind the iron rails;
The mischief-loving Monkeys all swinging by their tails.
Ah! little dream the people, when the season's at its height,
That birds and beasts of fashion here their revels hold by night.

Chorus.

Then up and fill your glasses all with water from the spring,
And through the flower-wreathed rafters now loud let your voices ring.

"A health to all that love us, to trusty friends and dear,
And three cheers for the Animals who are assembled here."

From many a foreign land we come for folk at us to look.
Young people say, "'Tis better than learning from a book,"
And grave professors gaze on us with rapturous amaze,
And write long learned papers upon our wondrous ways.
But of the strange proceedings upon our gala night,
The wise professors hitherto have given the world no light.

Chorus—Then up and fill your glasses, etc.

We little thought, when tossed about upon the stormy seas,
That we should ever light upon such happy days as these.

The Eagle now can rest at ease; the Camel's toil is o'er;
The bold Sea-Lion, docile, his keeper fights no more;
The Wolf no more need hunt now, nor the Pelican to fish,
For every one is well supplied with all that he can wish.

Chorus—Then up and fill your glasses, etc.

The Elephant and Lion are quite civilized in thought;
The Ostrich really thinks that now he's living as he ought:
In fact, we're so well fed and lodged in this our nice new home

That it would grieve us deeply from dear New York to roam.
We love the little children, and our patrons great and small,
But, truth to tell, we love ourselves far better than them all.

Chorus—Then up and fill your glasses, etc.

These three last cheers were so loud that Billy gave a tremendous start. Where was he? Why, in bed, with Charley alongside of him, Alice far away, and not an animal to be seen anywhere.

When he told his story in the morning everybody laughed but Auntie, who said that after this there should be no more plum-cake for supper.



A LAPP ON SNOW-SHOES.

SNOW-SKATING.

BY SHERWOOD RYSE.

THE inhabitants of all the Scandinavian countries—Lapland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—and the Baltic provinces of Russia, have a winter sport which must be quite as enjoyable as Canadian tobogganing or our own coasting. In one important respect it enjoys a great advantage over both these sports, as one can travel up-hill in the same manner as, though of course with less ease than, one goes down-hill.

The Norwegian name of the sport is *skilobning*, which means travelling on snow-skates, and the skate itself is called *skie*. It will rightly be guessed that a *skie* is not unlike the snow-shoe of the North American Indian, and while it is like the latter, it is also very different. The form of the snow-shoe is well known to most persons, both young and old, in this country. The snow-skate is, as its name implies, more nearly like a skate.

It is made entirely of wood, varying in length from six

to eight feet. The breadth is about three inches, and the thickness about one inch, except that it is a little thicker in the middle than at the ends. The best form is to have the skate taper toward the heel and toe, if one may use those terms in speaking of a thing six or eight feet long, and slightly turned up in front, so as to avoid running the point into inequalities in the snow. The skate is usually fastened to the foot by straps, the heel strap only needing to be secured after the foot is on the skate, as the two toe straps—one of which goes over the toe, while the other comes nearly to the instep—are securely nailed to the skate in their proper position. The foremost strap should be a cap, like the toe-cap of a shoe rather than a strap, and should be made of leather that is strong, but not too hard or stiff.

Shod with a pair of these snow-skates, and with a nice long level hill of frozen crust of snow before you, you may well imagine yourself equipped with the "seven-league boots" of fairy-land. At first you try a short and gentle decline if you are wise, for like everything else that is worth doing, snow-skating is not to be learned without some effort, and it is well to be cautious until you feel at home on your clumsy feet. After some practice you will learn to maintain your balance, which is the principal thing to consider; and this you will easily do if you keep your knees well bent, and your body slightly inclined backward. It is a good thing to bear in mind, by-the-way, the security of bent knees in other cases where one is liable to be thrown off one's balance; for instance, in a horse-car or railroad train, when the car is slowing up or starting. When the knees are bent the body sways from the knees, and not from the feet, so the lower part of the leg at least is firm.

When once you feel the delight of sliding down-hill on your own feet you will wish that the little hill were a never-ending mountain-slope, and if you don't shout with delight it will probably be because the swiftness of your flight has taken your breath away. But when you arrive at the bottom of the hill, is it all over? A brief minute or two of headlong flight, and then the long pull up-hill! Courage! this is where you have the advantage over those boys who are

merely coasting. They have to pull their sleds up-hill again; you travel up on your skates. Now this, doubtless, reads very pleasantly; but how to do it? A sail-boat runs freely before the wind, with the boom away out, and "everything lovely." Sailing against the wind, however, is a different thing and a long business. Nevertheless, it is sailing, after all.

To skate up-hill you must imitate the boat. The hill is like the wind: you can not skate directly against it, but may skate sideways up it. Your course will be zigzag, like that of a boat tacking. You will make some headway in one direction, and then you will turn in the other, but always up-hill. A wagon team, you may have noticed, does the same thing; even horses are wise enough to know that, where the road is wide enough, easier progress is made up-hill by a zigzag course than by a straight one.

And here it should be remembered that, in order to prevent the skates slipping sideways on the frozen crust when going up-hill the lower surface of the runners

should have a groove cut in it about two-thirds of its width, leaving the full thickness for about half an inch on each side of the groove. Thus the skate takes hold of the snow in a sideways direction, and gives "purchase" or grip to the feet, while in going down-hill the groove helps you to keep a straight course. Another great assistance is an iron-pointed staff, about five feet long, which may be used to moderate the speed and to make quick turns going down-hill, as well as to help your upward progress, especially when you "go about," as yachtsmen say. The staff will be very useful and very much relied upon for safety by a beginner, but practice will render it unnecessary, except where it is the part of wisdom to use it. Among the Lapps a skater who relies too much on its aid is called a "staff-rider," and the name is considered a term of reproach.

Besides flying down hill and tacking up, an expert can make very good time on level ground, and the snow-skate is often used by hunters of big game in winter in the northern countries of Europe, just as our Canadian neighbors and our own Maine woodsmen hunt the moose on snow-shoes. The heavy animal, with its hard, sharp hoofs, breaks through the crust of the snow, and every step is labor; but the Canadian or Scandinavian hunter, with his peculiar foot-gear, skims merrily along over the frozen surface, and moose or bear is easily overtaken.

The distance that a good snow-skater can travel in a

day is very great; indeed, fifty or sixty miles is no unusual feat, and this, considering that travel is almost impossible by other means, is the best proof of the practical value of snow-skates. In olden times there were regiments of snow-skaters in the Norwegian and Swedish armies; for, previous to the union of the two countries, though neighbors, they were by no means neighborly, and in a winter campaign a corps of light *skielöbere* could harass the enemy on the march, while themselves safe from pursuit. It is hardly twenty-five years since the last corps of military snow-skaters was given up.

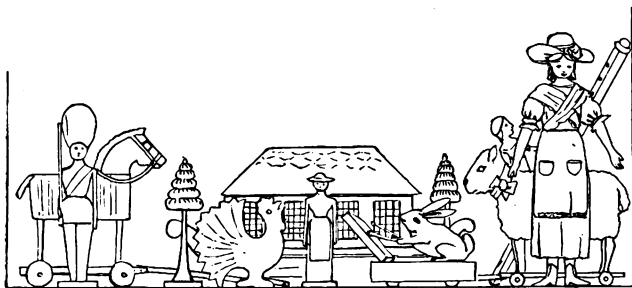
Some of the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE who live in the North, where snow remains on the ground for a long time and freezes into a crust on the surface, have an excellent opportunity to try and rival the young Norsemen in their favorite winter sport, and doubtless the local carpenter can be shown how to make the skates. A strong, light wood—the lighter the better, pine, for instance—is required, and the making of them should not be beyond the skill of most amateur carpenters. To begin with, at any rate, five feet is a sufficient length for a boy's skates, but for one who has grown up to a man's inches, and who has become fairly skillful in their use, the next pair should be six feet. With that he may surmount the hill-tops, descend with the speed of an avalanche, and skim over the level plain with an ease that will be a never-failing source of pleasure.



LILI'S BATH.—By MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

BOTH hands in the basin to dabble and play,
For the bath is to Lili the fun of the day;
She laughs at the sponge, it's so warm and so soft,
And scatters the nice soapy water aloft.
Don't hurry, dear nurse; you may do as you please
With the fat dimpled arms and the white cushioned knees,
And stop when you like the sweet darling to kiss;
For a bath, you must know, is just nothing but bliss,
When the bath begins in the morning.

Such squirming and kicking, such squeals and such cries!
Poor nurse, if you only could shut both your eyes
And close up your ears, for Miss Lili expects
You will pull her ears off, and of course she objects;
And she hates to be wiped, and she thinks you are slow,
And her time is important, she'd have you to know.
Oh, nurse, of a fracas like this do you dream,
A fuss and a struggle, a fight and a scream,
When the bath begins in the morning?



"PRETTY little shepherdess, who may you be?"
 "Bo-Peep, with a sheep, as any one may see."
 "Gallant little soldier man, who owns your pony?"
 "He and I both belong to little Master Tony."
 "House and trees and little toys, and maiden at the door,
 Where have I seen you, pray?" "On the nursery floor."

OUR POST-OFFICE BOX.

PLEASE send word, little folk, about the first spring flowers, and the first birds you see and hear. Some of you are already making your little gardens. I want to be told what you plant, and all about the fun and the hard work.

I am a little girl eight years old, living on a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We are eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, but, though so high, there are other peaks around us still more elevated, from the tops of which we have lovely views. I have taken the paper a year, and have just had my subscription renewed for another. I like it better than any other paper published. I have seen letters from Nannie T. B. and Lelia S. M. in the Post-office Box; they are my cousins. I am your little friend, LIZZIE B. T.

MADISON, NEW JERSEY.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS.—I am a little girl five years old. My name is Bessie. I have a pet bird named Baby; my grandfather carried him over the Brooklyn Bridge the day after it was opened. I have two sisters older than myself, and a baby brother named John. He is very cunning indeed; he is petted a great deal, and sits in a chair while my mother sews. My father is a doctor, and has a pet cat named Thomas Jefferson. I hope you will be glad to receive this letter. We have taken HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE a long time, and I hope you will publish this. Your loving friend, BESSIE A.

I was very much pleased to receive your letter, Bessie, and also the little note accompanying it from your dear mamma. What a fortunate little fellow your brother is, with three sisters to pet him!

GAGTOWN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

This is the first letter I have ever written to you. I have begun one a great many times, but have never finished it. I go to a boarding-school in St. John, which I like very well. I have been in England for a little while, and I like it very much there. I have no pets except two nice cats, which I am very fond of. My sister had a very nice St. Bernard dog, but some one coaxed him away, and we have not seen him since. LENA W.

FORT FAIRFIELD, MAINE.

I have had the reading of YOUNG PEOPLE for quite a while, and I like it so much, particularly the letters from boys and girls which I am always sure to find in the Post-office Box, that I thought I would write you a letter too, and tell you about my trip to Florida with my father.

Just a year ago last January we went on board the steamer *City of Columbus*, and after a pleasant voyage we reached Savannah. I was very thankful, when I read of the terrible disaster to the *City of Columbus*, that we went last year instead of this. I had such a pleasant voyage, and the Captain and all on board were so kind, that you may be sure I felt very sad to hear of the loss of that good steamship. But now I must tell you all about my visit.

During the first part of my stay in the "land of flowers" I resided with my sister and her husband in the small city of Sanford. It is a very small city, but if we were to call it a town or village the good people there would be offended. Sanford is beautifully situated on Lake Monroe, which is the head of steamboat navigation on the St. John's River. General Sanford, after whom the city was named, has some very fine orange groves a few miles out of town. He and his wife have done a great deal for the benefit of the place. One thing was to start a public libra-

ry and reading-room, which Mrs. Sanford furnished at her own expense.

The sidewalks there are made of shells, and after they are worn down they are hard and nice to walk upon. I had many pleasant rambles with my sister while in Sanford, but one in particular I wish to speak about. It was a bright sunny afternoon, with just enough breeze to make one feel comfortable, so we walked about half a mile out of the city, when we came to some car shops, back of which there were (so it seemed to us) banks and banks of fragrant yellow jasmine. It was so pretty, and it seemed home-like to see a little brook with

a bank, for there is not much high land in Florida; it is so level, and the pine-trees and palm-trees are so tall, and there is so little underbrush around, that we could see a number of miles through the woods. After a time we moved from Sanford to a new town, which is about twenty-five miles down the St. John's River, and eight miles back from it. As the place is new, the houses are "few and far between," but I enjoyed my stay there very much, because I romped out-of-doors almost all the time. The soil everywhere in Florida is very sandy, and there are no rocks. There are different kinds of land—the high pine-barrens and the hummock-land. The latter is very rich, and has live-oak, cypress, and other kinds of trees, the whole covered with a mass of beautiful flowering vines. The hummock-lands are better for raising vegetables than the pine lands, though the latter are more healthful. The grass is not like ours in New England; some of it is tall and rather wiry, not so good for cattle as ours. Nearly all kinds of vegetables can be raised there, and oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, grape-fruits, grapes, strawberries, mulberries, wild plums, and other kinds of fruits and berries.

The people use Florida syrup (which is made of sugar-cane) instead of molasses, and many use cotton-seed oil for cooking purposes. They turn their swine out, and let them run wild, and when they want some pork they go out in the woods and shoot a pig. Of course people have to brand the pigs before they turn them out, so that they will know their own.

Bees do well there, because there are so many flowers. The orange-trees are so pretty, with the shining dark green leaves and waxen blossoms; and I saw blossoms, green fruit, and ripe fruit on one tree, all at the same time. I forgot to tell you how beautiful the St. John's River is, bordered with big trees, which are covered with long gray moss that sweeps to the ground.

I have written you a long letter, and yet I have not told you of half the fun we had. I have not told what a nice time we had camping out. I could write you another letter about the beautiful sunsets, the pretty flowers, and sweet wild birds, but I must close this letter now.

BERTHA F. P.

Write another when you wish.

Now we are all going to read a story from a gifted young contributor:

MAY'S FAIRIES.

Little May Forrester was trudging disconsolately through the field, one chubby hand tightly clasping some yellow dandelions, and the other trying to brush away the big tears which came so thick and fast that everything around was seen only through a veil of mist. Her sun-bonnet had been pulled down over her face, and she made a very pitiful little figure on that bright May day, with its sunshine and flowers; but the flowers' smile and the birds' song had no charm for the little maiden, who still continued to weep as though her heart would break.

A pleasant grove stood at the end of the field, and thither our little girl directed her steps. A gigantic elm, standing on the bank of the tiny brook which rippled merrily through the place, looked so cool and tempting to her that she lay down under its shadow, and, worn out with crying, began repeating her sorrows to a robin singing in the branches above.

"Wobin! wobin!" she began, in a reproachful tone, "what makes you sing, when May *kies*? Don't you know that papa painted a lovely pitcher—oh, so pretty!—and the naughty man wouldn't give him any money for it? so I can't have any beautiful doll with yellow hair, and eyes that open and shut, and a gold chain on its neck; or a lovely blue sash, or a pretty new dress with

lace 'wound it? Papa says, 'Don't ky'; but, oh dear! I do want a doll with yellow hair and a gold chain;" and here the tears began to flow so fast that poor May hid her face in the grass, and sobbed until her griefs were lost in slumber.

On this same bright day a merry party of girls and boys started from Judge Grenville's beautiful residence on the hill for Shady Grove, before mentioned in our story. The company consisted of Mildred Grenville, the Judge's daughter, and a number of friends from the city.

On reaching their destination, Mildred was unanimously chosen as Queen, and soon the boys were sent off in search of flowers, while the girls' busy fingers were employed in weaving garlands to deck their sovereign. At last the work was completed, and Mildred stood before them, looking to their admiring eyes, like the beautiful goddess of flowers. Besides the crown upon her head, wreaths and chains had been dexterously trained over her dress, and in her right hand she held a dainty sceptre.

The Queen chose her Maids of Honor, who, having decorated themselves in a manner becoming their position, gathered around her, while the others came to pay homage; then, forming a circle, they danced gayly about her, keeping time with song. Now the fun began, and game followed game, until the grove resounded with merriment and laughter, and the brook, seeming to have caught the sound, laughed too.

Time passed swiftly by, and the dinner hour arrived. Leaving some one in charge of the lunch baskets, the Queen and her followers strolled off to look for a pleasant place to spread the table. Reaching the outskirts of the grove, Mildred immediately espied a large elm, under which she thought, was the very place for their feast. Two or three of the boys went back for the baskets, and then a race ensued to see which should reach the spot first.

Flushed with the active exercise, and bubbling over with laughter, the whole party reached the tree, where, to their great astonishment, lay a little girl, sound asleep, one dimpled hand supporting her head, the other holding some faded blossoms. Their merriment ceased, and the questions of "Who is she?" "Where did she come from?" "Who can she be?" were hastily asked.

Mildred pushed through the crowd, and kneeling down by her side, exclaimed, "Oh! this must be little May Forrester, the daughter of the artist who has lately moved here. They live in that white cottage yonder."

"She seems to have been crying," remarked one of the girls. "What a little darling she is! I wonder what can have been the matter?"

At this moment the child, awaking, was much bewildered at the sight before her. She sprang to her feet, gazed with wide-open eyes at the beautiful Queen and her Maids of Honor, and innocently asked, "Is you fairies?"

"No, not exactly fairies," was the laughing reply.

May looked inquiringly at the Queen, who, taking her hand, said, "I am Mildred Grenville, and these boys and girls are my friends. You are May Forrester, aren't you?"

The child nodded, and then, seeming to lose all fear, asked, "May I play with you?"

Assured of a hearty welcome, she sat quietly down, and watched them spread the table. As "many hands make light work," the repast was soon ready, and all seated themselves, and made away with the good things in a marvellous manner. May sat in state by the Queen, supremely happy, one hand clasping a doughnut, the other an orange. But at last the table was cleared of its contents, and the next question was, "Where can we get some good cold water?"

May, now completely at ease with all the party, volunteered to take them to her home, where there was "a dwate big well," and they could have all they wanted. "And," she continued, "I'll ask papa if we can go into the room where all the pitchers are." Then, taking Mildred's hand, she led the way across the field to the little white cottage standing back among the trees. As they reached the house May darted in, and immediately returned with a tall handsome man, whom she called "papa," and she informed Mildred in a whisper that papa said they could "see the pitchers."

So, after a visit to the well, they followed May's dancing feet into the neat little house, through the hall, to a room standing a little apart from the others. When the door was thrown open they entered a small but cheerful apartment, furnished with an artist's taste, and hung with pictures from its owner's hand. In one corner stood a large easel, supporting a lovely landscape, which May pointed out as the one that "the naughty man wouldn't take." But that which most attracted them was a medium-sized picture entitled "My Little May." Yes, there she was, looking up at them from under her sun-bonnet, her big brown eyes opened wide in surprise, just as when she stood under the elm in the grove, and it seemed as though she was repeating the question, "Is you fairies?"

"Oh, how lovely!" they exclaimed.

"Yes," said May, with great satisfaction—"that's me."

Mildred, who had a decided love for the beautiful, would have liked to linger a while; but the others, having made a tour of the room, were eager to return to the grove. So, bidding good-

by to the artist and his little daughter they departed.

This was by no means the last time that Mildred came to the studio. A few days later Mr. Forrester was surprised by a second visit from the Judge's daughter, the result of which was an order for a portrait of herself to present to her father on his coming birthday. To accomplish this, Mildred was obliged to come every day to sit for the artist, whose little daughter often played about the studio while he worked, so that by the time the picture was finished and ready to give to the Judge a strong affection had grown up between the two children.

The Judge was both surprised and greatly pleased with his gift. He visited the little cottage, had a talk with the owner, did his best to bring to the notice of his friends the artist's undeniable talent, and before long the latter had won quite a reputation in the little village.

Encouraged by his success, and influenced by the Judge's advice, Mr. Forrester determined to paint a picture for an exhibition soon to be held in a neighboring town. Never had the artist spent so much time and labor upon his work as now, hoping that this effort might show his genius more clearly than any former one had done, and thus influence his future career. When the last touch was given, and he stood gazing at his finished work, he felt as though some greater power than himself had been behind his brush, guiding and directing it, for he surely had never painted a picture to compare with this.

On the day of the exhibition Mr. Forrester's picture received constant admiration and commendation from the crowd that thronged the place from the earliest to the latest moment. Many wondered who would gain the prize that had been offered; but when the name of the fortunate winner was announced, and it proved to be Mr. Forrester, few recognized it, and fewer still took the trouble to seek him out and give him orders. Mr. Forrester, however, was well satisfied with the results of the exhibition, and the money from the new orders which he did receive helped to place him in very comfortable circumstances.

A few days afterward Mildred called to offer her congratulations. As she walked toward the cottage a little figure came flying to meet her. It was May, who caught Mildred by the hand, and fairly dragged her to the house and into her own room, where, on the bed, lay the pretty new dress and sash, and, better still, the "boofol doll" with eyes that opened and shut, which the artist's daughter had so longed for.

"Oh!" cried May, throwing her arms around Mildred's neck, "I do believe you *was* fairies, because, you know, if you hadn't found me under the tree that day I never, never could have had any doll with yea! hair and a gold chain."

DOROTHY GRAY.

MILFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

I am a little boy seven years old. My only pet is a cat. My mamma has been dead almost one year. I live with my auntie. She is very kind to me. My papa keeps a store in New York; he comes to visit me. I like *YOUNG PEOPLE* very much. "Raising the Pearl," was splendid. I received twenty-nine presents on Christmas. I go to school, and like it very much.

WILLIE K. C.

FILMORE, INDIANA.

I have been wanting to write to you. I study at home, and recite to mamma. My studies are arithmetic, geography, and spelling. I have a pet chicken; his name is Jack. I also have a pet turkey named Lex. I am a little girl eight years old. I like *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE*. I have no brother or sister. Please print this as it is my first. My papa copied this for me. With love, I quit.

MARY A. B. D.

My sister takes *YOUNG PEOPLE*. I am just six years old, but I can read and write. Please let me see this letter soon in my sister's book.

WALTER.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

I am a little girl eight years old. I am visiting my uncle in Terre Haute. My father is in New York now, and will come for me to take me home in a month or so. I live in Chicago. I have taken *HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE* one year, and like it very much. Please print this letter, for it is the first one I ever wrote to the Post-office Box, and I want to surprise my aunt. I took a prize at school because I was never late. I take painting and French lessons. With much love.

DORA T.

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

I go to the public school. There are five hundred scholars there. I am nine years old. I am in the Fourth Reader. We had a beautiful canary, and the cat got it; but we have two more. I like "Bertie's Box" better than any tale I have ever read. In Austin there is a very large university. I am studying hard, so that when I am sixteen years old I can go there. You ought to visit Austin to see the beautiful hills. There are some very beautiful sunsets now.

KATIE M.

MELROSE, NEW YORK.

I am a little boy eight years old, and I live in Melrose. I have every number of the *YOUNG PEOPLE*. My papa having bought it for me long before I went to school or could read. I now read the early numbers, and they help me a great deal in learning to read and spell. There are many things in *YOUNG PEOPLE* that I do not understand, but I suppose they are for older children, and some day I will know what they mean. I am in the fourth grade, and have forty-three testimonials.

ERNEST P. F.

How much pleasure that kind father provided for you in buying and saving all those numbers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* before you could read. As you grow older you will find the volumes a treasury of fun, fancy, and instruction. A boy who has received so many testimonials will certainly become a good scholar.

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK.

I live in the country, and have been very delicate until lately, but I am now growing stronger. I have been coasting a great deal this winter, but at last some naughty boys stole my sleigh. I have a pet cat that likes us very much, and we like her, for the reason that she is twelve years old and I am eleven, but I will be twelve in August. This is the first letter I have ever written, and I hope to see it printed.

ROSALIE B. R.

I have two little brothers, Walter and Eddie. Mamma took us to see the glass-blowers in Christmas-week, and we saw lots of things made out of glass, and we bought mamma a glass pen to mark her linen.

LINDA.

SCHOOLCRAFT, MICHIGAN.

I am a little boy nine years old, and I am a cripple. My brother gave me a tool-chest at Christmas, and papa made me a little work-bench. I have lots of playthings to keep me busy. I have three pet cats. I like the story of "The Ice Queen" very much.

CARLTON K. S.

I am glad that though you can not run about quite so fast as the other boys, you can perhaps surpass them in the skillful use of tools. Which cat is the favorite of the three?

BELFAST, MAINE.

I am a little girl eleven years old, and go to the Grammar School. I have taken *YOUNG PEOPLE* two years, and like it very much. I think that "The Ice Queen" is going to be a very nice story. I will tell you how I happen to have this paper. It comes to the office of the *Republican Journal*. There are two editors on the paper, and my papa is one of them. The other editor has got no little girl, so the *YOUNG PEOPLE* comes to me. Some people tell about their pets. I have one; it is a canary-bird, and is a very good singer. I had a little kitten, but when we moved she would not come with us, and we felt very sorry. I will now tell you her name. You may think it is very funny. This is it, Tibi-de-bou, and we called her Tibby. Our school began last Monday, after three weeks' vacation. This is the first letter I ever wrote for a paper, and I hope you will print it. Good-by.

PERCIE D.

DEAR POSTMISTRESS,—I have the game of Corn and Beans, and will send Miss Julia the directions for playing it.

The game may be played by from three to twenty-one persons, but is most interesting when the players number from five to nine. Take the card called "the Professor" and enough other cards to make the whole number equal to the number who are to take part in the game; shuffle, and deal one card to each player, and whoever receives the card bearing the name will assume the title of the Professor, and act as director of the game.

Suppose there are six players. The Professor will take the pack of forty cards, shuffle them thoroughly, and deal one card at a time to the other five players (but none to himself), until the pack is exhausted. Each player will hold eight cards, and the Professor will supply the players with a kernel of corn or a bean to represent each card. He will then proceed to ask the questions, either in rotation or skipping about, at his pleasure. Suppose the question is asked, "When was America discovered?" The player holding the answer must cry out "Corn," when the Professor calls for the card bearing the answer, reads it aloud, and lays it aside. If, however, any of the players discovers that it is not among the cards they hold, they will immediately cry out "Beans," and in case they cry out "Beans" before the holder cries out "Corn," then the one who holds the answer must pay to the brighter and more attentive player a corn or bean, and retain the answer until the question is asked again. If a player cries out "Corn" when he does not hold the answer to the question asked, he must pay a forfeit of a corn or bean to each of the other players; or if a player cries out "Beans" when he should cry "Corn," he must forfeit a corn or bean to each player.

If a player's forfeits amount to more corn and

beans than he holds, he is considered bankrupt, and must borrow of his more prosperous neighbors. It is the duty of the Professor to see that there is no cheating, that no mistakes are allowed to pass unnoticed, and to decide all matters of dispute.

If the Professor asks a question which has already been answered, the player who discovers it must cry out "Corn and Beans," when the Professor will take the hand of the player who cries out, while the sharp player will assume the title and dignities of the Professor.

If the number of players is such that the cards do not come out even, a sufficient number of questions and answers may be omitted from the end of the game. For instance, if there are six players besides the Professor, six cards each may be dealt, which will necessitate the omission of the last four questions and answers.

The game is finished when one of the players has surrendered all his cards in reply to the questions. The one who first plays his hand out will be called the Model Scholar, the one who has the most corn and beans will be called the Millionaire, and the one who first squanders his capital of corn and beans will be known as the Bankrupt.

AMANDA E. M.

Thanks are due to Daisy D., Edward O., Sue D. T., Charles D., Mamie H., Marion P., Ellis E., Gertrude H., Carrie G. V. B., Major L. J., Victoria L., David de L., Arthur M., Ella C., and Sadie C.—A College Girl: Call your society the Olio.—Nell H. W.: Yes, Mrs. Eyttinge, who gave the receipt for bread in No. 211, is the lady who writes the sweet stories and poetry you so much admire.

PUZZLES FROM YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS.

No. 1.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a time-piece—behead me and I am a fastening. 2. I am a useful receptacle—behead me and I am an animal. 3. I am a piece of furniture—behead me and I belong to everybody. 4. I am of a certain sex—behead me and I am a sign. 5. I am a fruit—behead me and I am a stove. 6. I am an earthen vessel—behead me and I am a bird. 7. I am a shelf—behead me and I am a hubbub. 8. I am a transparent substance—behead me and I am a maiden.

ROSALIE E. WATSON.

No. 2.

ACROSTIC.

The primals spell the name of a favorite American author. 1. A part of the body. 2. A jewel. 3. Ground. 4. Something under the ground. 5. A girl's name. 6. Something found on the shore.

BELLE RHOE.

No. 3.

THREE EASY DIAMONDS.

1.—1. A letter. 2. A boy's plaything. 3. An animal. 4. A verb. 5. A vowel.
2.—1. A letter. 2. An insect. 3. A color. 4. A deed. 5. A letter.
3.—1. A letter. 2. A utensil. 3. A city in Egypt. 4. A wail. 5. A vowel.

PSYCHE.

No. 4.

AN EASY SQUARE.

1. A noun. 2. A thought. 3. An adjective. 4. Part of the body.

THEODORE RICHARDS.

No. 5.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters, and am a term in arithmetic.

My 9, 10, 11 is a great pet.
My 4, 5, 7, 3 is a keeper of money.
My 6, 7, 2, 1 is a fruit.
My 9, 13, 11 is for tired people.
My 13, 14, 12, 13, 14 is a vegetable.
My 1, 8, 9, 10 is a glittering substance.

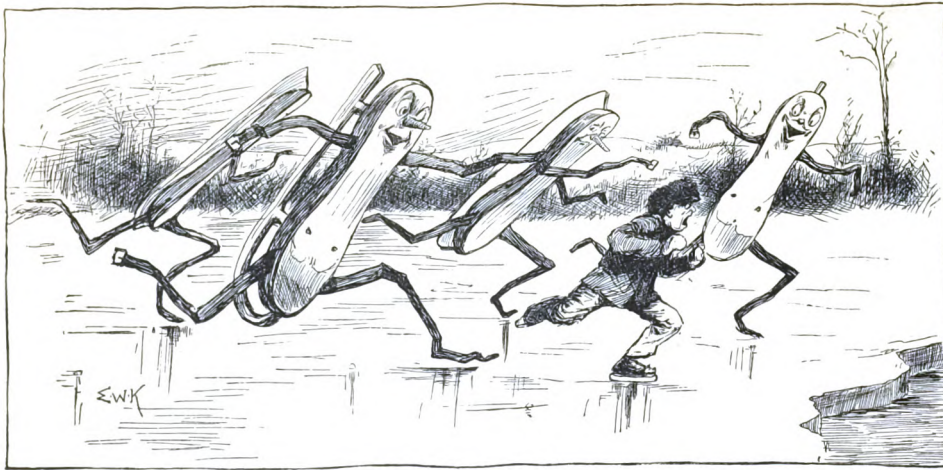
JENNIE R. McCLEURE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 223.

No. 1.— Syracuse. Banana.
No. 2.— M A D E C A S E
A V O W A W A Y
D O V E S A V E
E W E R E Y E S

Correct answers to puzzles have been received from Maurice U. Levy, Ella G. McSuevely, Marion Burch, Maud S. Nickerson, Egerton R. Williams, Harry L. Latham, Belle Rigg, Dottie, Emma and Charlie Sparks, M. F. To Plitz, Nellie C. Early, Emma W. Gleason, Harry the Lucky, Ernest Wolkwitz, C. A. Dietrich, Belle Thorp, Harry Weer, C. G. Plumer, Robin Dyke, Bessie Griffith, James M. Pickens, James B. E., Walter Sterling, Mollie Parks, Charlie Bush, Emma Jasper, John Van Cott, John R. Benedict, Katie Combes, and Arthur Dearborn.

[For Exchanges, see 2d and 3d pages of cover.]



FREDDIE'S DREAM AFTER A DAY'S SKATING IN THE PARK.

BUFF.

BUFF is a member of the New York Fire Department, and belongs to Engine Company No. 39. Buff has four legs, and in the warm days of summer wears a muzzle, but that does not interfere with his being a most important and active member of the company.

At the click of the little hammer which loosens the fire gong Buff is on his feet, and with the first stroke makes a rush toward the horses. Then as they start to the engine he places himself at the door, and as it opens he rushes out, clearing away all loungers. He tears away to the fire, keeping ahead of the machine, barking with vigor, and especially seeing to it that no other dogs occupy the street along which the engine passes. He is not yet entirely cured of the habit of leaping up beside the horses—a dangerous practice, which has led to the killing of many dogs beneath the heavy engine wheels.

Buff is very regular in his habits. Every day at noon he takes down a small basket from a high peg, and carries it across the street to the kitchen of a hospital near the engine-house, where a generous supply of bones is given him. He takes them home, and in the back yard enjoys a royal feast.

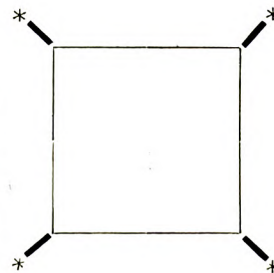
The sounding of the gong will, however, at any moment bring the meal to a sudden finish, as Buff makes it a rule to allow nothing to interfere with his department duties. Once while in the hospital kitchen his quick ear detected the ringing of the gong a block away. He began pawing at the door; and the cooks, thinking it a sudden case of hydrophobia, gladly let Buff out. He took a flying leap over the five-foot iron picket fence, and sped away to his place in front of the engine. At another time the gong sounded as he was crossing the street with

team was sent up, and Buff refused to run before it, but took his place in front of the horse having the tender.

Buff makes a capital letter-carrier, and the postman passing up the avenue has but to sound his whistle to bring Buff bounding up, ready to take the engine-house mail for safe delivery. Buff had his indignation deeply stirred one summer day when, on returning from a long run, he found a stray cur curled up on his favorite flag-stone in front of the engine-house. He pounced upon the intruder, and chased him many blocks away.

During the dog-days there is no fear of any dog-catchers getting hold of Buff on his way to a fire, and for the homeward jaunt his muzzle, which is strapped to the engine, is given him, and with it in his mouth he jogs back to the house beside the horses.

THE SQUARE FIELD.



THERE was once a square field with a tree at each corner, as shown in the diagram. The man who owned the field wanted to make it as large again; but he wished it still to be square, and the trees, to be on the outside. At last he contrived to add the quantity of land required, and still preserved its square shape, and his trees on the outside, without moving them. How did he do it?



THE DANCING LESSON.

BOW to your partner.
Each small man;
Sweet little lady,
Twirl your fan.

Take her hand with a
Gallant air;
Step out merrily,
Brave and fair.

Pirouette, tiptoe,
Keep in place;
Glide to the measure;
Move with grace.

Light as a feather—
One, two, three.
List to the music;
Dance with glee.